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MEMORIALS

OF A GRACIOUS LIFE

WITH THE

DIARY AND LETTERS

OF

GEORGE COWELL

BY HIS DAUGHTER RUTH Cowell.

"I am satisfied with Jesus as my Saviour, and I know He has saved me. I am satisfied with the religion I have professed. I am satisfied with all the Lord has done for me. Write this to them—I die satisfied with the Lord's leadings and dealings, and can now say, 'Come, Lord Jesus! O come, and take me Home.'"—*His last words.*

With an Introductory Preface

By the REV. JAMES ORMISTON, *Rector of St. Mary-le-Port, Bristol.*

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PREFACE.

AT the request of a devoted daughter of my late dearly loved brother in Christ, Mr. GEORGE COWELL, I willingly prefix a few lines to the touchingly affectionate and accurate record of his remarkable life, and not less extraordinary labours in the vineyard of our Divine Master.

The task I undertake is one which, though necessarily tempered by a measure of sadness, yet teems with celestial hopes and joys. For, it is one of the peculiar pleasures of Christian experience to trace "the footsteps of the flock," especially of those members of it concerning whom we can recall blessed seasons, when, ere they had run the appointed race and had finished their pilgrim course, we journeyed with them on terms of sweetest fellowship.

The late Mr. COWELL, whose love in the Lord I had the privilege of enjoying for upwards of twenty-four years, was no ordinary man. Certainly, he was no ordinary Christian. His natural gifts were considerable. These, moreover, were Divinely sanctified, and faithfully laid out in the service of the Lord Jesus. Among his many endowments was spiritual aptitude as an expositor of the Holy Scriptures—both by lip and pen. His was

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the pen of a ready writer. His, too, was a heart tender, true, and deeply humble; quick in its loving impulses, and steadfast in the Christian attachments it formed. The likeness of Christ—possessed in however limited a measure by others—attracted him, as with magnetic power. His circle of godly friends—confined to no sect or denomination—was truly cosmopolitan. The profoundly experimental articles, which, under the title of "Wayside Notes," he for forty-six years contributed to the pages of the venerated *Gospel Magazine*, secured him a very warm corner in the hearts of Christ's scattered flock. He always wrote on spiritual subjects, whether of an experimental or a doctrinal character, as one "having authority," for "the Christ" his facile pen ever exalted was Christ formed "*in the heart*"—no mere historical or theological Christ.

Mr. COWELL'S writings are instinct with the presence, power, and unction of the Holy Ghost. About all he wrote and has left us there is a judicious blending of sacred gravity and holy joyousness—characteristics which, to a remarkable degree, were embodied in his personal presence. Who can recall the expressive face of the Lord's servant and fail to verify this fact? This happy combination of that which, to some minds, might seem inconsistent, is abundantly illustrated in the following pages, which include copious extracts from his works, while they narrate the chief incidents of a private and public Christian life of rare beauty and attractiveness.

Miss RUTH COWELL'S affectionate memorial of her now glorified father gives due prominence to his fruitful but unobtrusive *ministry* of the Word—for he was

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not only "a ready writer." The anointing oil of the "spiritual priesthood" was unmistakably bestowed upon him, and his addresses in the pulpit, on the platform, or in Bible Readings—selections from which appear in this volume—were ever acceptable among those believers in Christ who love "the deep things of God."

The somewhat original design worked out in the construction of the Memoir, together with the wisely-selected materials employed by Miss COWELL, cannot fail to gratify her dear father's numerous friends. The Church of God on earth is certainly the richer for this latest addition to its biographical literature, and I feel confident that the example which Mr. COWELL'S life affords of how powerfully useful the ministerial labours of a Christian *layman* may become, will stimulate in the Master's service many a servant of His who, through mistaken humility, has undervalued his personal qualifications and opportunities. A more humble or self-conscious Christian than the late Mr. COWELL it would be difficult to find in the ranks of God's believing people, as the reader will discover in his perusal of this instructive biography.

Upon the loving service which a dutiful daughter has done to the memory of one of the best of fathers, I pray God that His marked blessing and brightest smile may rest; and may it be her joy for many years to witness the fruit of "labours in the Lord," so happily blended—her father's and her own.

JAMES ORMISTON.

Clifton, December 2nd, 1895.

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THE AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

A SACRED task has devolved upon me, and were I silent I should feel that the Church of Christ had lost that which is her due in the matter of a Biography of my late dear father, George Cowell, the "Wayside Notes" Writer. To others far more able than the poor writer I would gladly defer this labour of love; but it has been deputed to one who found his companionship that of the most hallowed and sanctified with which ever daughter was privileged. From my earliest childhood I was wont to look up to and copy him in everything. What *he* thought, and taught, and liked was my highest ambition to attain to; whilst he in his turn would ever lead off from self to Christ, his living Example; and his delight in seeing the seed of Divine truth, thus early developing, brought out yet more of his fatherly love, and knit us more and more to one another in that bond, never to be broken, severed only for "a little while," "until the day break, and the shadows flee away." The earnest expectation and eager longing is toward that time when eternal life and resurrection power shall reunite, and the Church militant and the Church triumphant be one host of the living God, in that glad word *together*, and that *for ever*, with their Lord.

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Beyond the inner life of my beloved father in his spiritual writings, for upwards of forty-six years, very little was gathered through that medium. Christ first, and Christ last, and Christ All and in all, was the theme upon which his soul delighted to dwell. So that self was hidden behind his Lord, that God might be All and in all.

That for his writings he was truly beloved we have undoubted proofs, by the innumerable loving letters from all parts of the world, and which would form in themselves some precious volumes.

How many have had cause to bless God for the "Wayside Notes"!

Had his readers known him in his own home, at his own hearth, where the character of a man is best discovered, it would have been but to love him the more. What he was in the pulpit or by pen, so he was in his own family circle. His life, both in public and private, was one long, unabating example of what the grace of God can do, shining in and out of the life, creating a very halo of peace and sunshine around him, carrying an influence far and wide, so that young and old both alike came under its sway.

The puzzle to many a young man—aye, and older—in pushing out into the rush of life, was, "I cannot think how it is that Mr. Cowell is such a man of business, and yet such a Christian." Perhaps the great secret of his writings meeting the need of so many was that he *was* in business. I remember on one occasion, when, mercantile life becoming a little irksome to him as age advanced, again his life-long cherished desire to go into the ministry came up, and he referred the matter to his dear friend, the late Dr. Doudney. "Ten thousand times *No*," was the response. "You would never have been the blessing you are if you had

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not been a business man. The office of the ministry is much more confined than your pen has ever been."

In him the exhortation enjoined by the Apostle Paul was truly fulfilled by the Spirit of God, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord"; and thus he pursued his lawful calling with all diligence, and gladly, in his leisure hours, would spend and be spent for his Lord and Master.

In one of his manuscript books I find the following passages of Scripture given against the several and varied stages of his life, and against the last there is the pathetic addition, "*God grant it may be so.*"

The witnesses of that triumphant entry into glory can testify that *it was even so.* God granted him that he requested.

I give the passages here just as he left them on record, and because they endorse the sum total of his life's desire and verification.

Thus he wrote :—

"I look upon my life as a standing memorial of the abundant kindness, goodness, and mercy of my Covenant God, and desire to praise Him with all my heart for what He has done in me."

THE BABE.

"And they brought unto Him also infants, that He would touch them: but when His disciples saw it, they rebuked them. But Jesus called them unto Him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God" (Luke xviii. 15, 16).

THE CHILD.

"And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit" (Luke i. 80).

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THE YOUNG MAN.

"The Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw" (2 Kings vi. 17).

THE SEEKER AFTER JESUS.

"Seeking for Jesus" (John vi. 24).

THE FINDER OF HIS LORD.

"I found Him whom my soul loveth" (Solomon's Song iii. 4).

THE LABOURER IN THE LORD'S VINEYARD.

"Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you" (Matthew xx. 4).

THE SCRIBE.

"They that handle the pen of the writer" (Judges v. 14).

THE PREACHER.

"I will give thee the opening of the mouth in the midst of them; and they shall know that I am the Lord" (Ezekiel xxix. 21).

THE SPIRITUAL SONG WRITER.

"Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord" (Ephesians v. 19).

THE PILGRIM.

"And thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste; it is the Lord's passover" (Exodus xii. 11).

THE AGED MAN.

"That the aged men be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, in patience" (Titus ii. 2).

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THE END.

"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season" (Job v. 26).

"But it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light" (Zechariah xiv. 7).

God grant that it may be so.

I pray my readers will accept this tribute to the memory of a father greatly beloved, whose whole walk, fellowship, and conversation was as the reflex of Heaven, the sole desire of whose life was that the God of his salvation might in all things be glorified.

R. C.

4, WEST SHRUBBERY, REDLAND, BRISTOL,
December, 1895.

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CHAPTER I.

"It is easy work following Christ when it is a stepping into foot-prints of joy and peace in believing, but it is hard work when the following Him means being partaker with Him of His sufferings."—*George Cowell, "Self Summed Up and Christ Lifted Up."*

WE read in Scripture of those who "brought unto Him also infants, that He would touch them: but when His disciples saw it, they rebuked them. But Jesus called them unto Him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." Of this passage my dear father was wont to say, "And I am sure I was one 'brought unto Him' by godly parents, with uplifted hearts, that I might be a child of God and heir of heaven, and early exhibit those marks of grace which were bestowed upon those little ones who were thus brought unto the Master."

His grandfather, John Cowell, of Ware, was "a man that feared God above many." He was as a patriarch amidst a large family, and on the occasion of the jubilee of his marriage, December 25th, 1823, he assembled all his children and grandchildren to a family meeting at a house on St. Margaret's Hill, Borough of Southwark, on which occasion he presented to each a Bible "as a memorial of the Lord's goodness in rendering the Word of God peculiarly useful and precious to their father for upwards of fifty years, and whose earnest prayer is that the sacred volume may, by the teaching of the Holy

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Spirit, be made a blessing to his children and his children's children, to the latest posterity." These words were printed on a large card with further exhortation, "Duty to God; duty to parents; and your duty to yourself," and were presented to every one present, as a memento of this happy gathering, and an evidence of Mr. John Cowell's life and desires; for he was a living epistle, a standard in the Church of Christ, a man of great decision of character and one who walked very near to God.

His son (named after him John) followed in his steps. He was a quiet living, practical Christian, of a calm and equable temperament, greatly beloved, and of blessed memory. I have often heard my dear father say he never saw him angry, and he carried out in every-day life that true spirit of charity which we read "is not easily provoked." My father was wont to tell the story of his eagerness to help on one occasion, when he saw his father anxious to get to his books, as was his custom for an hour every evening, so soon as the family meal had been cleared away. With boyish impulse he volunteered to help, and, alas! only to bring about a catastrophe of broken plates and dishes, a whole trayful proving too heavy for the youthful would-be helper. Of this scene my dear father would say, "My father was naturally startled; but beyond this, not one hasty word of censure escaped his lips, and after the disaster he seemed kinder and more tender to me than ever. He saw my purpose was one of affection and fully appreciated it, and he could not find it in his heart to be angry with his boy." An interesting account of the life of this man of God was given on pages 65 and 177 of the *Gospel Magazine* for the year 1853.

Mr. John Cowell was married to Miss Eliza Hudson, at St. Saviour's, Southwark, on June 14th, 1806, and of

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this marriage there were five sons and four daughters. George (the subject of this memoir), the fourth son, was born on November 13th, 1822, at 16, Addington Place, Camberwell. His mother died when he was but two and a-half years old, so that of course my dear father could not retain any marked impression of her. But there is no doubt she was graciously taught of God, and made each of her children the subject of many prayers. In a letter written about two years before the birth of her son George, she wrote, "Oh, how happily do we press on in this desert world when we have the presence of our dear Emmanuel!

"Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load
My heart no more complains.

"This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul—
Without it, all is night."

And again, "Without the divine influence of the Holy Spirit we can do nothing, not even breathe after that spirituality so essential to our happiness." Thus it will be seen that my dear father's lot was a happy one. Born of godly parents, his pedigree was the pedigree of Heaven, and at a very early age he evidenced that sure mark of grace which soon ripened and bore fruit to the praise and glory of his God.

At the death of his mother, when he was little more than a baby, his flaxen curls falling on his fair skin, and tossing about his little black frock, which is the earliest picture given of him, my dear father was taken charge of by an elder sister, who truly acted a mother's part to him, and to whose sweet influence and gentle training the bent of his after years was, in a great measure, due.

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Of a naturally amiable temper, which was seldom if ever provoked, of a most forgiving spirit, he possessed that true graciousness, admirable in a natural character, but doubly so when adorned by heaven's grace, that "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price," he was beloved, and justly so, by all who came in contact with him.

From quite early days there was manifested a desire after the things of God. His character thus soon seemed to be but a forecasting of what his God had in store for him. As a tiny child his great delight was to "play the preacher." Chairs would be placed in the nursery, a sort of rostrum raised, and while one of his brothers would act as clerk, little George always claimed to be the preacher; the uppermost desire being to imitate the tone and manner of his father's beloved and revered minister, the Rev. Joseph Irons, of Grove Chapel, Camberwell. Indeed, Joseph Irons was his ideal, and never did he swerve from his opinion, and Joseph Irons remained the model preacher of his more maturer judgment. But we shall have to speak more of Mr. Irons later on.

Thus "the child grew, and waxed stronger and stronger," and in due course was sent to school at Saffron Walden. His schoolmaster, the Rev. Josiah Wilkenson, was an eminent Baptist Minister of that town, somewhat eccentric and severe, but one who endeavoured to train the boys committed to his charge in integrity and uprightness. Occasionally the students were permitted to attend any other place of worship they might choose on the Sunday evening. It was young George Cowell's wont to wend his way, whenever these opportunities occurred, to the smallest of them, where assembled a gathering of that "sect everywhere spoken against," where he gained,

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even at that early age, much enjoyment and profit. Surely the Holy Spirit is at work with the chosen in Christ before they know it. "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known," is Jehovah's promise of His redeemed children, who live to prove the truth of their wonder-working God.

It was a pleasant recollection associated with his school days, that during their summer evening walks, the boys would be on the alert for what was then known as the Gleaners' Bell. Exactly at eight o'clock, during harvest time, the bell from the fine old spire of Saffron Walden Church would sound forth, and immediately the boys, busy as bees, would spread over the field, and, amongst the rest of the inhabitants, gather up the stalks of corn wheat the harvestmen had dropped. These were collected into handfuls and taken to a poor aged woman who was the pew-opener at their place of worship, who, in her turn, would reward the boys by making them some sweet wheaten cakes from some of their gleanings, which was a treat highly appreciated by them.

In recalling this circumstance my dear father once wrote, "We are reminded in this of that precious command of Boaz to his young men, 'Let her glean, even among the sheaves, and reproach her not. And let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not.' Ah! we *have* known what it is, blessed be the Lord, to glean many a handful of purpose and promise which our spiritual Boaz has let fall for us."

And referring again to those country walks, nothing delighted him more than to be the bearer of provision to the cottage home of some poor needy one. He ever loved to be doing kindnesses for others; and seeing the

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pleasure it gave him, Mr. Wilkenson would often make him his messenger in some errand of charity.

Another circumstance of my dear father's early days seems to have made a great impression upon him. A good man, known in those days as Boatswain Smith, was working very zealously among the sailors, and George Cowell's beloved father was one of the first to take him by the hand, and also to give him an introduction to Mr. Wilkenson, thereby introducing his cause and work to Saffron Walden. My dear father used to say he never forgot the impression that man's visit made upon him; and well did he recall his two little boys who accompanied him, joining their father in singing, in a preliminary meeting Mr. Wilkenson granted them in the dining-room of his house—

> "Saints in Jesus, they shall meet
> Around their Saviour's glorious feet.'

My grandfather was intimate with two eminent ministers of the day, Dr. Collyer, of Peckham, and Dr. Rippon, of Park Street Chapel, Borough—the scene afterwards of the early labours of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. My father remembered paying a visit to Dr. Collyer during his holidays, who rewarded him with a bright shilling, in token of his appreciation (as he said) of his bold, good handwriting. And a visit is likewise recalled to the great Dr. Rippon, who was wont to call my father "his little king," and his sister "his little queen," sending them home in his roomy yellow carriage, and one day presenting each of them with a copy of his own hymn-book, bound in scarlet morocco, which was much valued. Alas, that we should have lived to see the day, with regret, when many of those grand old hymns are rejected from our modern hymn-books!

An uncle of my dear father's was baptized by Dr. Rippon, and was for many years senior deacon, and a

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humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. In 1801 commercial pursuits took him to the Continent, where he resided at Antwerp, until the war between England and France broke out, when he was taken as an hostage, and afterwards constituted prisoner of war by Napoleon Buonaparte. He was ordered to Valenciennes, and having obtained leave of the commandant, he entered the citadel and preached the Gospel to the prisoners, extending his Christian labours in the town and barracks, and visiting the sick in the hospitals. For these services many pleasing tokens of gratitude, love, and esteem were presented to him and his beloved wife, and amongst them a silver cup, which, after many years, was used to commemorate the dying love of the Saviour by the Church at their first communion service at 15, Hill Street.

A letter to the said Mr. Jeremiah Cowell lies before me, and may not be out of place here, in showing how highly his services were approved of by some of the citizens of Valenciennes:—

TO OUR MUCH-ESTEEMED MR. JEREMIAH COWELL.

DEAR SIR,—We cannot but eye the kind hand of the God of providence in putting it into your mind to introduce amongst us your honoured pastor's (Dr. Rippon) "Book of Tunes," and also in giving you an affectionate zeal to promote singing his selection of hymns in this prison, as well as in other depôts in this country; for although Divine service was performed here according to the Established Church, yet this glorious part of public worship was dispensed with, until your entrance amongst us with the glad tidings of salvation, which, to the glory of God, through your instrumentality was like an arm lifted up, and mighty to save; and we trust that many precious souls in this place will be your joy here and your crown of rejoicing hereafter.

Your desire to have Dr. Rippon's "Tune Book" written out according to the metres and of a more portable size, excited at once our wish to evince, though in a small degree, our sincere esteem towards you for your abundant labours of love amongst us. We hope, therefore, that you will accept of this "Book of Tunes" as a token of our love towards you, well knowing that it is not in our power to make you any adequate return for

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the abundant spiritual blessings we have received under your ministry; and we pray that the Lord, whose minister you are, will abundantly reward you in that world of spirits, where the ransomed of the Lord will be employed in singing praises to God and the Lamb for ever and ever. Oh that our spirits may be engaged with you and yours in the same happy employment, and the Lord whom you have taught us to love and adore shall have all the glory.

We beg to subscribe ourselves, Dear sir,
Your affectionate and devoted servants,

EDWARD SPOUSE,
WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Citadel, Valenciennes, 1st September, 1809.

My father was graced with many natural gifts; his voice was sweetly musical, and with the gracious manner he ever evinced to stranger and friend alike, added a charm which ever proved attractive. His sweet face beamed with love and true kindliness, reflecting all the image of his Lord and Master, with whom he held such close fellowship.

Speaking of his heavenly countenance, it may not be out of place here to relate a circumstance which came to my knowledge during the last year of his life, when he was called to preach several times at Leicester. He stayed with a Christian family whose love for him knew no bounds. Their great joy was to have him amongst them, and to the people who heard him he was very much blessed.

My father's hostess happening one day to be in conversation with a Christian tradesman, whose staid, respectful bearing had won their notice, asked him how he fared at his place of worship, remarking, "You never come to ours." "Have you anyone worth hearing?" was the reply. "Come and hear for yourself to-morrow," the lady answered, anticipating my father's visit. The man was there both services, and I remember the dear preacher, as was his wont to tell me all on his return home, remarking, "There was one

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man's face I cannot forget; his countenance was heavenly, and the tears fell fast from the eyes that were, with riveted attention, fixed on me the whole time I was speaking. I think he must have received a blessing."

The sequel of it reached my ears some time afterwards. Coming to her on the Monday, that poor man, overcome of joy, burst forth, "You asked me to go and hear that gentleman, and *I had been waiting to see his face for more than twenty years.*" He then told her, when a youth of seventeen or eighteen, living near Nuneaton (his name is B——), he had been in the habit of playing cards and gambling, even in the fields, with several companions, under a hawthorn tree, or in a barn near by. One day, whilst awaiting the arrival of his companions, he fell asleep, and dreamed that as he sat on the side of the ditch opposite the tree a man came and looked at him, and as B—— saw him these words were uttered by him, though he did not know from whence they were: "And as soon as I had eaten it my heart was bitter." He had tasted enough of the ways of wickedness, he had reaped enough of the wages of sin, and now he was smitten with dread and remorse; but on looking up again there stood by him the man whom he had before seen, with, as he knew afterwards, the face which proved to be that of the now glorified George Cowell, holding a lantern high over his head, but saying nothing. B—— was terribly impressed with this vision, and for nearly twenty-three years longed for, and hoped to see, the face of the man who had held that light, which had arrested him in his mad career. The Sunday following this singular incident the man crept into Newark Street Chapel, Leicester, to hear old Mr. Garrod, known in those days as "The Watchman on the Walls," and, to his intense amazement, he gave out for

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his text Rev. x. 10. The Lord met with him, and he became one who obeyed the call, "Follow Me"; but in 1894, on coming to Salem Chapel, by the invitation before alluded to, to use his own words, "When I saw Mr. Cowell come out of the vestry my heart gave a great jump, and I trembled all over as I saw through my tear-dimmed eyes the man who had held the light, exact as a photograph." At last the Lord had granted his earnest and oft-repeated prayer that he should behold on earth the face of His servant, who had been His messenger of salvation, and the Lord graciously gave him to drink in from his words comfort and assurance. The text my father preached from that morning was, "I will rejoice in the God of my salvation," and the poor fellow never missed the opportunity of hearing him on his subsequent visits, and listened with sweet satisfaction to his *last* sermon, which is very dear in the memory of those who were present, from the text, "Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following. For this God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our Guide even unto death" (Psalm. xlviii. 12-14).

A dear friend writes: "It has been our privilege to have known the dear Lord's favoured servant. I always apply to him what was said of Fletcher of Madeley, 'He showed in the perpetual doxology of his shining countenance the blessedness of walking with God'—a countenance for beauty greatly to be desired. So says Cowper, and you know his lines—

> "'When one that holds communion with the skies
> Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
> And once more mingles with us meaner things,
> 'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings.
> Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
> That tells us whence his pleasures are derived.'"

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"Oh that I were as sure of glory as Mr. Cowell; he has heaven in his face!" exclaimed the landlady of the apartments in one of our summer outings, the day after our arrival, and she begged the privilege of an interview with him, and seemed strengthened and encouraged by his sweet conversation. There was much truth, too, spoken by the photographer of one of our watering places, where my father had had his likeness taken; he was an utter stranger to us, but on one of the family calling in to see the negative the artist said, "This gentleman has the peace of heaven in his face."

And now he has seen the Beloved of his soul, whose image was so marvellously reflected, face to face, and is lost in the bliss of that wondrous meeting.

In temperament my father was of the brightest; he was facetious and witty, and often his mirth was irrepressible if he caught the ridiculous side of things. In his young days a weekly correspondence between his brother Josiah and himself was kept up, and resulted in some really clever volumes of both sketch and amusing witticisms. He had decided talent with his brush and pencil, which added to the charm. He and his brothers were very original, and everything they undertook they thoroughly mastered. They had, too, amongst themselves a great love of punning. Many of the puns were really clever, and I have known them to keep up a repartee of punning for some time together.

He felt deeply the somewhat sudden decease of his brother Josiah, who had been to him the close companion of his youthful days, when, in 1892, he succumbed, at Bournemouth, to an attack of the prevailing epidemic, influenza, and was not a little gratified that during the previous summer they had been permitted to meet and hold sweet fellowship together during the month we spent at that seaside resort.

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To Walter, his third brother, who from very early days was solidly grounded in the things of God, and ever strove to exercise a godly influence over his brothers and sisters, he was also warmly attached. A letter written about this time, when my father was yet in his teens, will show what this brother's desires were, and also how my father was being led and taught thus early of the Spirit of God :—

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your sweet and serious letters continue still to impress and give reproving lessons to one who seems deaf to their impressive warnings. Yet there is hope. Continue then, dear W——, to chasten your brother while there is hope, and spare not his soul for his crying. . . . . Although we are so frequently doubting, and afraid to take to ourselves the title of one of God's elect, still there is a feeling of difference from the world, and a craving for something which we do not possess, but which nevertheless seems to belong to us. We feel the burden of sin, and while we hate Satan, the name of Jesus sounds sweet in our ears, although we have but a faint idea of what harmony is. We feel that we are sinners vile, shapen in iniquity, and justly deserving Divine wrath and vengeance; but Christ is a Saviour just and kind, patient and of long-suffering, loving those who trust in Him and seek His protection. We are desirous of knowing more of such a Christ and less of the creature, of having our filthy rags exchanged for the robe of His righteousness ; and although we dare not approach the footstool of Divine grace boldly, still there is a continual murmuring, "Lord, I am vile." Surely such feelings and emotions are not natural nor common to all men.

Yes, dear brother, I am convinced, and trust I am daily increasing in assurance that such feelings are not planted in us by nature, but are the breathings of the Holy Ghost creating in us a new heart—not patching up the old one—even a second and heavenly birth; and however Satan may try to induce us to think otherwise, and try to persuade us that such are fancies proceeding from a disordered brain or deluded imagination, although too prone to give credit to his deceit, still at times we feel convinced that it is nothing else than the work of the Holy Ghost in our hearts. Well may we be continually exclaiming, Why this difference? Why are we to be the recipients of rich, free, and sovereign grace, while others, seemingly more worthy, are passed by? Dear Walter, if we can claim the title of children, may we live accordingly.

Your affectionate brother,

GEORGE COWELL.

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During his life my father had three remarkable escapes from death. "Who can tell how again and again," he wrote, "the lives of the election of grace are redeemed from destruction, and they saved from ten thousand snares that have been on their right hand and on their left? Two signal instances of this gracious fact occur to my mind, and which I dare not withhold, that honour may redound to my covenant-keeping God. The first instance was a narrow escape from being drowned in the River S——. Having, with a few companions, rowed some distance, it was proposed to get out at a certain point, and stroll about the neighbourhood, fastening the boat in the meantime to the trunk of an overhanging tree. Upon returning to the water-side, the writer, in the buoyancy of youth, ran forward, and springing into the boat, sent it into the middle of the stream. The boat having run to the full extent of the rope, gave a violent jerk which threw me backwards into deep water, the matter being made worse by my foot catching under the seat of the boat, and keeping my head under water. At this moment of imminent danger, one of my companions rushed into the middle of the stream, and by dint of great exertion lifted me into the boat. Oh, does not our God redeem our lives from destruction, and, though we deserve to be lost, save us with an overruling and strong hand? The second instance was in riper years. In the course of commercial dealings we had sent certain goods to one F——, of D——. Soon after we received intimation from the landlord of the house that F—— was a swindler, and that our kind-hearted informant would help us all he could to recover the goods. Waiting upon him the following morning, we agreed to proceed together to F——'s house. It was with much fear and nervousness that we proceeded, which feelings were

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increased upon the appearance of the fellow who was the subject of our visit; a thick-set little man, with a most forbidding-looking countenance. However, we stepped into the house, addressing him courteously, and all went on tolerably well, till suddenly reaching down an iron crowbar from the mantelpiece, the fellow aimed a blow at the landlord, which felled him to the ground, and with a dreadful oath, swore he would serve me the same if I did not leave the house instantly. That overruling Hand was again near to render assistance at the moment of need, for, unknown to us a third had been watching the scene, and by his powerful arm the fellow was secured ere he could effect further mischief. Oh, does He not redeem our lives from destruction again and again, and leave us, in surveying our pathway, to see what a wonder-working God is ours? Safe from first to last are the Lord's dear people in His hand. He knows all about them, and sees them in every position—

> "'He saves, He calls, He holds them fast,
> And they shall be brought Home at last.'"

And the third occasion when he was marvellously preserved from a horrible death was when he was in the act of performing one of his duties, standing beside one of the large coppers common in breweries. Suddenly the boiling wort burst up, rising to a height of twenty-five feet, and falling as quickly upon the unprotected parts of his body, hurled him down the stairs. He was carried home and tenderly cared for, and made a rapid recovery. Of that time he writes in his diary, "Sweet assurance that, come what would, I was in the hand of Jesus." Thus was he preserved, and what for we who yet remain know in part, when we recall his long life of unwearying good and redounding glory to his Sovereign Protector and Friend.

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CHAPTER II.

"Sons of toil, yet not servants of sin; helplessly trammelled by this world's worry, yet heirs of glory, and joint-heirs with Jesus, of an eternity of calmness; bondage here, brightness yonder. I love to meet with a child of God in the midst of his lawful calling. As he sells and buys, Jesus will be in his thoughts, and little do his customers know what is passing in the mind of that heir of glory. In the lot in life he must abide, yet he who has realized anything of the preciousness of divine things will be little in love with the world and its ways."—*George Cowell, "Striking Contrasts in the Experience of the Children of God."*

HIS school days being ended, and after serving for some time in his father's office, at the New Corn Exchange, Mark Lane, London, my father was duly apprenticed to the Firm with whom he subsequently lived to be their oldest employee, in Mile End, London, in May, 1836. The great event of that time during his apprenticeship, through the kindness of Mr. Mann, the senior partner, which my dear father often recalled, was the witnessing of the procession of Queen Victoria on her Coronation Day, on her way to Westminster Abbey, June 28th, 1838. He also saw her on her wedding day (February 10th, 1840), sitting beside the Prince Consort, and, as he used to say, "looking the picture of glowing happiness." And he was much impressed in after years when the terrible blight to the Queen's happiness came, and the nation at large was plunged into grief by the death of "Albert the Good," December 14th, 1861. "In connection with that solemn event," he wrote, "I shall never forget the

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solemn and impressive sermon in St. Mary's Church, Bury St. Edmunds, from the appropriate passage, "All joy is darkened, the mirth of the land is gone" (Isaiah, xxiv. 11).

"During the term of my apprenticeship," he wrote at this time, "a painful circumstance occurred which deeply impressed me, and, I believe, was made profitable to my soul. It was the loss, by death, of my fellow apprentice, Mr. E—— B—— M——. He was a fine, vigorous young fellow, but in carrying out his duties he got a chill, and was laid aside and brought very low. He, however, got better, but too early resumed work, getting a second chill; brain fever followed, and in a short time he was cut down and carried to the tomb. Much saddened at the event, I wrote as follows :—

How sadly painful to behold
The slow, funereal, sobbing throng;
To feel the chilly pangs, when told
It is a youth thus borne along.

Oh, what is life? and yet we cling
And sigh for an extended span;
Time soon the solemn end must bring,
And then, oh, then, where is the man?

Does dark despair his soul await
The judgment of a life of sin,
Or will bright heaven's celestial gate
Ope for his soul to enter in.

On, mournful, moves the solemn train,
Fond hearts are sad for one that's dear;
Stay, passer-by, their sadness claims
From thee the sympathizing tear.

Oh, think, and with thy thinking heed
The welfare of the immortal soul;
For thee sad tears may soon be shed,
And that dull bell be called to toll.

May yonder melancholy scene
Bid thee look up to things on high,
From earth's uncertain trifles wean,
That thou mayst be prepared to die.

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"Only twenty-three days after this, Mr. J—— M——, Sen., the beloved father of Mr. E—— B—— M——, was also called to his eternal home. I seemed surrounded by solemnities and felt this loss greatly, for I had lived for some years under his hospitable roof, and had received from him almost parental solicitude. However, so it was, the recently-made vault at Kensal Green Cemetery was again opened and the mortal remains of my esteemed employer laid beside his much-loved son."

Referring to his conduct during his apprenticeship, a letter from his employer lies before me, dated December 20th, 1847:—"Now that I have retired from business, I feel a pleasure in having this opportunity of expressing my great satisfaction at the excellent manner in which you conducted yourself whilst a member of my father's family, and at the willingness to learn and readiness to oblige which you exhibited as an apprentice, and to the skill and ability which you have since shown. I shall always feel great interest in your future welfare, hoping that prosperity may attend you and your family."

At the time of his apprenticeship his father lived at Stoke Newington, and on the Lord's Day they would often walk over and attend the services at the Rev. L——'s chapel, Highbury. On one occasion, having noticed my dear father's regular attendance, Mr. L—— came down, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, commended him for it, stating how pleased he was to observe his goodness. This remark was kindly intentioned as an encouragement, but my father, in recalling the words, writes of that time: "*My goodness!* oh, how inflated I became. I did think I was a good youth indeed. Ah! I little knew what was in store for me, and that the Lord would, in due course, knock all my good-

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ness out of me, and show me all my badness." "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Jesus came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." God had His gracious purposes of love toward His servant, who was soon to realize the truth of his own words, "That religion which does not melt the heart is not worth possessing, and that trusting in the written Word, without the application of the Spirit, is a sure sign of a dead professor. A genuine religion is a religion of *revelation*, and is the revelation of two great facts—(1) I am a wretched, undone sinner; (2) Jesus Christ is my Saviour. Let me feel the former and lay hold on the latter, and verily I become a melted man in the display of such grace and goodness."

And again, about this time he writes: "How thankful am I, and how thankful ought I to be, that while thousands in this crowded metropolis are under the pale of apprenticeship, leading a life of toil, servitude, and well-nigh slavery, I have been placed by a kind father under a kind master, whose treatment towards me demands that civility and respect which, I pride myself in saying, has been and still shall be given to him in return for his kindness. I am quite convinced that, were severe discipline resorted to as the means of ruling me, I should prove of a temper not sufficient to stand it; for like the cane to a school-boy, a harsh word would make me stubborn and obstinate, while a few words kindly spoken, or a tender admonition, would melt me to tears, and my heart to contrition."

Writing of his employer at this date, he says, "Ever will my memory retain through life a grateful recollection of Mr. J. M——'s kindness to me. I was treated as a son, and felt towards him the affection of one."

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And this kindness and esteem he received throughout the whole of his life, to the very end, from every member of the firm with which for fifty years he was connected. Tenderly considerate to him even in those few months of failing health, they did all in their power to make life as happy, and his burden as light as was possible under the circumstances, and his days of deprivation and suffering were ofttimes cheered by their kindly attention, either by visit or token of remembrance.

"A circumstance which occurred in my experience when a young man," writes my father, "was of a very trying character. Things in business had been very awkward, when one morning I was called down to the office of the head of the firm, who said to me, 'Mr. Cowell, we have heard a report about you which we do not believe, but think it right to tell you. We have too high an opinion of you to credit it.' I promptly asked what it was? when the senior replied, 'We have been told that in the manufacture you are injuring us to benefit a cousin of yours in the same trade.' The idea was ridiculous, for I scarcely knew the cousin referred to, and had only seen him once in my life. Well, when the charge was made, with indignation I was about to ask for the name of my calumniator, that I might at once face him, but no, at the moment these words came rolling in upon my mind, 'Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious of the workers of iniquity; for they shall be cut down like grass, and wither as the green herb.' Such an effect had this upon me that I was enabled to remain perfectly calm, and only said, 'Well, gentlemen, time will prove the falseness of such an absurd charge.' The expression was repeated, that they did not believe it. Well now, see how the Lord works for those who put their trust in Him. In a short time I found out who my calumniator was—a man who was trying to curry

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favour at headquarters, and that by any unscrupulous means he devised; and now mark, in less than six months after, *that* man was cut down like grass, and carried to the grave, while the Lord vindicated my character, and placed me in greater favour with my esteemed employers."

That lesson in his early life ever left its impress on my father's character. He often related it to me with gratitude, and ever after desired the grace of silence, remembering his Lord, who answered not a word, and who, "when He was reviled, reviled not again," knowing that, sooner or later, truth would vindicate itself, and the Lord show who was right.

As a young man, my dear father spent his spare time in very wise pursuit of knowledge and self-improvement. During his evenings, after business hours, he would go here and there in search of the best musicians of the day, and many advantages had he in hearing the leading oratorios and sacred concerts. Having such a sweet musical voice himself, his love for music—chiefly sacred—continued to the end of his life.

Of lectures he was also very fond, and they yielded abundant fruit in after life, affording a store of knowledge which enabled him to write and speak upon many subjects which he had thoroughly mastered in his young days.

"One advantage (he writes) I had as a young man was the liberty to attend the London Institution, Finsbury Circus. This was a great boon; many of my evenings were spent there, and, among other recollections, I might mention the lectures of that eminent painter, Hayden, who delighted to refer to his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds. Mr. Hayden painted the celebrated painting of Napoleon standing with folded arms on a hill on the Island of St. Helena, overlooking the

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sea. It was indeed a treat to see him take up a piece of chalk and draw the outlines of the human frame."

But with all his search after knowledge and improvement of the mind and senses, my father was graciously permitted an even course of consistency and adornment to the religion that, from his earliest days, he professed when as yet he knew it not as a possession. He had proved the truth of his own words when he wrote: "The greatest profit of soul and peace of mind is gained from decision of character. When invited by the world to join in any unsanctified engagement, let this be your language, 'Ye have nothing to do with us, nor we with you.' If tempted to enter with them on a God-dishonouring pursuit, ask, 'Can I plead for God's blessing on this? if not, I have no business here.' And, on the other hand, if they insinuate themselves into your society, and try to lower your standard and reduce your tone of spirituality, shake yourself at once from the amalgamation, for 'to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.' 'Can two walk together unless they are agreed?' Can sensuality and spirituality unite? Oh no. But may there be in our character a clear coming out from the world, whatever it costs us, and it must and will work well; and though from maintaining this separation all may appear against us, the Lord will eventually honour them that honour Him."

Again he writes, in the year 1850: "The Protestants of England were thrown into a state of alarm at the Papal aggression which began to develop itself in our highly favoured, but, alas! too foolish land, and to repel Rome's tactics with a firm hand became the desire of all Christian people. The so-called Holy See desired the recognition of a full constitution of her power in this country; in short, the setting up of a Catholic

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hierarchy in Protestant England. Of course, all this stealthy advancement on the part of Rome had been encouraged by the passing of the Emancipation Act of 1829. The flood-gates were then opened, and the tide of Rome's power set in, in the form of Ritualism and some Romanism in the churches of our land—a tide which I fear will most certainly swamp the Church of England as an Establishment. Well, during the excitement of the period I refer to, I am afraid I made a dangerous experiment, and one certainly I would not recommend any young man to make under similar circumstances. That was, being much interested and concerned in what was going on, I determined to go myself to Rome's headquarters, that I might personally gather the information desired. Consequently I attended the celebrated lectures on the Catholic Hierarchy, delivered in St. George's Road Cathedral, Southwark, in December, 1850, by the renowned Cardinal Wiseman. The drift of those lectures was to show the English people that Rome meant nothing, that the outcry was all unnecessary, that all she desired was a change in the titles of her Archbishops and Bishops in this country. I am thankful to the God of all grace that I could see through this treachery, and that I came out of the ordeal a stronger Protestant than ever.

"At this time it was a great delight to me to wend my way on a Sabbath evening to the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden, and listen to the stirring words which dropped from the lips of Dr. Cumming. To get a sitting was often impossible, and I have *stood* the whole service spell-bound. One sermon especially impressed me, *On the Devices of Satan.* 'We are not ignorant of his devices.' It was a masterpiece of experimental truth. I was privileged also to hear several of his course of sermons upon the

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Apocalypse. This dear man's faithfulness to the truth of the Gospel, in the presence of her Majesty the Queen, in the parish church of Crathie, is worth noting. In a sermon from the text, 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God alone, and there is none else' (Isaiah xlv. 22), he says, 'If man will be saved, he must take the place, humiliating as it is, of a lost, undone soul, saved by grace alone, and nothing beside.'

"The chapel, on these occasions, in Crown Court, would be crowded to the doors, and outside the doors too, and people of title and eminence were thickly studded amongst the vast congregation. It was quite five miles' walk for me, and five miles back, but I thought nothing of it, to gain the privilege sought; and it is depressing to think that, after such a highly distinguished life, how this good man's 'sun' set behind thick clouds.

"Another delight to me, at the time of the Papal Aggression referred to, was attending a course of ten lectures, delivered on Thursday evenings at St. Olave's, Old Jewry, by the Rev. Hugh Allen, M.A. His two sermons upon 'The Bible' were bold and uncompromising, and tended greatly to confirm my faith in the preciousness and vitality of the Word of God. His words seem still to ring in my ears: 'Young men of London, let your lives prove that the Bible is yours, that you are Bible students, that you are Bible believers, that you are Bible holders, that the Bible is in you "a lively hope"; that you believe it, that you rest upon it, that it is that which gives to you zeal, that it gives you power, that it gives you hope, and that it gives stability to your perseverance—that it is *the Word of God.*' Such teaching tended very much to the formation of my character, but I wanted something deeper than mere formation of character, which was yet to come.

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"One evening at St. Olave's was a memorable one, from a very solemn incident that occurred, and which deeply impressed me. The pews in this old City church were the old-fashioned high ones, so that unless standing up you could not see the people. During the prayers there was the sound of a heavy thud, as if someone had fainted and fallen. This was followed by a slight shuffling of feet, but the service went on as usual. After the prayers Dr. Allen went into the vestry, which was at the entrance of the church, to change his gown, and there lay a young woman, who had been carried out *a corpse.* Pale as death the minister appeared in the pulpit. His intentions were entirely altered, and he gave out the text, 'In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye' (1 Cor. xv. 52). In his opening remarks he told of the solemn event, and under the influence of that scene preached a deeply impressive sermon upon Eternity, and the great and important necessity of being prepared for it."

It was about this time that my father published what he entitled, "A Few Remarks on Cardinal Wiseman's Appeal to the English People on the subject of the Catholic Hierarchy," which are as applicable to our day, when truth has fallen in our streets, and Rome is again trying for Catholic unity, as they were when they were penned forty-five years ago:—

"As we sit down in our cogitating chair and take up Cardinal Wiseman's appeal, we do not blunt the sharp edge of our feelings by prejudice, but we confess that we do arm ourselves with the fact that, 'let the Church of Rome speak what language she will, the spirit of that Church is unchanged—pliable and ductile without, she is stern and unbending within'; and therefore, whatever soft and soothing language may be employed, the Ethiopian can never change his skin or the leopard

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his spots: and a knowledge of the system, as a whole, demands that we penetrate deeper than the surface, which penetration must lead us to Dr. M'Neile's conclusion, that this aggression on the part of the Church of Rome is 'Papal assumption, Papal interference, Papal dominion, and Papal supremacy, under the plausible pretence of spiritual jurisdiction.' The first point that arrests our attention, and causes us to pencil our thoughts, is the statement that, 'In petitioning the Holy See for an Ecclesiastical Hierarchy in England, the Bishops looked upon it, not as a matter of triumph or a measure of aggression, but as a simple administrative provision necessary for the government of their flocks.' We bless God that Protestants view it as nothing short of a subtle artifice to undermine their peace and privileges, and they know from the pages of past experience that, let the apostate Church deck herself in the garb of universal love and charity, she still has a sinful purpose at heart, which she will not fail to execute the first favourable moment. And this is not mere speculation, for Dr. Cumming informs us that the following is a clause in the oath of fidelity to the Apostolic See, exactly as it is given in the consecration of a Bishop: 'Heretics, schismatics against our Lord the Pope and his successors, I will persecute and attack to the utmost of my power.' We do not believe, therefore, as has been intimated, that 'it is a harmless domestic arrangement' among Roman Catholics themselves, but that it is a bold stroke of a powerful enemy for that supremacy which, if gained, would not cease to oppress, 'persecute and attack' the real children of God. In the language of the Psalmist, 'The enemies of God have lifted up their head, they have taken counsel against His people, and consulted against His hidden ones. They have said, Come and let us cut them

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off from being a nation; that the name of Israel may be no more in remembrance.' And this is their grand aim, so that, however smooth and plausible, elaborate and clever, may be the wording of Cardinal Wiseman's vindication, his Church's purpose, pursuit, and pleasure are the same—hostility to the Church of God, conspiration against the people of God, and, had they the power, they would put you out of the synagogues, and if they killed you, would think that they did God service. But to return to the document. In reading on, we have been peculiarly struck with the thousand evils that have grown out of that one unfortunate deed of 1829, the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act. By this Act, as Dr. Wiseman states, Catholics are freed from all obligation, and, upon this ground, contends that they should be allowed to carry out the doctrines and discipline of the Roman Church. To our minds, the Holy Word of God should have been England's guide, and there are but two churches spoken of in Scripture, the Church of God and the apostate Church. Thus Christian or Gospel believers are members of the Church of which Christ is the Head, spoken of in Ephesians, fourth and fifth chapters, in full length; and the Church having upon her forehead, 'Mystery, Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots and abominations of the earth,' is the apostate Church; and such a distinction should be maintained. Legal and political views, we think, should be kept under by the overwhelming fact that the King of kings and Lord of lords is dishonoured by any movement which tends to unite that which God has commanded should be kept separate. 'Come out of her, My people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues' (Rev. xviii. 4).

"Ah! sad, sad fact! ministers who ought to have been preaching Christ and Him crucified 'have com-

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mitted fornication, and lived deliciously with her.' O God, forgive them, lest they be consumed in 'the smoke of her burning,' for verily 'in one hour so great riches is come to nought' (Rev. xviii. 9-17). How can such, in their seclusion for the purpose of meditation, dare to look into the Book of the Prophet Jeremiah? Therein it is written, 'The virgin of Israel hath done a very horrible thing . . . . they have burned incense to vanity, and they have caused them to stumble in their ways from the ancient paths, to walk in paths, in a way not cast up.' And what is the solemn judgment of God for all this wickedness? 'I will show them the back and not the face, in the day of their calamity' (Jer. xviii. 13, 15, 17).

"But to return. Without arguing the point of the Roman Catholic loyalty to their Queen, which Cardinal Wiseman labours craftily to prove, in the face of the fact that 'no man can serve two masters,' and that the pages of Church history tell us in times past how Catholic assumption has trenched on the prerogative of the Crown, the writer goes on to observe, in connection with the extent of toleration granted to Catholics, 'Suppose a man has kept possession for years of a house which he had built for himself on my land, without my permission, and then we come to an amicable arrangement, and I give him leave, without any restriction, to have a house there; could I complain if, when his old one required rebuilding, he made it of brick or stone, and say that I always meant he was only to keep up a wooden and temporary house.' What! an infallible Church want rebuilding? Our view of the matter stands thus: Suppose a man takes a piece of land adjoining my premises and builds a house thereon, and I get possession of the fact that in his title deeds he actually covenants to do me all the mischief he can,

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for his own aggrandizement, but in a fit of foolish benevolence I forget the fact, and call him my friend and brother, until one day he displays his true character, by audaciously laying claims to my titles and property, should I not call to mind the words of his covenant, 'I reckon him an heretic, and I will persecute him to the utmost of my power,' and put forth all my energy and power to resist him? In answer, then, to the Cardinal's question, 'On what ground does the attack upon us rest?' we say, 'Because we believe your intention is to carry out, if you can, the conditions of that dreadful oath.'

"Another statement is put forth, to the effect that the new Roman Catholic Bishops will not have occasion to cross the path of the Prelates of the Anglican Establishment in their sphere of duty. They will find plenty to do besides their official duties in attending to the wants of their spiritual children. We have but to refer to the Synod of Thurles as an example whether Catholics will attend to their own business, or whether their disposition is not rather to interfere with the education of the young men of England and Ireland for the purpose of the future supremacy of their Church. In looking, then, at the bold attempt on the part of the Church of Rome to establish an Episcopal Hierarchy in our land, we believe that not merely does it trench upon the prerogative of the Queen of England, but their power and strength is employed 'to make war against the Lamb of God' (Rev. xvii. 14); and Protestants, to be faithful to their glorious standard, ought to resist this movement, otherwise they are partakers of her sins, and lending their honour and power to the beast.

"But to conclude our few remarks. There are facts which stand forward with unmistakable clearness in

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connection with this aggression of the Church of Rome.

"1st. That every action of that Church, every stroke of that mysterious engine, the moving power of which is the Man of Sin, and her object the crushing of the Church of God—'a system,' as Dr. Cumming observes, 'which combines all the wickedness of the damned with all the corruption of the devil'—everything this unchangeable Church does, heaps proof upon proof of the fact that she is the apostate Church spoken of in the Revelation of John the Divine.

"2ndly. That the period is fast approaching when Babylon the Great must fall, when the smoke of her burning shall be seen by the people of God, and heaven and the holy Apostles (Peter included) and Prophets will rejoice over her (Rev. xviii. 20), and then shall He come forth Who 'treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God,' Who 'hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords.'

"3rdly. All true believers in Jesus are safe in Him, come what will, and in the victory of the Lamb the called and chosen and faithful will be with Him (Rev. xvii. 14), and beholding Him Whom they love, will burst forth in one loud 'Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!'"

In recalling other reminiscences of this time my father wrote: "One of the things I greatly delighted in as a young man, was obtaining a gallery ticket from Mr. Biggs, of Parliament Street (a law stationer and hearer of Joseph Irons), and going into the House of Lords and the Commons to hear the speeches of the members. In this way I well remember the late Earl of Beaconsfield, as young Disraeli, also Sir Robert Peel, and many other notables in the House of Commons. While in the

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House of Lords I saw the great warrior of Waterloo the Duke of Wellington, with his blue coat and gilt buttons and white neck-tie; and I recall the scene of later years, when I saw him with his head bent and he fast asleep in sight of the Speaker's chair! Two days before the closing of one Session of Parliament I gained admittance into the House of Lords, and after listening for some time to rather desultory harangues, my attention was awakened by the beloved Earl of Roden rising to put a question to Her Majesty's Ministers on the subject of the religious persecution of certain Protestant ministers and others in Ireland. This godly nobleman expressed his affection for his countrymen, the interest he felt for the people of Ireland, having lived a long life in the sister kingdom, attributing her misery to Popery, and to the system of national education, which included a denial of the Holy Scriptures to the people by the Church of Rome."

And again: "It is quite possible, nay, probable, that there is within the quickening of the Spirit, long before there is any certain assurance of regeneration. Look at the case of Lydia. She was accustomed on the Sabbath to resort to a certain house without the City of Philippi, by the river side, where prayer was wont to be made; but it seems it was not till Paul, in the providence and leading of God, was called to preach the Gospel in that same house that the Spirit opened the heart of Lydia to receive the truth within. This, I feel, was my case. Like Lydia, my delight was to resort to houses where prayer was wont to be made, and to places of worship where the truth was faithfully preached. Hence, for instance, the visits of dear Dr. Hewlett, of Astley, to the great Metropolis were looked forward to by me with eagerness, and I would follow him from church to church wherever he preached during his city tour. Dear

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man, his favourite chapter was the eighth of Romans; passage after passage from that golden chapter he would take for his text, and he seemed to have all the points of it, and, indeed, the whole Epistle, at his fingers' ends; nay, far better, burned into his heart, out of the abundance of which he spoke the precious truth of God. His sermon upon the fourteenth verse was very precious to me, 'For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.' It was grand and God-glorifying, at the same time greatly encouraging to the *seeker after Jesus*. Another minister of the Gospel was also a great favourite with me, namely, that eccentric yet powerful preacher, the Rev. J. J. West, Vicar of Winchelsea. I think it was his custom to come once a month to Spicer Street Church, Whitechapel. These occasions found me constantly there. Never shall I forget his exclaiming, in vehement language, '"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Who are they, Lord? those that "cry day and night unto Me?"' I was in a hidden corner in the gallery, but could hardly help exclaiming audibly, 'That's me! that's me! I am crying day and night unto God; He knows it. Can it be possible that this is a proof of my being one of His elect?' I wept that night like a child. On another occasion I was sensibly affected while the dear man of God was preaching from those words, 'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.' Oh, how he set forth the nothingness and littleness of the creature in the little I—the greatness and glory and salvation in the great 'I AM!'

"Another great favourite with me was dear George Doudney, Incumbent of Charles Chapel, Plymouth. His visits to London were not so frequent as the other men of God referred to, but were hailed with joy. Never shall I forget one sermon he preached in All-Hallows

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Church, Lombard Street, from the passage, 'All my springs are in Thee' (Psalm lxxxvii. 7). Of course, all was traced as being in Christ; and in turning to the old Bible I then used, I find a note on the margin of the points he enumerated as *springs in Christ;* they were, 'Life, light, fear, hope, faith, repentance, obedience, patience, humility, and joy.' Verily I can put my seal to such divine tracing and teaching. On this occasion I could not help going into the vestry after the service and warmly expressing myself concerning his testimony. But in thus seeking out men of truth my search was not confined to our churches, but I rejoiced in finding a corner seat in more humble places of worship; indeed, to tell the truth, I cared not for the place, it was the Person I sought—even the Person of Jesus; hence Alie Street Chapel was one of my places of resort; and I heard several times, with great profit, the late Mr. Taylor, of Manchester, also that remarkable man, James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle. One sermon, upon the steps to Solomon's throne, was a memorable one to me.

"With regard to James Wells, I must here recount an incident which occurred some few years back in my experience in connection with that dear man of truth. In a certain parlour were gathered together my esteemed employer, a Baptist minister, James Wells, several others, and myself. The conversation turned upon religion, and differences of opinion were expressed, until some warmth of feeling was engendered. I remained an attentive but silent listener, when one of them said, with emphasis, 'Well, I sum up my religion in those words of Scripture, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling" '—looking round at the company with ardent expectation that he had shut up our free-grace friend. But never shall I forget

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James Wells' response, 'And so do I; but I link with it its own connection, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. *For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure.*"' Although young, I saw the whole matter clearly. The salvation must be your own, the gift of God, then exhibit and testify of it; make it manifest in the life, walk, and conduct. I have never—thank God!—been shaken from that point, and at the time it convinced me that salvation is a matter of Divine sovereignty and purpose.

"It was about this time, too, that Charles Haddon Spurgeon was becoming much sought after. One Sunday evening I made my way to his old chapel in Park Street, Southwark, to hear him. I knew I must be early to get standing room, but, early as I was, the place was crowded. However, I managed to elbow my way through the vestry to within sight of the great man and within sound of his voice, which, indeed, was clear enough. The scene was impressive—a mass of heads up to the very ceiling of the place—but it struck me that the attitude of many in the galleries betokened more of curiosity than reverence. However, Mr. Spurgeon took for his text the words, 'Ephraim is a cake not turned' (Hosea vii. 8). His language was marvellous. I became spell-bound, and I do not think, until memory fails me, I shall forget his description of 'a half-and-half man,' 'a cake not turned.' On another occasion I heard Mr. Spurgeon preach at an old East-end chapel. This place also was crowded, but I managed to find a sitting under the pulpit. The following incident occurred. The good minister of the place, an aged man, was giving out the hymn as Mr. Spurgeon entered the pulpit. I must say it was in rather a drawling and sleepy tone. However, Mr.

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Spurgeon seemed as if he could not bear it, and reaching over the pulpit he said, 'Here, brother S., give me the book.' Of course only a popular man dare make such a request, but the result was significant. The moment Mr. Spurgeon began reading the hymn every eye was fixed upon him, and the people seemed to drink into the words of the verses. The *pathos* he threw into the hymn was remarkable, and I thought within myself, here is the secret of much of Mr. Spurgeon's power. It is the way in which he preaches and speaks that, at all events, rivets the attention and has its effect.

"I remember, too, feeling, in connection with that wretched district (the back of Whitechapel church), what a contrast outside and inside our Bethel. Outside Satan ruled and reigned, evidences of which abounded on all sides, while inside a peaceful gathering of the Lord's dear people, drinking in with joy the distinguishing doctrines of grace. But who hath made us to differ? and what a mercy to differ!"

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CHAPTER III.

"Now the 'afterwards' of all false systems of religion cannot be satisfactory. The lamp of profession, however brightly it burns for a time, must go out, because there is no oil therein; which reminds us of this fact, that no religion is worth possessing that does not commence, and is not carried on, by the work and power of the Holy Spirit, nor shall we ever know anything savingly of Christ and His great salvation without that power."—*George Cowell*, "*Afterwards.*"

My father owed much of his early knowledge and establishing in Divine truths to the Rev. Joseph Irons, minister of Grove Chapel, Camberwell. He was a rare man, and a prince of preachers in those days. Few men had his gift of preaching at great length, extemporaneously, sermons which read with wonderful point, ease, and clearness, couched as they were in refined and cultured language. That he preached the unpopular doctrines of distinguishing grace to a "sect everywhere spoken against," is an indisputable fact. But he was ever supported by a loving and influential people, and I have heard my father say how frequently he saw Lord Brougham, Earl Roden, Lady Lucy Smith, and other leading members of society, among the worshippers. Of him, as his spiritual father, family friend, and true shepherd of the flock of his charge, and one whose teaching left its impression to a dying day, my father wrote at that time :—

"While Mr. Irons was deep in doctrine, and his preaching fully calculated to establish the Christian, it was also especially suited to seeking souls, just con-

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vinced of sin and weighed down by the terrors of the law. In mingling with godly friends, we have heard many remark, that when first the glimmer of divine light shone into their hearts, and discovered to them the depravity therein, they have run hither and thither to gain comfort, and could not realize it until they were led to hear Mr. Irons, who so strikingly set forth the perfection of Jesus—the glorious Rock which is higher than all—that they have obtained that which is so suitable to the soul-stricken sinner—faith to believe that Christ is the All and in all of their salvation.

"I feel peculiar pleasure in adding an instance of this, inasmuch as it is the experience of one near and dear to me, even my dear wife's mother. She writes: 'In the wisdom and providence of a covenant God, who ordereth all things well, in the year 1824 I was led to St. Luke's Church one Sunday afternoon, when the Rev. Dr. Vale preached from the words, "Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that Thou shalt cut it down." It was sent home with the Holy Spirit's power to my conscience, so that from that time I saw myself that "barren fig-tree," knowing I deserved nothing else than to be cut down. The law came with its condemning influence. The enemy of souls told me all was true; the sentence was just, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" I was bowed down with sorrow, like the woman in the Gospel, and could in no wise lift up myself, and at that time being in peculiar, sorrowful circumstances and heavy domestic trial—all things seemed against me. To look to God I dare not. He appeared as a consuming fire. I was condemned, and felt afraid to live and afraid to die. I set upon trying to work out my own salvation, but my prayers were polluted. I ran to places of worship of all denomi-

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nations, but could get no rest for my soul. Hope failed. Hell seemed inevitably my portion. So I remained for nearly two years, when at length a poor Christian woman, whom I loved to her dying day, discovering by a few words the state of my mind, inquired whether I had ever heard the Rev. J. Irons preach, requesting me to do so on the following Wednesday, at Jewin Crescent Chapel. Thither, with depressed feelings, I repaired, and never was I so astounded. It was all new to me. It seemed too good to be true, such glorious tidings. "He woundeth, and His hands make whole." Sorely did I feel the wounding and killing of self, but never dare take comfort till then, when I was pointed to Jesus as the Law-fulfiller, the one atoning Sacrifice, and my complete salvation.'

"We could enumerate instances of this, proving that the sinner's last resource is Jehovah's right way.

"The writings of the Rev. J. Irons," continues my father, "are of considerable value to the Church, as suitable to a Christian in all stages of experience. Is he just awakened to a serious concern for his soul? let the young believer repair to the pages of *Jazer*, where he will find twenty-four letters on Gospel doctrines, highly calculated, by the blessing of God and the leading of the Holy Spirit, to set him doctrinally right upon starting in the pilgrim's pathway. Has he advanced further from the City of Destruction, and yet is getting a little faint-hearted lest he should never reach Mount Zion? let him take up *Nathanael* as an auxiliary to the Word of God, and he will find some experimental conversation upon Christian experience to encourage and strengthen him. Does he want to breathe the pure air which is wafted over 'the Delectable Mountains,' and know somewhat of the hiding-places of the dear Shepherd of Israel? *Nymphas*

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is as a sign-post to direct him to the Shepherd's tent, and to the spot where he may see his Beloved coming 'leaping upon the mountains and skipping upon the hills' to deal out gracious promises to him. Does he want to know what a crucified Saviour has suffered for him? the poem of *Calvary* will melt his heart in love for Him who was

> "'Afflicted, bruised, and overwhelmed with grief;
> Despised, yet silent, like a slaughtered lamb.'

Does he want to be valiant in the cause of Christ against the Man of Sin? *Priscilla*, an exposition of the Romans, is likely to brighten up his shield of faith: and so on. We are sure that the whole of the works of the departed author would recommend themselves to the serious notice of the man who is desirous of honouring God and enjoying rich experience. Nor must we omit to direct Zion's sons and daughters to nearly nine hundred spiritual songs, which well carry out the design of the author 'to stir up the sacred emotions of the soul, by giving expression to the grace which is in the heart, and making melody unto the Lord.' Those who were especially intimate with the spiritually-minded bard were favoured now and then with pencilled impromptus. His pastoral visits were most blessedly endearing. It always seemed to us as if the Lord were saying, 'Receive the law from his mouth, and lay up his words in thine heart'; there appeared so much weight in all he said, and yet no desire to banish cheerfulness from the domestic circle nor introduce gloominess. No; there are many that will bear witness to the assertion that his presence was the harbinger of godly joy, and it seemed impossible to feel gloomy in his company."

It was the custom of my grandfather, who was living at some little distance then from Camberwell, to have,

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Sabbath after Sabbath, what was termed the Grove Chapel Omnibus—a large conveyance starting at ten o'clock every Lord's Day morning, from Gracechurch Street for Camberwell; hired by him throughout the year for the purpose of conveying the scattered members of his family, who would meet at a certain spot, to hear this choice servant of God, who was instrumental in bringing to a knowledge of the truth no less than six members of this family, lastly, but not least, my dear father. But his own words shall relate the circumstances. He was then a seeker after Jesus, and was soon to say, "I have found Him whom my soul loveth":—

"At this time I followed from place to place 'men of truth,' the Lord opening my heart to receive it with joy. Jewin Crescent Chapel, where Mr. Irons used to preach on Wednesday evenings, was a place of constant resort, and like a true shepherd, dear Joseph Irons closely watched me and carefully tended me.* I was much exercised on the subject of baptism, and he was wont to invite me to his vestry before the service, and many a sweet converse did we have before he went into his pulpit and I into my pew. But that favoured spot, Grove Chapel, was really my spiritual birthplace. Yes, in No. 5 pew the Lord met and melted me, through the Word preached by dear Joseph Irons, from Sol. Song vi. 11: 'I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished and *the pomegranates budded.*' In that sermon, and under the expression, '*the pomegranates budded*,' I became sensibly affected, and wept like a child. The dear man of God seemed to turn out my heart, and tell of all I had been realizing as 'a seeker after Jesus.' My eldest

* The pulpit Bible of the above chapel was afterwards presented by the Rev. J. Irons to my father's family, and to the last he esteemed it as a choice treasure.

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sister was with me at the time, and knew that it was life Divine I was experiencing, and the work of Divine grace in my soul, through the power of the Holy Spirit. On the following Sabbath evening Mr. Irons preached from the words, 'Babes in grace.' This broke me down altogether. Joy and peace followed, yet afterwards doubts and fears lest it was all a delusion. Thank God, it was no deception, and as I write these words, forty years after, I can declare the God of my salvation has kept me and blessed me abundantly. It was the revelation of Himself which broke my heart, and caused me to feel He was just the Saviour of love and mercy I needed. It was a sovereign act, all of grace and mercy, and it commenced a work within that nothing can crush, and a life that nothing can destroy.

"It was on the 1st March, 1850, that my dear wife and self were admitted members of Grove Chapel. My Communion Ticket is now before me, and I copy it :—

GROVE CHAPEL.

COMMUNION TICKET. No. 1208.

GEORGE COWELL,
Admitted a Member March 1st, 1850.

"*Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.*"—EPHESIANS ii. 19.

"*This is My commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.*"—JOHN XV. 12.

"*Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.*"—JOHN vi. 53.

EXAMINE YOURSELVES.

JOSEPH IRONS, *Pastor.*

"Ah! those communion evenings at Grove Chapel were choice indeed; I have never enjoyed anything like

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them. Dear Mr. Irons' plan might appear novel to many, but it was very blessed. He always took round the bread and wine himself, and personally presented it to every communicant, and that, too, as far as his strength would allow, with a few pointed, spiritual remarks to each. Indeed, the whole service was most impressive. First came a precious address to the dearly beloved assembled, then a hallowed prayer, followed by spiritual comments upon the appropriate portion; then the personal distribution referred to, interspersed with communion hymns, which were sung; closing with an earnest address to those who were spectators, and prayer for future keeping and guidance. I used to come away from that service ofttimes whether in the body or out of the body I could not tell."

Mr. Irons died in 1852, after a marvellously useful life and blessed ministry. Many of his compositions in the original are treasured in our family, as not only coming from a gifted pen, but from one so much beloved.

In later years my father's search after truth led him here and there many miles; and he not only heard with deep appreciation, but was privileged with such choice friendship as that of the Rev. Dr. Hewlett, of Astley; Rev. G. D. Doudney, of Plymouth, brother-in-law, as before stated, to his old friend, Dr. Doudney; and, in later years, the Revs. F. and R. Hoare, the Rev. W. L. Rollestone, Rev. W. Straton, father to the present Bishop of Sodor and Man; the Rev. W. Lush, of Snargate; the Rev. Hely Hutchinson Smith, the Revs. J. C. Martin and B. D. Aldwell, of Portsmouth; the Rev. J. Ormiston, the Rev. D. L. Johnson, and many others, with whom he had mutual intercourse and fellowship, both in Church and Dissent.

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CHAPTER IV.

"It is well to know each other in the Lord, and to form no friendships in this hollow world but in the name of Jesus."—*George Cowell, "The Daily Cry."*

IT was in the year 1844 that my father first became acquainted with his beloved brother in Christ, the late Rev. Dr. Doudney, then Mr. Doudney, Printer and Publisher, of the City Press, Aldersgate Street, London. He describes his first interview as follows :—

"When I first called, I remember being handed into an anteroom, where Satan set in upon me for my presumption, intimating what a fool I was, as a perfect stranger, to call in this unceremonious fashion upon one so fully engaged in business; I should surely be brought to confusion. But not so. I had been but a few minutes in the presence of my beloved friend, when all fears were banished, and we soon, I believe, both felt we were brothers in the best sense of the word. Many years have passed since then, and we have never had a jarring note or the least interruption to our spiritual friendship.

"One thing I well remember, namely, that although our dear friend was deeply immersed in business life, and surrounded by books, papers, and office lore, his converse betook more of heaven than earth, and the bent of his desires was evidently the ministerial work in which he has long been an earnest servant of the Lord. Little did I think, however, that our pleasurable

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interview would be followed by my becoming the most regular and persistent helper of my brother in his important work of Editor of the *Gospel Magazine.*"

Dr. Doudney's love for printing followed him all through his long eventful life, and through it he was enabled to achieve some wonderful works. Connected as he and his dear friend and chief helper in the work were, it may not be out of place to quote Dr. Doudney's own words:—

"The *Gospel Magazine* is the oldest of our religious periodicals, having been commenced in the year 1766. It has been edited, from time to time, by some prominent Evangelical writers, including the Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady, the author of the well-known hymn, 'Rock of ages, cleft for me,' which first appeared in its pages; as did also others of our popular hymns, such as, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name' and 'Hark, my soul, it is the Lord.' It was edited also by William Mason, author of *The Spiritual Treasury*, who was succeeded by Walter Row, when Sir Richard Hill was a frequent contributor to its pages. It was whilst carrying on business in 1840 that I became connected with the *Gospel Magazine.* I used to pass the old publishing office on my way to and from the City. Hearing of the retiring of the venerable Walter Row, who had conducted it for forty-four years, I called one morning to inquire about its future, and was told that it was just disposed of to the Rev. Bagnall Baker, who was then a West-end clergyman, and a most popular preacher. Such, however, were his High Church sympathies, that the old Editor, talking to him about them, said, 'You conduct the Magazine! Why, if you had it, you would not retain it for six months.' It was a true prophecy, for he only kept it for *five* months. I then purchased the copyright

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from him, at the price he had given for it. I had thought of asking my dear nephew, John Lane, to edit it; but when the purchase was concluded, I said one day to my cousin George (who subsequently entered the ministry), 'I have bought the copyright of the *Gospel Magazine*; what shall I do about editing it?' '*Edit it yourself*,' was his reply. I do not know that I had had such a thought until it was suggested by him."

But the thought took root, and the result was that Dr. Doudney edited the Magazine most successfully for the long period of fifty-three years, till the time of his death, in April, 1893. Thus, soon after my father's first interview, he became a co-partner in the work of the Magazine, commencing in 1848 with short articles, which in 1850 developed into those "Wayside Notes," which have become world-wide known and appreciated, and the good resulting from them will never be known this side eternity. These articles increased in length until they reached twenty-eight pages of manuscript, and were in many places read in public and private as sermons. They were the saints' monthly treasury.

Men of business, as well as those in the ministry, the busy household mother, the lady of leisure, the invalids, who claimed them as their special portion, the babes in grace and the elder, alike gave testimony that "Wayside Notes" were a "word in season" to them. They were abundantly honoured of God, and bore much fruit, since they came direct from Him, as that man of God lived in loving, holy contact with his Lord from day to day, Who, whilst He gave "seed to the sower," gave also "bread for the eater," and thus fed the lambs and sheep of His fold. He was especially mindful not to despise the day of small things. "Do not be harsh if the little ones do not come up to our standard. We must treat babes as babes. Many are apt to

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exercise a *frosty severity*, which nips the bud of promise, but mercifully cannot destroy it."

"In the absence of face-to-face fellowship, the next best medium of companionship is the pen, which, dipped in the ink of experience, and guided by the dictation of the Spirit of God, brings us into fellowship with unseen brethren and sisters in the Lord; so that while, it may be, clayey circumstances bind in the tongue, yet the pen reaches to a scattered congregation of over two thousand precious souls, and tracings, if clothed with the power of God, live long after the writer is laid in the silent tomb," he wrote in 1864, feeling the importance of the work then devolving upon him, and the exhortation to "feed the Church of God," as month by month rolled by.

Ten years later we find the name of George Cowell in connection with Dr. Doudney's work in Ireland. He (Dr. Doudney) had been appointed to the charge of Bonmahon, a village on the sea-coast of the county of Waterford; and of his interesting life here, its hardships, privations, and struggle against Roman Catholicism, the poverty of the inhabitants bringing its full amount of distress and evil, we are well acquainted in Dr. Doudney's writings, and the subsequent memoir of him by his son. The work, however, in civilizing the natives, in getting remunerative employment for them, in forming industrial training schools, &c., was a labour made light in the spirit of love which emanated from the heart of him who was placed over them, and many in England became interested in his work, through the accounts given in the pages of the *Gospel Magazine*, showing their sympathy in very tangible ways. Amongst the first of these ready helpers was the "Wayside Notes" writer, whose letters appeared in the January, February, and July numbers of the *Gospel Magazine* for 1854.

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Thus we read :—

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Enclosed you will find a Post Office Order for £4 1s. 6d., for your Industrial Schools, which I trust is only as early fruit, the prelude to a summer gathering, and that the readers of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE generally will take a warm interest in the welfare of Ireland's rising generation, &c. . . . .

Yours in Christian bonds,

GEORGE COWELL.

And again :—

MY DEAR BROTHER,—"This is the confidence that we have in" the great Eternal "Him," that, "if we ask anything according to His will He heareth us: and if we know that He heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." Such has been, and is, our experience in connexion with the above cause (the Bonmahon Bible Fund). The Holy Spirit laid Ireland's welfare upon our hearts, we were drawn to the throne; our plea went up, "Lord, what can *we* do?" The answer came, "Send them the Bible. 'Is not My Word a fire? saith the Lord.' I will follow it, and make it a blessing." It was a command from the Throne. The simple proposition of which you are aware went forth to the Church; and the Holy Spirit opened the hearts of sixty-nine to respond to the call. Thus, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us. Beloved of the household of faith, we thank you in the name of Jesus; by such acts you exhibit the fruit of the Spirit, and are distinguished from the world. Now we believe that this little fund is the nucleus of an important work for Ireland, and would therefore confidently urge other Christian friends to join in the privilege of giving the Word of eternal life to the poor Roman Catholics. We will not, dear Mr. Editor, further trespass upon your pages. May God supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus, is the prayer of

Yours in Christian bonds,

GEORGE COWELL.

And again (page 315 of *Gospel Magazine*, 1854), a third letter was written on behalf of these poor benighted inhabitants of our sister isle, begging for interest and help to send them the Word of God, and enable by a fund the indefatigable labourer in that corner of the Master's vineyard to carry out his proposed work in the Industrial Schools, with the result that many hundreds of pounds were raised. The famous Dr. Gill's Com-

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mentary, in seven volumes, was printed, my father subscribing to and receiving the first set issued from the Industrial Printing School; a marvellous product from those rough little Irish lads, and a proud day for Dr. (then Mr.) Doudney to look back upon as the result of his unwearying labours.

Thus for the long period of forty-nine years this friendship continued, their oftener meeting broken only by distance and the daily routine of duty, but whenever they could and did meet, it was ever with the same brotherly love for each other. In the summer of 1884, they met for a month at Southsea, and in consequence it was often a cause of pleasurable congratulation that their presence gathered lovers of Dr. Doudney's and my father's writings from no less than seven counties during that time, so that we seldom went out without these two dear men of God being recognized, and the blessings resulting from their writings being told to them. Of this time, my father has entered in his diary, amongst many other such: "Weather being favourable, went with dear Doudney to Southampton, calling at Ryde and Cowes. Dined on board, and the dear Doctor had engaged a carriage at Southampton to take me to places of memorable interest to him. He is of such kindred spirit." And again: "A most lovely and enjoyable day with dear Doudney to Southampton by boat. I know of no man who seems so one with me in heart and soul."

And several years afterwards, when it was decided to commemorate the Doctor's jubilee of editorial work in connection with the *Gospel Magazine*, by presenting him with a purse of £800, his oldest friend, George Cowell, was chosen to pen the address, and also to read it before an influential gathering at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, including Sir Andrew Lusk, Bart.,

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who presided, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts (who first became acquainted with the Doctor during his clerical career in Ireland), the Rev. J. Ormiston, M.A., the Rev. D. A. Doudney, M.A., Mr. L. Collingridge, Colonel Milman and Mrs. Milman, Mr. J. W .Darton, Mr. J. Lobb, C.C., Mr. W. Hurd, Mr. W. Jackson, Mr. S. Sharp, and Mr. W. H. Collingridge, Hon. Sec. The body of the hall was crowded with ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the kingdom, who were either personally known to the Doctor, or were readers of the *Gospel Magazine* and *Old Jonathan*. On entering the room, the Doctor met with a most gratifying reception. Prayer having been offered, the hymn, "Rock of ages," as having first appeared in the *Gospel Magazine*, was sung. A full account afterwards appeared in most of the leading papers of that interesting meeting, and of the part my father took in it I reproduce here, as bearing upon that unchanging affection he ever evinced to his friend Dr. Doudney :—

Mr. George Cowell, who was deeply moved, observed that the privilege was afforded him of reading the address to be presented to their brother in the Lord, the Rev. Dr. Doudney. He did not remember that anything in the course of his lengthened career had afforded him more pleasure and gratification than the task he was now called upon to perform. The address was in the following terms :—

ADDRESS PRESENTED AT A MEETING HELD AT THE MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 20TH, 1890, TO THE REV. DAVID ALFRED DOUDNEY, D.D., VICAR OF ST. LUKE'S, BEDMINSTER, BRISTOL, ON THE COMPLETION OF HIS JUBILEE AS EDITOR OF THE "GOSPEL MAGAZINE," TOGETHER WITH A PURSE CONTAINING THE SUM OF £800, CONTRIBUTED BY 1,050 FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

BELOVED BROTHER IN THE LORD,—That treasure of your heart, the Word of God, tells us that "*it is required of a steward that he be found faithful.*" Now, although we know that, from deep inward experience, you will shrink from accepting the appellation of "*the Faithful Steward,*" the children of God feel that you rank among heaven's worthies, and are

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bound for the truth's sake, and for the Church's sake, to mark your faithfulness to our divine Master.

Yes, dear brother, we feel you have been *a faithful minister of the Gospel*, firm in proclaiming the distinctive doctrines of grace, not shunning "to declare the whole counsel of God," "whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear."

Nor have your labours been confined to your own parish. You have, when called upon, pleaded for religious and philanthropic institutions—ever proved yourself to be a friend to the poor and needy.

Again, we feel you have been faithful as a *writer of truth*. On the one hand, bold in exposing error, and on the other, reaping truth, and sending forth such reapings to cheer and comfort God's children. The many golden volumes, great and small, you have spread far and wide, have received the blessing of the Most High.

Further, we feel you have been faithful as Editor of the *Gospel Magazine* for fifty years, and Heaven only can count up the fruits and effects of your lengthened labours.

Nor can we do otherwise than mark your faithfulness *in the pathway of benevolence;* for with open heart and open hand, where you have had power to aid you have aided, and "the fatherless and widow" crave blessings on your head. And now, having lived to a ripe old age, beloved and revered by all who know you, we who love you desire in this presentation to cheer your heart, so that you may say, "Thou hast brought me to great honour, and comforted me on every side."

May the Lord, in His infinite goodness, keep you *faithful to the end;* and when the labourer's task is over, and He bids you cease from your work, may He receive you into His heavenly presence with fulness of joy.

God abundantly bless you. Yours has been a life of practical unity with His people, a life for which the living are thankful.

Mr. Cowell, continuing, said that he was permitted by the Chairman to say just a few words to the meeting. He might mention that he had travelled one hundred and thirty miles in order to be present at that day's meeting. Had there been any necessity, he would with readiness have travelled the one thousand and thirty miles of which their friend, Mr. Axford, of New York, wrote. He rejoiced to be present that day. He only wished that he might have half an hour in which to tell them of the joint labours of the Doctor and himself. He might just mention that it was in the year 1844, just forty-six years ago, that he first became acquainted with their dear brother in the Lord, and he had not been five minutes in the presence of the Doctor before he felt—what he had felt ever since without any variation—that they two were brothers—brothers in touch, brothers in tone, brothers in teaching. Side by side, as it were, they had worked on since that time. He was often delighted to see how the Doctor's articles seemed to be the key-note of his. Though they two had no intercourse, it seemed as if when the Doctor started a subject or a

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theme, he (the speaker) was led to carry it on on the same lines of thought and truth. He wished just for one moment to do what he was sure their beloved brother would desire to do, namely, to ask them to look from the man to the Master. There was a day coming which we might well term Christ's jubilee of glory. Then there would be a presentation, and what would it be? They had it in Christ's own words, "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." There is the Father's gift. What does He do with it? "Father, I will that all Thou hast given Me shall be with Me where I am, to behold My glory." That is the return of the gift into the Father's bosom. They and he would form part of that presentation gift to the Everlasting Father. Joyous as it was to be present to do honour to their beloved brother on that occasion, how much more joyous would it be when in the honour of Christ they were received into the presence of the Father. "He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied." That was the presentation he was sure their beloved brother would desire to draw attention to. What a mercy it was that they would form part of the gift of the Everlasting Father presented to Him back again by Christ Himself! He dared not go on, and would, therefore, only repeat that it afforded him great joy to be present on the occasion. He did most abundantly enter into the spirit of the address that had been read. He earnestly prayed that the blessings of the Most High might rest upon him for the remainder of his days, and that afterwards he might be received into everlasting glory.

In a letter before me, written to his old friend, Dr. Doudney says: "Scarcely a letter do I receive touching the *Gospel Magazine* in which there is not some special reference to your writings. The last day alone will disclose, I believe, the signal use the Lord has been pleased to make of them, and I attribute this to the fact that the Lord from time to time keeps you under such pressure as to squeeze out of you the pure grain to the filling up of the basket, leaving, as dear Newton used to say, no room for the chaff."

And it was plaintively touching that, after forty-nine years, within sixty hours of the death of his own dear wife, my father lost his oldest friend, and a few months later paid a visit to his grave in Southsea Cemetery, giving a short account of that visit as follows:—

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SOUTHSEA CEMETERY.

"GIVEN"—"TAKEN."

One of the reasons I had in my mind for recently visiting Southsea was to seek the grave of my dear departed friend and brother, Dr. Doudney. I cannot say that I went to weep there; no, rather did I find my heart rejoicing to think that the ransomed soul of that dear man of God had winged its way into the presence of Jesus: and now he was with Him whose name and fame he loved to proclaim during the days of his earthly pilgrimage.

The Southsea Cemetery was not difficult to find, and, when found, certainly does not possess any of those attractions which make people exclaim, "What a pretty cemetery!" The caretaker courteously conducted us at once to the sacred spot, and we stood, with deep feeling, beside the fresh-raised mound over the mortal remains of our dear brother.

I must say, at first, from the stern and common surroundings, I felt disappointed in the spot, and said within myself, "And is this where they have laid the remains of this dear servant of God, so widely known and beloved?" but, upon reflection, my first impressions became changed, and I said, "It is right and well." I will explain why. A short distance from this spot is a well-kept and swept corner of the cemetery, filled with massive crosses and designs of an elaborate character, all wearing the appearance of being the resting-place of the earthly great, while the spot where our friend lies, being in the old part of the cemetery, and selected years ago, is now thickly surrounded by plain and mean tombstones, seemed to be in keeping with the life of him who loved to stand up amidst the poor and despised, and to proclaim to such the riches of God's grace and glory. One thing arrested my attention, namely, on the tomb of a young person, not far from this spot, I noted the two impressive words which head our paper, "Given"—"Taken." Ah! I thought, just so with the dear departed. He was *given* of the Lord to do a distinct and blessed work for Him, which made him beloved by the Church of God; and now, at the appointed time, the Lord has taken His own to Himself. He *gave* him to do His will on earth—He has *taken* him to behold His glory in heaven. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Well, we left the cemetery with deep feeling and thoughts of him who was so safely home, at rest and peace.

> "One less on earth, one more in heaven;
> May we be found there too."

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CHAPTER V.

"By various means the Lord compels His people to look away from every earthly attraction to Himself: very severe is the discipline sometimes that accomplishes His will in the matter, yet it must be done. Is a child, a dearly-loved child, an idol? He must be removed. Is an earthly tie too clogging and absorbing in its character? It must be severed. Is the cup of earthly pleasure too sweet? There must be put wormwood into it. Is the nest getting too well lined? There must be a thorn put into it. And so the Lord will, by some means, wean His child from earthly things, and draw him to Himself, that He may be 'All and in all.'"—*George Cowell, "Looking to the Evidences."*

WE have spoken of the Grove Chapel Omnibus, which started every Lord's Day morning, at ten o'clock, from Gracechurch Street for Camberwell. One of the most regular attendants on Mr. Irons' ministry was Mrs. Wiginton, of Old Street, City. Her maiden name was Mary Hornblower, and her early home was the pretty village of Aldridge, Staffordshire, where, with her father (her mother having died while she was yet very young), she led a gay life, in pursuit of every pleasure. She often referred to this in after days, and of the Lord's special goodness in watching over her when her pathway was so thickly bestrewn with temptation. After her marriage with Mr. Edmund Ephraim Wiginton she still kept on for some time with her worldly pursuits, until, by the providence of God, she was led to hear Dr. Vale, of Old Street, and under his ministry she was aroused to a sense of her lost condition by nature, but she remained for two years in great darkness of soul.

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Eventually she was induced to hear the Rev. Joseph Irons, and, once having settled under his ministry, she never again wandered, but followed him to his services at Jewin Crescent on the week-night and Grove Chapel on the Lord's Days, becoming one of his warmest supporters and most attached hearers, and winning the just encomium from her pastor, by her consistent life and conduct, of being "the brightest star of his congregation." Her two daughters accompanied her, both seekers, if not then as afterwards they became, lovers of Jesus; and to the second daughter, Emma, the subject of this memoir became engaged, to whom he was subsequently married, on May 14th, 1846, at the fine old church of St. Giles, Camberwell, by the Rev. H. C. Hyde.

Writing to his beloved father just before this auspicious event, he says:—

MY OWN DEAR FATHER,—I need scarcely say your dear letter to me and mine melted my heart with increased affection to you, and so kindred are we in spirit that when my darling Emma peruses it she will alike love you more and more, and feel that it is indeed a happy thing to have such a dear parent. In the first dawning of our attachment our united desire was to seek your counsel and sanction, but how much more do we love your approval *now* that it emanates from having watched us with parental care, and I know not how to express the happiness we feel in the anticipation of being united under such auspicious circumstances. There seems no drawback to it. Happy indeed is it to gain the marked approval of those that are dear to us, but happier still is it to see that God is our Guide; for indeed, dear father, I dare not take this important step in life if I did not firmly believe it was the will of my heavenly Father, that as the seed is sown, so shall we grow up together in His vineyard. This is the only basis of real happiness, and it is our joy to feel built upon it.

Accept, dear father, our united love, and feel assured your frequent acts of quiet kindness and affection are appreciated by us; and as long as you are spared to be our endeared parent, our mutual supplications at the throne of grace will be offered on your behalf, and oh that the abundant entrance into glory that awaits you be the consummation of bliss, is the prayer of Your loving and affectionate Son,

GEORGE COWELL.

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"Of the sixteen invited guests at that marriage, only two remain unto this day; the rest are fallen asleep." And noticing it in his journal in later years, my dear father wrote: "They have passed into an eternal world. Our turn must come. Oh, then to go in unto the marriage supper of the Lamb! *No death* then any more." Their beloved pastor was present, as was also the head partner of the firm with which my father was so long connected. Afterwards Mr. Irons told the bridegroom (for whom he had an immense admiration and regard), "You said, '*I will*,' as though you meant it." Mr. Irons also composed a hymn for the occasion, and had it inscribed in his own hymn-book, which was presented to the bride and bridegroom on that occasion, as follows:—

THE VOICE OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

(JEREMIAH xxxiii. 11.)

The Bridegroom's voice was heard of old,
When He betrothed *His* bride;
Jesus espoused His Church, we're told,
And for her lived and died.

The Bridegroom's voice said, "Lo, I come,
To do the husband's part,
To fetch my ransomed fair one home—
She's graven on my heart."

The Bridegroom's voice o'ercomes the Bride,
'Tis tenderness and love;
He says He'll cherish and provide,
Till crowned with Him above.

The Bridegroom's voice the Bride well knows,
It often cheers her heart;
She follows Him where'er He goes,
For they can never part.

The Bridegroom's voice let bridegrooms hear:
"Ye husbands, love your wives;
And let the brides dismiss all fear,
And love make up their lives."

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And writing of this time my father says: "Among the various letters and congratulations we received at the time of my engagement, especially welcome was one from our dear pastor, Joseph Irons. Writing from his home at Camberwell, which he always called 'The Shepherd's Tent,' he rejoices in what the Lord has done for our souls, especially that He made him the honoured instrument of it, and prays that both may grow in grace and enjoy much of the Divine blessing together. He speaks of a future home, which he promised to visit and commit to the care of the God of Israel, praying that the Holy Three-in-One may enter it with us, and dwell there continually. 'Let,' he adds, 'the first thing done be to set up the *Family Altar*, and then expect the Divine blessing.'

"The seal to this marriage has been *ten* children. One precious one is in glory; but the remaining nine—marvellous to relate!—I believe are all children of God; yes, even to the last, have been washed in the precious blood of Jesus. Yes, the nine *have* returned to give glory to God. I record this with overwhelming feelings of gratitude to God, for it is a rare thing to see so many in a family walking in His fear and ways."

In his own handwriting there lies before me a little paper inscribed thus—

THE FIRST FEELINGS OF PARENTAL LOVE.

(EXPERIENCED FEBRUARY 23RD, 18—.)

Talk of parental love for ever,
But feel what it is, you will never,
Till you gaze on a mould sublime,
And pronounce it a child of thine.

Through your soul, then, the sense of it thrills,
And with passion intense your heart fills
With a love which remaineth for ever,
And no earthly power can sever.

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Afterwards it was his custom to compose "A Parental Song of Praise" at the birth of each child, many of which appeared, at the time they were written, in the pages of the *Gospel Magazine.*

He also had printed on neat cards, first for his family circle, but which afterwards found a large circulation—

A FATHER'S ALPHABETICAL ADVICE TO HIS CHILDREN.

Ask Jesus to save you. Matt. vii. 7.
Be prepared for Eternity. Amos iv. 12.
Confess your sins before God. 1 John i. 1, 9.
Do not let Him go till He bless you. Gen. xxxii. 26.
Earnestly seek the guidance of the Spirit. Psalm xlviii. 14.
Firmly grasp the promises of God. Heb. x. 23.
Glorify God in life, conduct, and conversation. Isaiah xli. 16.
Help the needy and afflicted. James i. 27.
Imitate the example of Christ. John xiii. 15.
Join in nothing that would dishonour Jesus. 1 Sam. ii. 30.
Keep yourselves unspotted from the world. James i. 27.
Let your trust be in the finished work of Christ. John xvii. 4.
Make Jesus your All and in all. Col. iii. 11.
Never tell a lie. Rev. xxi. 8.
Often attend the means of grace. 2 Peter i. 10.
Pray without ceasing. 1 Thess. v. 17.
Quench not the Spirit. 1 Thess. v. 19.
Read a portion of the Bible daily. Acts xvii. 11.
Shun the intoxicating cup. Prov. xx. 1.
Trust truly in the blood of the Lamb. Rev. vii. 14.
Unite only with those who fear God. Mal. iii. 16.
Vex not a righteous God by unsanctified conduct. Rev. xxii. 15.
Watch the ways of God in providence and grace. Nah. ii. 1.
X-hibit a character of meekness and humility. Eph. iv. 2.
Yield not your members as instruments of unrighteousness. Rom. vi. 13.
Zealously labour in Christ's vineyard. Matt. xx. 4.

"And may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ: to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."—GEORGE COWELL.

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In its varied vicissitudes, joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, death and life, followed a long union of forty-seven years. Divinely blessed, they were happy in each other's love and in the love of their children, who indeed arose to call them "blessed." One little lamb was early folded to the Shepherd's breast, and relics of that little child, his last little toy, and sacred treasures to a mother's heart, were laid by, and found just as she had put them away thirty-six years before, when mother and child were re-united, never again to be parted. Their *one* in heaven formed a precious linking to the family chain on earth, and, fully relying upon the Divine promise given them in early pleading, as each soul was given them to be trained for eternity, with their latest breath both reiterated that promise, in sure and certain hope of a glorious re-union in an eternal world of joy, and no more pain of partings, "All (yes, all) our children (according to His Word), shall be taught of the Lord."

Soon after their marriage, a severe trial overtook them in the death of my dear mother's father, to whom she was devotedly attached, and this trial undermined her health for some time, so deep was her sympathy and sorrow. This was followed by another cloud of adversity, by which they were plunged into great anxiety and distress for some time, through the treachery of a man of the world, whose great profession of religion had deceived many with whom he had come in contact. "The five years that followed," wrote my father, "I can compare to nothing short of Nebuchadnezzar's burning fiery furnace, heated seven times, into which he cast the Hebrew youths; and yet, blessed be God, in the midst of that fiery ordeal, One walked with me like the Son of God, and a discipline was realized which I found afterwards to be fraught with love and mercy." The deliverance from this trial was to the end of their

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life marked as one of most signal mercy by my dear parents, and the correspondence of him who was raised up by their God to be their deliverer is tied and marked with this inscription, "*A strong hold for trust in the Lord Jehovah ever since.—G. and E. C.*" But there was a sunny side also to this time of trial. Gleams of sunshine are permitted to flitter and scintillate across our pathway even in the darkened pine forest, to remind us that the sun is still in the heavens, although we are not just now able to see its clear shining. In the darkest day, let us remember, the sun is still shining somewhere and on someone ; and in the deepest trial, when all these things seem against us, let us remember that God still lives, and, in His own way and time, lives to bless us with His love. But my father's account of this time is best given in his own words :—

"A very pleasing incident of my life was the choice acquaintance I gained with the Rev. Edward Lillingston, Incumbent of St. George's, Edgbaston. He was indeed a rare man of God, a thorough scholar, but of such marked humility of character. At that time I was in deep trouble in connection with a trying business ; but oh, the ever-memorable seasons, especially on Wednesday evenings, I gained in wending my way to St. George's. The distance from my home was four miles, but it seemed nothing to me. One evening especially I was melted under dear Lillingston's preaching, and when at the close the hymn was given out and sweetly sung—

"'O Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift mine eyes to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, all my woes,
Good Lord, remember me,'

I fairly broke down, and in the pew wept like a child.

"I had, too, a cordial welcome from dear Lillingston to join his Bible Class at the Rectory. Always early,

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indeed, generally the first, he would say, 'Come, Mr. Cowell, let us draw up to the fire and have a chat before they come,' which we did, telling together of precious things concerning Jesus. At the Class were several well-to-do merchants, living in the suburbs of Edgbaston, men of position, but, alas! with little or no knowledge of Divine things, and in some instances decidedly opposed to the distinctive doctrines dear Lillingston preached, but the masterly way in which he silenced their arguments in opposition to the truth I shall never forget.

"Another incident occurred at this time, which I must note. Wednesday evenings I was wont, as I have said, to wend my way to St. George's, Edgbaston. One afternoon I received an anonymous letter, asking me on my way to meet the writer at a certain bridge. I scarcely liked the invitation, especially as it came in the shape it did, but, looking up to the Lord, I went. At the bridge appointed, I saw a person walking up and down waiting for me, whom I recognized as one who was accustomed to go to the Bible Class referred to. He at once broke silence, and told me of a broken heart, melted by Divine grace, and needing the comfort he thought I could afford him. This poor tried man, Charles Iliffe, became a kindred spirit. We walked and wept together many a time; at his office in New Street, Birmingham, we have had many a time of prayer and praise, and converse upon the best things. Poor Iliffe was a deeply-tried and tempted man, always apparently neck-deep in trouble. He has long since, however, been relieved of all his sorrows, and now sleeps in Jesus.

"Referring again to St. George's, Edgbaston. In the corner of a pew in the gallery sat a dear aged lady. Wind, rain, or let the weather be what it might, she was always in her place. This stranger soon found us out,

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and turned out to be no other than that sweet hymn writer, Mrs. Moens, of Birmingham. Her husband, who had gone to his eternal rest, was an early contributor to the *Gospel Magazine*, at the commencement of dear Dr. Doudney's editorship.

"All the time we resided in that part, dear Mrs. Moens was our friend. She kept house for us while we were at the seaside, and her society was highly appreciated by us. She was a deeply-taught Christian, well grounded in the doctrines of grace, and it was impossible to know her without gaining by her bright and blessed teaching and example of a living and lively faith in her covenant God. Many of her hymns, 'I'm a pilgrim and a stranger,' 'All on earth is fleeting, fading,' &c., &c., which first appeared in the *Gospel Magazine*, have since found their way into all recent Gospel hymn books, and sweetly breathe the spiritual life of that choice saint of God, who has long since entered that eternal world of joy of which she wrote and sang."

One who had reason to bless God for George Cowell's life in Birmingham was a poor aged widow named Fisher. Her long life was saddened by blindness, through the thoughtless, so-called joke, of some workmen, who, as she was returning from corn harvest, threw some wet lime in her face. She suffered acutely, and went through a series of operations, but all to no purpose, and she was called to pass the time of her sojourning here in physical darkness and consequent deprivation, for all means of her subsistence were gone, and she was dependent upon her God of providence. In a remarkable way my father was led to her humble abode, and from that time until he was called to another sphere in the south of England, he visited her constantly, carrying the Lord's message, and being the honoured instrument of her support for three years,

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until the time of her death; for, by making known her case through his pen, donations were most generously forthcoming from true sympathizers, and I recall one case where a donor, in reply to my father's letter of thanks for £2, wrote "Please do not address me as Esq., *I am only a poor working man.*" The end of this aged widow was a triumphant one. She died rejoicing in God her Saviour, the God of all her mercies and comforts, whose goodness had provided for her all the way of her pilgrimage, and whose parting salutation to the one who had been the instrument used of God in providing for her old age was, "God bless you, dear sir; God bless your dear lady, and God bless your dear children. Yes, He *will* bless you wherever you are."

And this is but one instance of many a widow's heart that was made to sing for joy through his ministrations.

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CHAPTER VI.

"The Lord's book of remembrance tells of the Divine converse by the way with the saints of God; and whatever time in the Church's history this may more particularly refer to, it is the same in all ages. The children of God will be surrounded by circumstances which will draw them into fellowship one with another, and the 'flock of slaughter' will find much in this world to drive them together; and the Lord is looking down with satisfaction at the little gatherings of His people, where the talk is of Jesus, and where He is honoured and glorified."—*George Cowell*, "*The Sealed Evidences of the Purchase.*"

ABOUT this time my father formed what is termed The Christian Fellowship and Communion Association, whose meetings were held every Friday evening, at the Infant School-room, Philip Lane, London Wall, for the purpose of prayer and supplication, to study God's Holy Word, and for mutual intercourse upon those blessed realities which pertained to their everlasting salvation, irrespective of creed or sect. "My great aim in the formation of this little society," he wrote, "is to know no name but Jesus. Once I was asked by a Christian, 'Mr. Cowell, what *is* your association? Is it Baptist, or Independent, or Church of England, or what?' To which I replied, 'I do not know. We have no such terms there. We meet, and are one in the name of Jesus, looking for that kingdom where we shall know nothing of creed nor sect.'"

Fourteen months after we find him writing, "We have met together and had many a happy meeting, and gained much soul profit. But now, in the order of

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God's providence I am called upon to resign my position as chairman and to withdraw from the society of these dear people of God. I am called into the country. The will of the Lord be done. It was with deep feelings that I addressed them upon this occasion; to hear their testimonies of regard indeed melted me. The chapter under contemplation was peculiarly suitable (1 Corinthians ii.), and I took occasion to urge upon the association the value of comparing spiritual things with spiritual. It was no small encouragement in coming away from this our last meeting to hear the testimony of a stranger (a steward on board a foreign steamer) tell how the Lord had blessed our poor witnessing to the profit of his soul, and to others with whom he has held sweet fellowship."

From the busy, anxious life of Birmingham, my father was next led, in the order of Divine Providence, to Bury St. Edmund's, where he was to be made a great blessing. In church work he was indefatigable, with the Vicar of St. Mary's Church, the Rev. John (now Venerable Archdeacon) Richardson, who became his warm and attached friend. Other chapters will tell of the different Christian and philanthropic works with which he filled every moment of spare time.

The Young Men's Christian Society had his warm support; indeed, he was the chief promoter of it in this town, acting also as secretary and treasurer of the branch. In September, 1862, he was appointed one of the speakers at the annual gathering at their headquarters, London, and it was to the great satisfaction and apparent delight of the delegates assembled from all parts of the world, when a gentleman, who at my father's right-hand had been taking his address down in shorthand, rose and delivered the address in several languages. The Army and Navy Scripture Readers' Society, the Ragged

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Schools, the British and Foreign Seaman's Society, the Religious Tract Society, societies of local interest, besides all church meetings, of which more often than not he was chairman, added to his village preaching and visits amongst the poor and afflicted around his own town, alike came in for their share of his unselfish labours.

Under the auspices of the Seaman's Society, he was often called upon to conduct meetings, and several times preached at the Great Yarmouth Seaman's Mission Hall, and also on board vessels in harbour under the Bethel flag. Seamen ever claimed his interest, and his books (gratuitous gifts) are to be found on many a lightship and floating vessel. To speak to this class of men was particularly interesting to him, for he frequently observed how very true and hearty they were, and oft-times, in spite of a rough exterior, there came a heart-felt spiritual prayer or word. On one occasion, whilst he was conducting a service, an old weather-beaten tar could not restrain himself from giving utterance to his feelings, and often during the address pronounced an emphatic "*Amen*," when his experience tallied with the preacher's. But this was not all, for as my father proceeded to give utterance to something which evidently touched a chord in the poor old man's heart, he said, quite aloud, "*I know that's right, mon, for I've felt it.*" And many a warm shake of the hand, with a parting word, "God bless you, sir, the Lord *has* been with you this evening," sent him on his way rejoicing that the Lord had again permitted him to raise his voice to testify of Jesus. Being also a Life Governor of the London Hospital, brought him a very interesting work with both the inmates and staff.

A short account of the eight years that followed are in my father's handwriting, but much of the detail will be

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gathered up from subsequent remarks throughout this work, for it would not be possible to estimate all the good he effected during his life in Suffolk. He writes :—

"In the year 1859 I was sent, in the providence of God, to Bury St. Edmund's, with my family, to reside, a business opening having been presented to me. When first the offer came, I exclaimed, 'Go to Bury! I never will!' Foolish and unsanctified determination! Oh, how we ofttimes, like Hezekiah, 'chatter as a crane or a swallow' (Isaiah xxxviii. 14). To Bury St. Edmund's the Lord meant to send me. Thither I went, and was kept there for eight years—years which turned out to be some of the most important and eventful in my life. In my business transactions I was fortunate to have, in Edward Greene, Esq., M.P., a Christian gentleman, kind and benevolent, esteemed by all who had the privilege of knowing him, and one who encouraged me in works of faith and labours of love.

"One event in connection with Mr. Greene's kind consideration for others is worthy of notice here. He one morning happened to meet a tradesman of his town who was in evident perplexity in connection with trade worry and business anxieties. 'I wish you would go and visit J——, Mr. Cowell, for I think he is either out of health or in monetary trouble. If the latter is the case,' added Mr. Greene, 'tell him from me that I am ready to back him at the bank, having so great a confidence in his character and business habits.' He was at the time under contract for the erection of a large public building. In consequence of Mr. Greene's request, I at once went and sought an interview. Knowing him to be a child of God, after alluding to the wish of his friend that he should call upon him, I said, 'Now, before we go into matters, let us have a word of prayer.' Closing the little office door, we then bowed the knee

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together. Under the prayer the poor builder was deeply affected, and afterwards stated that such was the pressure upon his mind, and such his fears that he should be a loser by the contract he had undertaken, that he had resolved to destroy himself that very day; in fact, he had made arrangements for so doing. He not being an adept at figures, I requested him to let me personally examine his books. I did so, and to our mutual joy and gratification, found a large and most important item of stock had been omitted in the poor builder's calculations, so that instead of his being insolvent, he had ample to meet his liabilities. The simple facts proved that this was one of the ten thousand deliverances of the Lord, and that in the simplest and most gracious way, He works for His people. Humanly speaking, had not Mr. Greene casually (as men say) met the poor builder, had he not been impressed with his appearance, conferred with me, and requested me to visit him, and that, too, with so noble a message, the fatal step (already planned and purposed) would have been taken. One thing I might add. In the poor builder's distress, he told me he had had a fearful dream, and felt therein that a man's hand grasped each shoulder with great violence, so that he shook like an aspen leaf. I bade him observe it was, after all, *man's hand*, not God's, and now God's hand would be manifest in his deliverance. And so it was. Oh, how many times afterwards, on meeting, we praised the Lord together!"

At this time he wrote a series of most acceptable articles for the *Old Jonathan*, entitled, "A Gleaner's Rambles around Bury," such as the following:—

THE GURGLING STREAM AND VILLAGE CHURCH.

It was a beautiful spring morning as "Gleaner" was wending his way along a country lane, and thoughts of Jesus refreshed his spirit as he looked up into the clear sky, and thought, "This blue vault of heaven is my

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Father's footstool." Oh, how it made the heart melt and leap for joy! A little further on was a rustic gate, and as he stood leaning on the topmost rail, he heard the trickling of a gurgling streamlet hard by. It reminded him of the water of eternal life—the stream flowing from under the throne of God, and producing life and refreshing wherever it traverses. "Oh, what a mercy it has percolated my heart, and produced life and joy!" said "Gleaner." A little further on he espied through the distant trees the spire of a village church; but as he went along, sometimes it was lost to view, at other times it peered through the foliage. This is but the way in the spiritual course. Faith gains at times precious views of heavenly things, anon she loses sight of them. "Yet will I look again," and yet again, "towards Thy holy temple." At last the church is reached, and we enter the yard and go round about the sacred edifice. So, again, in this spiritual pilgrimage we do know what it is to go round about our spiritual Zion, "tell the towers thereof, mark well her bulwarks, and consider her palaces." If this is so in connection with the Church militant, what will it be when we join the hallowed company above, and behold with never-ceasing admiration and joy all the parts of the Church triumphant?

In one of his reminiscences of this time, my father recalls:—

"For one of our summer outings we were accustomed to visit Walton-on-the-Naze. On one occasion we found ourselves in lodgings close to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. I took the first opportunity of calling on him. We had some nice converse in a subsequent walk together, and leaning over the pier, he remarked, 'You see, Mr. Cowell, that young man rowing himself about in that boat. Well, he was a blacksmith in a village near here. I met with him, and was struck with his abilities and Christian deportment. I advised him to go into my college, but already he was evidently being taught in the best college—the teaching of the Holy Spirit. Well, he came out as a minister of the Gospel, and he has now the largest congregation in these parts, and I am engaged to preach his anniversary sermons.' It was indeed an exemplification of that portion which tells us that God takes 'the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty.'

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"During this visit to Walton I witnessed the roughest and finest sea I ever saw. It had been a wild night, and standing on the beach with Mr. Spurgeon and others, about ten in the morning, we saw a movement among some seamen at the side of the pier. Presently they pushed off amidst the boiling waves to a small vessel which had been riding at anchor, and was evidently gaining water, and in a dangerous position. Coming alongside her one of the men leaped on board, leaving the other two in the boat. These men were battling with the waves, when we heard a cry from the pier, 'Look out!'—a mountainous billow was upon them. In a moment the oars flew out of their hands; one or two huge waves more, and the boat was dashed high on to the beach. The men, staggering and pale, leaped out of her as she turned bottom upwards, and by-standers saw at once a hole had been knocked in her planks. All this was the work of a few minutes, and it was evident that the poor fellows had a marvellous escape from a watery grave. Again we were reminded of the delivering hand of our God and of the fulfilment of His promise, 'Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. . . . . He bringeth them unto their desired haven.'"

Upon village preaching he writes:—

"This was work that was especially laid upon my heart to carry out, as the Lord was pleased to open doors for me, which He did constantly for many years, enabling me to go to various Suffolk villages and preach the everlasting Gospel of Christ. To one place I went frequently, namely, Barrow, and several incidents I remember in connection therewith. Upon one occasion, I was driving with a friend to service; as he was due to preach some miles further, at a certain point, in nearing the village,

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I left him to proceed on his journey, whilst I made my way leisurely across the fields to the little Bethel I sought. I was early, and my people, not expecting me so soon, were holding a prayer meeting. I listened outside the door, and then crept in to the front pew, and never shall I forget the fervent way in which a humble but truly Christian labourer was pouring out his heart in prayer to God for His servant who was coming that evening to preach to them the Gospel of the grace of God. I felt melted. It put me in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, lifted me out of my depressed state, and inspired me to glorify my dear Redeemer in their midst; and it turned out a hallowed Sabbath Day in the experience of the little flock gathered there. I may well say gathered, for one humble cottager—but well instructed in divine things—came four miles to the little place, and I often wondered to see him, on dark wintry nights, start so cheerfully to take that long country walk to his home. Many a choice parting word did we get together.

"On another occasion, when I entered the village I was told that a young woman who had heard me preach on a previous visit was dying, and had expressed an earnest wish to see me. I hastened to her bed-side. She was evidently very near her end. As well as she could, she referred to happiness under the preaching of the Word, and I had every confidence that she was a grace-taught child of God. I left her, as it was past service time, but in prayer was specially led out to plead for her and commit her into the Lord's hands. I heard afterwards that while I was praying she passed into eternity. I remember also that the visit to that dying bed altered my arrangement for text and teaching, and I was led to speak specially of the brevity of life and the importance of living for eternity. On the following

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Sunday special reference was made to the departed one.

"Sometimes this village preaching was not carried out without difficulty, and even danger. Oh, how I dreaded the dark nights, and having to drive home in the fog! The floods also were dangerous. Returning one Sunday evening, a preacher from another village sat on the seat behind the trap. We got into the floods, when, becoming frightened, he grasped at some palings stretching across the stream, and when we got through the flood we found our friend gone. We heard by his cries his whereabouts, and backing into the stream again, rescued him. His Bible and umbrella, however, went sailing down the stream. I have often thought of God's goodness in preserving us at such times of danger.

"'Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.'"

In connection with village preaching, the Lord so blessed his testimony at Barrow that the poor people urged him to take charge of the little chapel and testify to the truth regularly. This, however, his business position and other engagements would not allow him to do, but the villages around Bury St. Edmund's lay very near his heart, and his ministry, by the power of the Holy Spirit, left many seals there. Bread thus cast upon the waters was to be found after many days.

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CHAPTER VII.

"Some may think me an enthusiast when I acknowledge that I have taken my Bible in my hand, pressed it to my bosom, kissed the sacred book, and, looking up to Heaven, thanked God that I am not a Bradlaugh. No; I would not stand in the shoes of an avowed atheist for ten thousand worlds."—*George Cowell, "The Eternal Truths of the Word of God."*

IN an address given at Avebury, many years since, and subsequently printed, my father gave the following reasons why he reverenced the Holy Word of God :—

"First. I reverence and love the Bible because it is to me a chart of directions, which guide me upwards and onwards to the haven of rest.

"Secondly. I reverence and love the Bible because it is to me a lamp, yea, 'a light to my feet, and a lamp to my pathway.'

"Thirdly. I love and reverence the Bible because it is a looking-glass, wherein I find a full-length portrait of myself, described in the passage, Isaiah i. 5, 6. But when I look still further I find it also written, 'Ye are complete in Him,' and I then see myself in the image of Christ.

"Fourthly. I find this sacred Book to be a fountain.

"Fifthly. It is also my quiver. When the enemy sets in upon me, I can draw from my quiver such a passage as, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.'"

"Yes," he would say, "from first to last, the Scriptures are full of Christ. He is ever appearing in the sacred

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pages. The perpetual presence of this dear and precious One ever appears to me as I read and meditate upon the Bible, under the influence of the Holy Spirit. Faith looks through Adam, and beholds Jesus as the Saviour; through Abel, and sees the atoning sacrifice; through Noah, to the Refuge of His Church; through Abraham, to the Church in the wilderness pressing on to the heavenly inheritance; through Jacob, as the all-prevailing Intercessor; through Joseph, the Supporter of His brethren; through Moses, as the Head and Guide of His spiritual Israel; through Aaron, the great High Priest within the veil," and so on, he would search and find his soul's delight in a precious Christ in the living Word.

The circle around which his whole life entwined itself was the *Word of God.* None ever lived nearer it in the very essence of it, nor more closely under the sunshine of its divine influence. It was the meat and drink to him that the world knew not of; and ever as the well of living water, bubbling up, sustained that living soul, it caused him also to carry the words of everlasting life to others, to joy with him in thus drawing from the wells of salvation.

His love for the Word of God was intense, and "Half-hours with his Bible" his constant source of joy. From it he derived, as it were, his very life; and by its precious truths that life of God within the soul was nurtured, fed, and watered.

He began the early dawning day with a prayer for a word, upon which he would meditate in the waking hours. Breakfast ended, he walked and talked with his Lord in the garden, or up the hill at the back of our house, called Mount Sinai*—strangely enough, as to

* The *last* walk he took up this hill ere his powers failed, under the blue canopy of heaven he looked up and said, "Lord, what will my

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him it was more often than not a "walk about Zion," in communion of soul.

On his return, the family and servants were gathered for reading of the Word and prayers, and how often has he said he literally *prayed the Word.* This will be understood by those who possess his volume entitled *Portion, Petition, and Praise.* And it might not be out of place here to state how that book came to be written, for, appreciated highly as it has been, many wondered at George Cowell *writing prayers.* During the year of 1888 the writer was much struck with the mellowness, unction, and heavenliness of her father's prayers. There seemed that exceeding close communion, that wrestling between his soul and his God, that inward crying, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me." It seemed a special season, and one too good to be lost, that the plan of a little book and pencil in the pocket was adopted; and, in an abbreviated form, the prayers of that dear man of God—a second Israel—were written down, unknown to him, that he might be by no means fettered. When a sufficient number were thus gathered together, the writer made the suggestion to him of compiling a book of Portion and Prayer, which thought he immediately rejected by the ejaculation, "Me *write* a prayer! I couldn't do such a thing." "But I have done it for you," was the reply, showing him the little plan adopted, with which he was much gratified. The result was, in a very short time the little volume was brought out, which has given so much help, joy, and counsel to many bereaved, and sad, and seeking hearts.

But to return to the family gathering. During this

heaven be?" And, as he afterwards repeated, the answer came, "*Christ!*" "Yes, He is my Heaven of heavens," he exclaimed, "and I shall soon be there to know it all."

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half-hour with God, generally some portion was laid hold of as a feast for the day; and more often than not the Bible laid open, with some passage freshly underlined, told its tale as the man of God went forth to the business of the day, taking with him the Gospel armour, "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." Thus gathering his daily manna, he entered his commercial pursuits, grace sanctifying all his calling, enabling him to meet men of the world with all consistency of character, more often than not leaving them to wonder what that *something secret* was in his face which they knew caused him to differ from them.

A lull in business often saw him with his loved New Testament or some little Portion-book of Scripture, which he carried in his pocket, and thus, and thus, he marked each day, with that firmer grasp of divine truth, and gathered that insight into divine revelation of Scripture, and laying hold of some promise which was to him as his daily and heavenly food.

I recall the last time we gathered together for prayers, in September, 1894. It was then, at the commencement of his illness, when a passage of Scripture or hymn overwhelmed him, and he wrote to his beloved readers those memorable, soon-to-be-realized words: "The Lord has brought me into such a state of experience, the extent of which I have never felt before. I cannot think of the precious Lamb of God, who has atoned for my sins, otherwise than with the most tender feeling, and with tears flowing freely. I cannot hear a passage of sacred Scripture read and applied by the Holy Spirit without shedding tears. I cannot hear a telling hymn sung without breaking down, not in sorrow, but in joy. I cannot think of future glory in the presence of Jesus without being overwhelmed with gratitude of soul. All this, I believe, portends the

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nearing of the time when, my course being finished, I shall see Him without a veil between, and I think He must be meetening me for the inheritance of the saints in light."

He was lying up in his chair, and had chosen Revelation vii., commencing at the ninth verse, with a faltering voice, "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

Soon the utterances became more broken, until, as though he were overcome of joy in the song of the redeemed, when he reached the words, "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might be unto our God for ever and ever, Amen," he broke down completely, and sobbed out, "I am like John the beloved, banished to the Isle of Patmos for some deeper revelation of His love." After that we never asked him to read aloud again; but many a morning after he was to be seen weeping for very joy over the found Word in his silent readings.

In one of his well-worn Bibles he has written the following:—"In this Book, this Holy Book, every line is marked with the seal of high divinity, and every leaf is bedewed with drops of love divine. This precious Book is the Father's revealed will to His children; the sum and substance of it is Christ, who is the Word. The penman, although He used instruments, is the Holy Ghost. Surely, then, every sentence is pregnant with divine truth, every word of deep significance; yea, even the single letters, such as 'O' in Hosea xiv. 1, are interjections, which may be well

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weighed. There is no book upon which we can rest in a dying moment but the Bible."

And again, in his little book upon the Bible, printed many years since, under the headings of its Antiquity, Authenticity, Inspiration, Achievements, and Adaptation, he gives this advice concerning it. Under the last heading he writes: "Read the Bible, for it is God's Word; love it, for it is God's gift; trust it, for it is God's promise." And surely it was a beautiful picture, reflecting the radiance of glory as his span of life was fast ebbing, and his sun was well-nigh setting, as we found him for the last time pondering over the pages of this loved Book. All else had long been laid aside. The daily paper was no longer taken up. The zest for letters, so keen in days of health, was over, but the Word of God remained, and had by no means lost its charm. There sat the man of God, who all his life had held such close and sweet communion with the living Word, turning over the leaves and tracing his life's joy from passage to passage. "No very bright shining," he said, "but a clear grasping of the principles of our most holy faith, and this is my passage for to-day, 'God is our Refuge and Strength, a *very present* help in time of trouble.'" And thus the Refuge and Strength proved Himself to him who read those words from the loved Book for the last time.

It was not long after this that he repeated that verse—

> "When I stand with Christ in glory,
> Looking o'er *life's finished story*,
> Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
> Not till then, how much I owe."

In the pages of the *Gospel Magazine* for 1848 he wrote, upon "Sundry Blessings which Follow those that Fear God" (Psalm cxxviii.):—

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To God's most Holy Book I love to turn,
And then to feel my soul with ardour burn,
As faith lays hold of promises so sweet,
And passages with love and grace replete:
So thus I find, in God's inspired Word,
"Blessed is every one that fears the Lord."
Then, dearest Lord, Thy blessings on me pour,
For I Thy Holy Majesty adore,
And love to walk in Thy most blessed ways,
Singing the melody of songs of praise.
But do I hear again Thy loved command,
"Then thou shalt eat the labour of thine hand"?
Thyself and partner, happy shalt thou be;
Hereafter, too, "it shall be well with thee"?
Oh, wondrous love! indeed we must confess
This is the God of love and righteousness.
But stay, my soul, He whom thou wouldst adore
Hath a sweet promise yet for thee in store:
"Just as a fruitful vine," thy wife shall be,
Strengthened, upheld, and caused to thrive by Me.
Thy children, too, as olive plants close bound,
Shall live and grow, thy table to surround.
Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children too;
The Lord will bless thy wife, thy seed, and you.
For thus He saith, "That man that feareth Me,
Behold, I bless to all eternity."
It is enough; help me, O righteous God,
To claim the blessings of Thy Holy Word;
For Thou Thyself hast said with sovereign voice,
These wondrous things whereof we do rejoice.

At the end of 1874, in the providence of God, he was called to give up his "nest," as he termed the house he had purchased and thought to make his home to the end of life, at Wanstead, in Essex, and remove to the Midland counties. For four years we lived at Derby, and his arrival there was most timely. An entry, a few months later, in his diary runs as follows: "July 11th, 1875. I have for some weeks past been taking the Bible Class at Trinity Church on Sunday afternoons. We are now meditating upon the doctrine of Election.

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Several old members have returned, and they say there is quite a revival. May the Lord take all the glory."

A class had just been started, previous to my father's arrival, and the first member was one who came to question and discredit what was put forward on Bible teaching. He read the Scriptures, but, alas! not to profit, as he read them from his own standpoint, for he was a Spiritualist. Strange to say, after the class had been formed only a few weeks, the conductor was called out of town, and at this juncture my father arrived in Derby, and was asked by the Vicar to conduct it, a post he gladly accepted; and a large number of men were gathered around him Sabbath after Sabbath, evincing a deep interest in the study of the Scriptures, and many were blessed at that class. Amongst them was the Spiritualist, who for the four years of my father's residence in Derby was built up and strengthened in the faith of God's elect, and who succeeded, as subsequent conductor of the class, in bringing about the marvellous success to which it has now reached.

It has been said, and that unjustly, that those who hold the doctrines of grace are not careful to maintain good works. When it is recalled that at one time during his residence in Derby my father was treasurer of the Trinitarian Bible Society, treasurer of the Young Men's Christian Association, president of the Working Men's Branch of the Church Association (local branches), one of the managers of the Trinity National Schools, chairman of the Men's Bible Class, and lay assistant preacher to the Mission Hall, beside continuing his writings in the *Gospel Magazine*, and being engaged in business all day, it cannot, certainly, be said of him that he came behind in any good work. The Vicar of Holy Trinity was an indefatigable worker, and his parish was a thoroughly well-organized one. My dear

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father was his right-hand helper in every meeting and organization. They have both now met in glory, and doubtless joy in recounting the marvellous way in which they were led in the wilderness journey.

His frequent lectures, addresses, and that which lay nearest his heart of all his work at Derby, brought him many friends, who rallied round him, leant upon his wise counsel and teaching, counting him as a true father in Israel. It was a pleasing occasion when the members of his Bible Class met for the purpose of presenting their loved leader with an album containing the excellent portraits of the thirty-two members, together with an address thus touchingly worded :—

TO GEORGE COWELL, ESQ.

We, the members of the Men's Bible Class held at Holy Trinity Church Mission Hall, beg your acceptance of this Album, together with our Portraits, as a token of our high esteem and appreciation of your uniform kindness, and of the very able and courteous manner in which you have for the past two years made it your constant endeavour to promote our spiritual welfare, by furthering us in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. We trust that it may please Almighty God to spare you to your family for many years, and that you may be enabled still to guide and instruct us with that counsel which, by Divine grace, you have hitherto so affectionately given; and when your Christian labours are ended, we pray that at eventide it may be light, and that an entrance may be administered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Derby, August 23rd, 1877.

And in the following year the Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association presented him with the following touching tribute of their affection for him on his leaving Derby :—

TO GEORGE COWELL, ESQ.

The Committee of the Trinity Church Young Men's Christian Association, Derby, and on its behalf, express to you its deep regret that circumstances should have arisen to sever your connection with us, which

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has existed with much mutual pleasure and satisfaction for the past three years.

Your friendly manner and loving remarks have won our hearts, and your unflinching adherence to, and advocacy for, the doctrines of Sovereign Grace have been a source of strength to many, whilst your readiness and willingness to help us in furthering the interests of the Association have raised in us feelings of gratitude which will not soon be obliterated. We venture to hope that a sunny memory of your conversation with us may linger with you after many days, and pray that you may be blessed with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, kept steadfast in the faith, and be preserved unto His heavenly kingdom.

Derby, August 30th, 1878.

On the same occasion, his Bible Class members begged his acceptance of a large Bagster's Bible, which he greatly treasured, in remembrance of those who were his "brethren, dearly beloved and longed for, his joy and crown" in the Lord. These, with several other presentations, were highly valued as mementos of past labours, where he loved to spend and be spent in that service which is perfect freedom.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"I would have the Gospel preached to every creature. There leave it. God, with that preaching of the Gospel, will work where and when He pleases. We are, in season and out of season, to preach the Word, and leave issues and results with Him. . . . . The pulpit is a sacred spot to every true minister of God. Shame be upon those who wish to push it into a corner to give full scope to sacerdotal power and pretensions."—*George Cowell, "The Simplicity of a Heart and Home Religion."*

NEAREST to his heart, of all the labours he undertook with untiring diligence and unabated force, which continued to his last years, was the work of the ministry. Proclaiming Christ and Him crucified, by lip or by pen, to him was a necessity of life. He was never so happy, and the theme was ever uppermost in his heart and mind. It was one unwavering course, "That I may know Him," and, having known Him, he claimed the sacred privilege of declaring Christ and His salvation unto others. The earnest yearnings of his heart, as a little family grew up about him and his dear wife, was how best to train them for eternity, and that they might early evidence marks of Divine grace. Then the delight was manifest when one and another (always noted in his diary) could companion him in his walks and preaching tours, with an evident thirst after Divine things. And none who ever heard him will soon forget the solemn, weighty words which fell from his lips, with his face shining, ofttimes with "joy unspeakable"; and with his upraised hand, a position so familiar to

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him, he would come forth to the people, having his message clothed with a "Thus saith the Lord," a true minister of Jesus Christ, fully qualified, and called to this sacred privilege of "preaching unto them Jesus." His own words upon this subject will better describe his seasons of joy and delight when unfolding the glories of his precious Emmanuel than any language of mine. Suffice it to say that in no less than ninety different towns and villages, in twenty-two counties of England, besides Germany, did he lift up his voice to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

"What we want in preaching the Word is to *grasp at the spiritual*, and this we shall only do as the Holy Spirit shall unfold and reveal a precious Christ and the precious things that pertain to His everlasting kingdom. That is a solemn charge which God brings against the unfaithful shepherds—that they give His people to drink of that which they have *fouled with their feet.* Yea, the pure water of the ever-flowing Word of truth is fouled by human inventions and creature doings, and too often the panting, craving, thirsting sheep come away disappointed and worried"; and claiming the promise, "I will give thee the opening of the mouth in the midst of them, and they shall know that I am the Lord," in complete dependence upon the Spirit's aid, guidance, and blessing, he *preached unto them Jesus*, of whom he would say, "It will take our life-time to make fresh discoveries of the perfection of Jesus, and all eternity to display Him fully."

Again he writes:—

"Now, while penning details of my work as a preacher, I must say that very early in my married life the desire possessed me to go into the ministry, and that desire burnt within me like a fire of longing, but it was not the Lord's will; and I see now how again and again

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He permitted any movement of that kind to be crushed, and sent me back again to commercial life, yet permitting me, as doors opened, to surmount immense difficulties, and to go where He led. Oh, Thou precious and adorable Guide, all must be well in Thy working and Thy guidance.

"The first time I was permitted to open my mouth in public in the name of the Lord, was at a small chapel in the then little village of Acton, in Middlesex. This was by the pressing invitation of a dear man of God, Mr. Stevens, long since safe in his eternal Home. The Sunday morning came, and found me in much trepidation, especially when in the little vestry of the chapel, before ascending to the pulpit, Satan set in upon me with, '*You* are a fool. What now? you preach! Pshaw!' Oh, how I sunk and sunk fathoms deep! But the Lord upheld me. I went into that pulpit somewhat calm, and yet it seemed all to return when my eye rested upon the well-known form of John Poynder, the 'Old Cobbler at Amen Corner' of the *Gospel Magazine*. A complete critic in Divine things, there he was, ensconced in a corner of one of the pews. He had heard of my engagement, and had come some miles to be present. I must say I wished him further. However, there was no help for it, and after reading the Word and prayer, I gave out my first text from 1 Kings xix. 7, 'And the angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said, Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee.' I remember the Angel of the Covenant came and touched *me*, and, throwing myself into His gracious hands, I forgot John Poynder and everyone else, and preached in the name of the Lord for about forty minutes, with felt fervour and freedom. I shook hands afterwards with that well-taught old divine, and was comforted by the fact that he did not criticise anything

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I had advanced. Many and many a time afterwards did I wend my way to that little Bethel at Acton, and become the guest of dear Mr. Stevens.

"I have mentioned my desire for the ministry. This led me to gain an interview with the President of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, at his home. In the course of conversation he said: 'You must preach in my chapel at Spa Fields on Thursday evening next.' Consenting, in due time I found myself at that sacred spot, rather surprised, I must confess, that I was required to don surplice and black gown. However, I was helped from above to go through the whole service, evidently to the satisfaction of the President, who sat in his pew, for he afterwards wanted to send me into the country to supply some vacant pulpit. The Lord, however, permitted things to prevent me, and drove me deeper into commercial trammels. My text, I remember, on the occasion referred to was Zechariah iii. 2, 'The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?'

"That memorable chapel, Spa Fields, wherein, I believe, the Countess herself often worshipped, has now been levelled to the ground, and warehouses built on the site. Alas! such places are getting fewer and fewer. But other doors opened for me to preach in the name of Jesus. Especially I would mention a fortnight of engagements in Wiltshire. Mr. Pinninger, a godly farmer at Kennett, the Editor of *The Protestant Beacon*, pressed me into this work, and a very memorable time it was in my experience. Mr. Pinninger had been driven out of the Parish Church through the Bishop sending a Ritualist there; and, with a relative (at their own expense), had built the pretty little 'Free Church' of Avebury, together with a neat parsonage, determining to carry

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out the service after the manner of the Church of England, save with a few exceptions.

"I consented to take the services for a fortnight, but, after the first Sunday, my friend, determining to make the best of the time, arranged for services *every evening in the week*, in surrounding villages, excepting on the evenings when the Avebury pulpit was to be filled. What a fortnight I had! My study each morning was *the fields*, Bible in hand, pausing at gates and stiles; but it seemed wonderful to me, the Lord opening out His Word in its fulness, and leaving me to pour out in the evening of each day that which He had poured in during my morning walks. It soon became evident that the blessing of the Lord, which 'maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow therewith,' was telling among the gathered groups.

"One day my host, full of zeal, proposed turning out the corn in his large barn, and getting me to preach therein in the evening. He sent round to the villages proclaiming the same. It turned out a dark, dark night; but, nothing daunted, the villagers flocked to the barn, my friend with his lantern lighting the way for them to enter. Oh, I am sure the Lord was present with us, and, to some of us that night Farmer Pinninger's barn became 'none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven.'

"All this led to his offering me the little Free Church at Avebury, with the neat parsonage; but no, it was not the Lord's will, and I was made to return to my accustomed duties in commercial toil.

"One circumstance, however, I must relate in connection with my Wiltshire visit, for I am sure it was of the Lord. Finding that I was unable to accept Mr. Pinninger's offer to become their minister, they urged upon me to see if I could not find a man of truth for

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them. Now, just at this time I had been having some choice communications from Mr. Tugwell,* of Salisbury; he was, like myself, in business, but going out to preach the Gospel as doors opened. Singularly enough, when my friends urged me to find for them a man of truth, I never thought of Mr. Tugwell; but in the silent hours of the night it seemed as if a voice came to me, 'Send for Tugwell,' and such a hold did it gain upon me that, when I found our good farmer and his wife and family at the breakfast table, I said, 'Well, I've got a minister for you.' They were all anxiety—'Who was it?' &c.

"All this soon resulted in an invitation for Mr. Tugwell to come to Avebury, which he did on the following Sunday, and so acceptable were his services that he soon became their appointed minister; and wishing to be recognised as belonging to some Christian sect, I witnessed his reception into the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, and that, too, in the very chapel at Spa Fields, where I had been led to preach the Gospel. So wonderful are the links in God's providence to bring about the purposes of His love and favour. I went back to my business life; dear Tugwell was led on into the public ministrations of the Gospel.

"And while writing of our dear brother, I must refer to one remarkable incident in his life that came to my notice. When Mr. Tugwell was in business, but going out, as we have mentioned, to preach the Gospel. Samuel Waldegrave† was then one of the Canons

* Father of the present Bishop of Western Equatorial Africa.

† "I also had the privilege of knowing this eminent servant of God, and as he followed my humble labours with interest, he one day said, 'Mr. Cowell, you ought to be in the ministry. Come to me if you are ever led in that direction.' The last time I called at Rose Castle, well do I

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of Salisbury. It is well known what an eminent man of truth he was, and when he took up residence in the Close the fashionable church-goers found it convenient to get away: but not so the lovers of Jesus; they flocked to the residence of the Canon to attend his Bible readings and evenings for prayer. Among them was Mr. Tugwell. The Canon knew him, and of his preaching outings, and observed one evening, 'Well, Mr. Tugwell, if ever I become a Bishop, I'll ordain you.' Strange to say, he did become Bishop of Carlisle, and Mr. Tugwell was then at Avebury, but had long desired to enter the Church of England. He went to Rose Castle, gained an interview with the Bishop, and reminded him of his promise, 'that if ever he became a Bishop he would ordain him.' The Bishop responded at once, 'And so I will, Mr. Tugwell.' And, after putting him through the ordinary course of training, he did ordain him. Our friend was received into the Church of England, and appointed by the Bishop to a curacy in Cumberland. Here he was made instrumental in bringing blessing to the soul of a large landowner in that neighbourhood, who offered to build a church for him and endow it; but the Lord afterwards led him to the Metropolis, and into a great and good work in connection with a London parish. Oh, again must we not say, 'It is marvellous how the Lord works to bring into the fold His own, and to glorify His great Name'?

"But returning to one's own work as *the Preacher*. Uxbridge was another place I frequently visited to proclaim the truth. One Sunday I remember being

recall his remark, 'I have many guests here just now, but I would rather leave them all to have a talk upon divine things with you.' He was just then preparing to walk in the grounds beside the Bath chair of his invalid wife, to whom he was devotedly attached.

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told of a man who had come some distance to hear me. but who exclaimed, 'Oh, I shall never come again; that man uses *notes* in the pulpit.' I must confess I felt the saying hard; nevertheless, it did me good, for I felt, 'If using notes in the pulpit makes me an offender to my brother, tell him I will throw overboard my *notes*.' And so I did, and from that day to this have not to any extent used them, except in preparing a sermon.

"Upon one occasion I received an important invitation to preach three times on a Sabbath Day, at a large country chapel, in connection with the Congregational Union. I knew that they were not accustomed to the distinguishing doctrines of grace, and, indeed, should not have been invited, but through the influence of a dear and beloved brother, who longed to hear those distinctive doctrines preached in his own town. And this reminds me that again and again have I found a few, in the midst of a multitude who listen to nothing else but Arminian teaching, sighing for something more satisfying to their souls. They loathe the swine's food of free-will, and long to be led into the green pastures of free-grace. And this was the case with some of the congregation referred to, and I went to them with this desire, that although they might not be accustomed to hear the Gospel proclaimed in all its fulness, they should that day hear no uncertain sound, and that, by God's help, the truth, and the whole truth, should be proclaimed that day. I felt under deep responsibility, and ere I ascended the pulpit, asked an aged deacon who was with me in the vestry to join in asking the Lord to command His blessing.

"I think my morning text was, 'He . . . . set my feet upon a rock,' and in dealing out the plain but the everlasting truth of God, I could see one and another writhing under it. One man especially, whom I noticed,

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looked as if he could hurl the Bible at my head, which inspired me to deal personally and more strongly with him. I found afterwards he was a schoolmaster, strong in self-righteousness and creature will. He was greatly offended.

"In the afternoon and evening I preached again to large congregations, and on the morrow visited some, whom I scarcely thought would receive me graciously, but who certainly spoke kindly and cordially of my services; but what cheered me most was, that my dear brother some time afterwards wrote me that he had met with five persons who had received a special blessing on that day. One, a widow, who had recently been bereaved of her earthly stay, and was left in this cold world with a large little family to provide for. She was greatly comforted, and led to put her trust in a Covenant God. However, I did not expect to be invited again, nor was I. The Lord must 'needs go through Samaria,' and His servant must needs go to the spot referred to. The Lord of the harvest knows with what results.

"At another time I was invited by a dear minister of the Gospel to preach in his schoolroom at Newton-on-the-Fens, and stay a few days with him. It was a very hallowed season. During my visit we called upon Miss Groom, of Wisbech, and held sweet converse with her. Among other things, the dear man of God told me of a remarkable plan he had adopted for years, namely, to open his Bible, put his finger on a passage, and preach from it, then and there. He thought it the leading of the Spirit. Certainly, in his case, blessing followed, but possibly it is a practice which could not be generally carried out."

Concerning his preaching at Grove Chapel, Camberwell, he writes:—

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"The Lord knows that this has been for years a cherished hope, that I should stand up in dear Joseph Irons' pulpit and proclaim the truth of God, and that, too, in the place where I was born again in Christ Jesus. Well, the way in which, by Divine direction, it was brought about, is just another proof of the marvellous way in which our Covenant God works, and that, too, for His own glory. It was in this wise: Hearing that Mr. Thomas Bradbury was to hold a service in Derby on a certain evening, we made our way over by train, and were privileged to drink in the unctuous truths which fell from that dear man of God's lips, and evidently came from his heart. Our meeting and greeting was mutually warm, and as he was about to sail for the United States, he was evidently drawn to think of asking the 'Wayside Notes' Writer to supply his pulpit for two Sundays, during his absence from his home and people. His invitation was accompanied with these words, 'I feel sure the Lord will come with you, bless you, strengthen you, and carry you before His loved ones with handfuls of covenant purpose. This is my heartfelt prayer for you.' And, blessed be God, it was answered abundantly, for on Sunday, June 17th, 1888, morning and evening, I preached in that hallowed building; and never, while memory lasts, shall I forget ascending the stairs and standing for the first time in that very pulpit where for so many years my beloved pastor had proclaimed the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. I had great difficulty to preserve calmness, feeling as if I must weep tears of joy. It was a wondrous day for me altogether.

"In the morning I was drawn from surrounding circumstances to preach from the words, 'But speak thou the things which become sound doctrine' (Titus ii. 1), telling the dear people at the onset that I desired to

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preach to them sound doctrine for three reasons: (1) Because they were accustomed to hear nothing else but 'sound doctrine' proclaimed from that sacred pulpit. (2) Because God, in His infinite mercy, having kept me for so many years in the good old paths of Covenant truth, I had nothing else to preach to them but 'sound doctrine.' (3) Because nothing else would do for poor perishing sinners, preacher and hearers, but 'sound doctrine.' This gave an opportunity of going into many of those precious doctrines experimentally, which form the fundamentals of our most holy faith, and I am sure the Word was blessed to many.

"In the evening, taking my text from Deuteronomy xxxii. 3, connecting it with verses 9, 10, and 11, 'Ascribe ye greatness unto our God; for the Lord's portion is His people; Jacob is the lot of His inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye,' &c., I endeavoured to show Jehovah's greatness in His Divine choice; His greatness in His Divine finding; His greatness in His Divine leading; His greatness in His Divine teaching; and His greatness in His Divine keeping.

"The next time I preached at Grove Chapel was morning and evening of the 8th July, 1888. It was an overwhelming time. God so gracious; all my nervousness lost sight of, and I preached with joy, freedom, and comfort to large congregations. In the morning, from the words, 'It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found Him whom my soul loveth: I held Him, and would not let Him go, until I had brought Him into my mother's house,' &c. (Sol. Song iii. 4). In the evening, 'But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus' (Phil. iv. 19),

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and was entertained, during the interval of worship, by dear Mrs. Letts, at her beautiful abode, Dulwich House, and was much humbled and grieved to mark how her mental powers were sadly fading. It cast a gloom over that once bright and happy home.

"After the morning service, I went into No. 5 pew, and sat down upon the second seat, a little group having gathered around me. I said, 'Now I sit on the spot where the Lord first revealed Himself to me as my Saviour. I must speak about it in the evening.' And so I did. Under the words, 'He found him,' I recounted to a breathless congregation the precious fact, referring to the passage dear Joseph Irons preached from on that occasion, and then desired to glorify the God of my salvation with all the powers of my mind and soul. I am sure it was a memorable occasion."

In a letter from Mr. Bradbury, concerning my dear father's services there, which I find amongst his papers, he says: "Gratefully I write to express my delight at the goodness of our Covenant God to you and His dear people at Grove Chapel, during your ministry to them, and with delight I express my hearty thanks in the Lord to you, for your seasonable aid during my absence from home. Your testimony was well received, and I am fully persuaded that God was glorified, Christ exalted, the Spirit honoured, and the saints edified and comforted. To Him be all the praise!"

It is impossible for those who knew not my dear father to estimate his joy in being thus privileged to open his mouth with the glad tidings of salvation, which had come also to him in that memorable spot. Grove Chapel was near and dear to his heart, in hallowed associations, and I knew it to be one of the gladdest days of his life when he was thus permitted to exalt a precious Christ, and preach unto them "this same Jesus" from

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the very pulpit where he had received God's message unto his seeking soul.

The meetings and greetings afterwards were very touching, and from personal and abundant testimony of many the Lord was there, El Shammah and El Shaddai, and clothed the Word with power. Amongst those who greeted him after service was a Government official in the Treasury of Melbourne, Australia, to whom the "Wayside Notes" had been greatly blessed, and who, on coming to England, had heard of my father's engagement to preach at Camberwell, and had made it convenient to be there, "Endorsing," as he afterwards said, "every word that had been spoken." Another wrote to a friend, "My son and his wife heard dear Mr. Cowell so well in the morning that he went again at night, and liked him even better, so that the good wine, so far as he was concerned, was kept to the last. Mrs. N—— and myself so much enjoyed Mr. Cowell in the morning, on 'the mercy and eternity of God.' He is a sweet preacher of the everlasting Gospel, especially so in exalting our precious Saviour. No compromise, everything enforced with clearness and firmness, and in such a loving spirit. He is the same man in the pulpit as he is in the 'Wayside Notes.'"

It was also a pleasant surprise to find at the doors, after evening service, his dear and much-respected friend of former days, the Venerable Archdeacon of Southwark, waiting to greet him, remarking as he did so, "It is so pleasant to meet old friends." So that altogether this was a *day to be remembered*, and formed a grateful memory ever afterwards to him, who thus cherished, as one of the dearest spots on earth, that place where the Lord Jehovah spoke those words of loving power to his own soul.

It was a telling remark of the old Scotch captain on

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one of the fine steamers running from London to Leith. My dear father was once sailing to Scotland, where he had a delightful tour. On the Sunday morning, aboard, a little knot of Christians had come to the conclusion that there ought to be service on board, and that "G. C." looked the most likely preacher. Assenting, he made his way to the captain, to gain his permission, which was courteously granted, with the shrewd and pertinent remark, "Ah! and ye're *speering ahead*, and ye're quite right."

Manchester was for some years favoured with his visits at intervals, where he was ever made acceptable to the people. "Dear Mr. Cowell's writings," says one, "were much prized by my dear husband and self, and his last gift to me was *Portion, Petition, and Praise*, and ere a month had passed he was taken home, leaving a blessed testimony. Not long after I was led to hear dear Mr. Cowell at Corporation Street, Manchester. He spoke from Naomi's words, 'The hand of the Lord hath gone out against me'; and it was made a great comfort and blessing to me, causing me to feel so resigned to the Lord's will." And in a letter of sympathy he received during his illness, another who had heard him on a subsequent occasion (the Rev. Dr. F——) wrote as follows: "I write to assure you of my sincere Christian sympathy with you in your affliction. For one who has led such an active life, it must be very trying to be thus laid aside; but, my dear friend, if the affliction aboundeth, the consolation much more aboundeth, and you are experiencing now what, no doubt, you have often told others to look upon as another proof of the tender unfailing love and care of your heavenly Father. You may remember what you told us in that beautiful address (which I have never forgotten), 'The Rock can never fail. *There* is support; *there* is shelter; *there* is

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hiding.' But you know it all so much better than I can put it. I do pray that the cloud may not be too dark, and that you may realize in the depths of your soul that Christ is most precious now."

How many a spot has been sanctified by the blessed testimony of him who loved to exalt his precious Lord and Master at every opportunity!

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CHAPTER IX.

"Sanctified afflictions work spiritual advancement. Rich mercies are oft hid under dark providences. God's Providence is like a beautiful piece of machinery, all working with its little wheels within wheels for some purpose, and that purpose the eternal good and profit of His people."—*George Cowell*, "*Crumbs of Comfort.*"

In 1848, my father first took up the pen to write for the *Gospel Magazine*. These pieces were short and telling. But it was not until two years later (in 1850) that the first article under the title of "Wayside Notes" appeared. These "Notes" at first consisted of short articles, of a page or two, and, from their very commencement, were made acceptable to the readers of the *Gospel Magazine*. The "Notes" of later years became so extended as to form each month twenty-eight pages of large manuscript, and have been marvellously owned and blest of God in all parts of the world. For forty-four years he wrote without any great break, and he was so bound in the hearts of his readers that his words became their monthly portion and feast. Invalids claimed them especially theirs; men in business re-echoed his words and walk, as marvellously adapted to them; the aged trod the pathway of experience with him, and rejoiced in the truths he proclaimed; the young of the flock would say how *they* never seemed overlooked; the minister, and those also without a pastor, would take them as their sermon; nay, testimonies overwhelm us, and we must leave the

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Great Day alone to declare what the Lord did through that favoured, highly-honoured servant, who now rests from his labours, but whose works do most truly follow him.

A case just comes to light how one met with my father's writings in Ireland. They were brought to his notice by a Scripture Reader who had laboured in Suffolk, where my father's itinerant preaching and well-known work in Bury St. Edmund's brought him in loving contact with many of the Lord's hidden ones. Thus the message from the little Suffolk village was carried to the sister isle and spread, and for twenty years my informant, who first met with them there, delighted in the writings of the unknown "G. C." In the providence of God both met, after living in the same town for some years; and one of the last who visited our dear invalid in his declining days was the aged saint who had derived so much joy and refreshing from his spiritual writings.

A young student (now a clergyman of the Church of England), on entering Dublin University, wrote: "The first book my eye rested on as I entered the library was your volume of 'Wayside Notes'—to me no strange book nor name." Who placed it there may never be ours to know, but Ireland has many seals of blessing to the "Wayside Notes" Writer.

A medical man (unknown to us) once handed a leaflet to a sick patient, saying it was one of his chief treasures, and he prayed that the words which had so often cheered him might cast a ray of sunshine over her beclouded pathway. He took it from his pocket-book, and it was well worn. The patient's daughter afterwards wrote, "Oh the joy those words of yours were to my dear mother, in the leaflet our doctor handed her, for they were none other than *The Sun's Behind the*

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Cloud." This leaflet had a marvellous reception. It was read from the pulpit, in the sick room, and found in the possession of many an one engaged in business. The demand for it was so great that it was reprinted four times.

And yet again that Word was found after many days. My father had been preaching one Sabbath morning in B——, when, after the service, he overtook a clean, tidy country woman. As he came up to her, he saw, by her hesitating manner, that she evidently wished to speak with him, so he observed, "You were at our service this morning, I think?" when she replied, "Yes, sir; and may I have a word with you?" She then inquired if he remembered preaching from those words of our Saviour, "Peace, be still, and there was a great calm"? and being answered in the affirmative, she went on, "Well, sir, I went into that place a sinful, burdened woman, but I came away rejoicing in Christ. There was indeed peace and a great calm realized." Other interesting words followed, and a promise added that he would call at her cottage home, the other side of the Green, the first opportunity. This he did, and found she had been indeed a very sinful and well-known woman for evil; but now all was changed.

Some three months after, on another preaching visit, hearing that the poor changed woman was seriously ill, after the service he proceeded to her home, and found she was a sufferer from cancer, which slowly, but surely, was doing its deadly work. He read and prayed with her, and just before leaving, her daughter reached from the back of a looking-glass a well-worn leaflet, remarking, "There, sir, that hymn has been a great source of joy to her; I have to read it to her again and again." It is needless to say it was my father's own, entitled, *The Sun's Behind the Cloud*, that was being made a

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blessing to the dying woman; and although we have no knowledge how she became possessed of it, it is another instance of "casting the bread upon the waters, which shall be found after many days."

An article which appeared in 1873, in the *Gospel Magazine*, entitled, "Slippery Places," was written during a long and dangerous illness, when at one time all hope of recovery was given up. That piece was made such a blessing to two ladies that they obtained permission to have the article reprinted for private circulation. And it came to our ears afterwards that the printer was also blessed under it whilst at his work, that "he sat up all night to re-read it," and he also printed ninety copies on his own account, for private distribution.

Once, when on a visit to a large Midland town, for the purpose of preaching in his Master's name, after fulfilling his Sabbath engagements, early on the following morning one of the waiters of the hotel where he was staying brought in a card to my father, with the message that a gentleman was waiting to see him, and who, on being handed in, presented a venerable, genial appearance, and that manner which betokened to my father the Apostle's injunction, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for some have thereby entertained angels unawares." The "stranger" soon introduced himself as a reader of the *Gospel Magazine* for many years, referring specially to the "Wayside Notes" as having been ofttimes the means of blessing to him. And, in a subsequent walk together, this good man related much of his past experiences, his ups and downs, joys and sorrows; and one thing he felt constrained to mention was of a memorable character. He told my father how, many years back, he was suffering from dejection of spirits, under which the tempter assaulted him fearfully—the temptation possessing him that

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he must take the life of his daughter, one devotedly attached to him, and he to her. But so it was. One morning the strength of the assault was so dreadful, that in his mind he was planning how the fearful deed should be done, when his eye caught sight of a number of the *Gospel Magazine* lying on the table. He took it up, and hurriedly ran through the pages, when he was made to pause over this word, which was the title of an article of "Wayside Notes"—"*Kept.*" He read on, "*Kept* by the mighty power of God." That word, "*Kept*," had become sealed home by the power of the Spirit. His determination was turned; he became melted under God's good and gracious hand. He was delivered from the temptation, and made to go on rejoicing in His Saviour. These are circumstances which bid us still cast the bread of life upon the waters, resting on the promise, "It shall be found after many days."

It was somewhat touching when on one occasion he received a letter from a soldier's wife at Jubbulpoor. She had been nursing the wife of a clergyman, who had given her a few stray copies of the *Gospel Magazine*. The "Wayside Notes" arrested her attention; their perusal was made a blessing to her soul, and she sent to the writer of them, enclosing thirty rupees for the Magazine to be sent to her regularly, and the surplus money to be given to some charity in which my father was just then interested.

In later years his writings were met with, and blessings derived from their perusal, at Sydney, New South Wales, and other parts of Australia. In the far west territory of Canada, in Ohio, in New York, and throughout the British Isles, George Cowell, the "Wayside Notes" Writer, was a household word. Often while travelling he would be recognized by the well-known

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initials on his bag, or at some station the smile of pleasure and welcome would beam upon the countenance of some guard or ticket inspector. "Do you remember me, sir? I shall never forget the happy hours spent at your Bible Class," or at such a meeting. And thus, amid the busy passing scenes of life, a few words would be interchanged, and the God of their salvation uplifted. I remember he was deeply touched on receiving a letter from a railway guard, wherein he said, "The *Gospel Magazine* and I are companions; we travel together over nine thousand miles every month." The letter further went on to state how, many years before, something my father had been led to write in one of his articles was the message of salvation to this poor guard, and for a long time he was ignorant of the writer, but had a great longing to know who the "G. C." was. And it came about in this way. During the discharge of his duties, a parcel of *Old Jonathans*, ordered by my dear father from the Publishers, for free distribution as we drove about our country villages, was thrown into the van, and the name of the Publishers of the *Gospel Magazine* was on it. It was addressed to George Cowell. Thus the guard found out who "G. C." was, and was gratified, after many years, to add his testimony of blessing to the many resulting from those writings.

On one occasion he found himself travelling in company with an old man and three younger companions, and as their converse savoured of things divine, he was drawn, first, to listen, and then enter into conversation with them; for he never stood for ceremony, but rich or poor, if they loved his Lord, he was one with them. What his words were to the old man I cannot say, but after a few moments, suddenly he turned to him, crying out with joyful surprise, "You beant Mr. Cowell, the 'Wayside Notes' Writer, beay ye?" And when the

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stranger, who could no longer be hid, responded, "Even so," the old man grasped his hand, and poured blessings on his head. But the journey soon coming to an end, they were obliged to part, not before, however, a visit was promised to Old James the Collier, from whose lips my father subsequently gathered his history; and of such value was his testimony that it was afterwards written down and published, my father sketching, too, the scenes of the old man's life in the colliery. One picture is still familiar to us, where Old James is seen conducting a prayer-meeting in the coal-pit, where he used to offer up fervent prayer for the conversion of his comrades.

Another tract, published soon after this, entitled *Ebbing Moments*, was the result of his frequent and hallowed visits to a poor widow whose cottage was none other ofttimes than "the house of God, and the very gate of heaven" to her and those who listened to her testimony. She was peculiarly afflicted in earlier years by her husband, during the last eighteen months of his life, being bereft of his reason. In the earlier stage of his malady she had given him her solemn promise that she would not send him away, and, although it may have been an unwise one, she faithfully kept to it, to the peril of her own life. Once when alone in the house with him, he told her he was just about to kill her. She was powerless; she had no earthly succour, no way of escape save one, and, Manasseh-like, she looked up and cried to the God of heaven. He quickly put it into her heart what to answer the poor maniac. "I have good news for you, dear," she said. This took his attention, and he paused to ask, "What is it?" "'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners'; so that's you and me." And whilst she further interested him in the like converse, he forgot his fatal purpose for the time. Several other attempts he made to take his own and her life, until

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friends begged her to consider her danger, and the advisability of having him placed under control. "What!" she replied, "have you no more faith in your God than that? If you have not, I have. My God will never suffer him to hurt me nor the children." And her great joy was to see him restored to reason and sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind, before his death. This tract was made a blessing to one who was similarly circumstanced, and settled a long disputed and anxious question as to whether she should put her aged husband away. The Lord poured in such precious promises and timely help, as He did in the case narrated, that she never again raised the question, but when danger appeared, ran into her ark for safety, and besought the Lord also on behalf of her poor afflicted husband.

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CHAPTER X.

"I write to the Christian, for to the ungodly the sufferings of a Redeemer have no attraction; they hear it only as an interesting tale, unmoved, until Divine grace makes sin to be personally felt."—*George Cowell, "A Broken Heart."*

Of the letters written by my dear father, as the wise man said of book-making, there seems no end, and they form part, and a great part, of his life's ministry. He never put aside the claim of a correspondent, however humble, and spared no pains to clear up any matter of difficulty, to cheer any despondent mind, and encourage a doubting soul. His penmanship was as copper-plate, a clear, really beautiful writing (as, indeed, a greater part of his family were gifted alike with brush, pen, and pencil), and very many, in all parts of the world, have been cheered by his loving counsel through the post.

The correspondence to his readers was a marked feature of the *Gospel Magazine*. It brought out such a heart-to-heart feeling that the readers were indeed "no more strangers" to one another, but had their interests in common with each other and their Lord; and many a sufferer or needy one was helped in a tangible form or by prayer, when their case had been brought to notice through a letter written to or of such an one. One of many instances we have referred to in another part, in the case of the poor widow Fisher.

The last letter written at his dictation, when he was

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no longer able to hold the pen, was addressed to an aged friend and reader of his "Wayside Notes," and appeared on the cover of the November number of the *Gospel Magazine*, and is placed at the commencement of this chapter. She, too, has since passed within the veil, and, on communicating the intelligence, her relative wrote: "I know of no one's death that touched her more deeply than that of dear 'G. C.'; she mourned his loss greatly."

From the many letters handed to us, it has been a somewhat difficult task to make a selection. Many addressed to his own immediate family circle breathe the fond and endearing affections of domestic life, of which he was such a centre. One packet remains sealed. They are sacred to the sweet memories of the two who are now eternally re-united, and whose early days of love were so mutually blessed in and of the Lord.

To Miss H. Powell.

It is now many years, dear friend, since we first met. The occasion was when the late Rev. George Doudney preached at one of the City churches, from Psalm lxxxvii. 7, "All my springs are in Thee." And have we not proved these words to be true? He has sustained, He has blessed, and brought through. The whole glory, from first to last, hangs upon Him; and now, as old age has overtaken both of us, are we not assured, "He will never leave us nor forsake us"? His covenant, oath, promise, and honour all stand pledged to this. The work of grace which He began shall end in everlasting glory. May we see, as it were, this assurance written as a sunbeam over the tried pathway. It cannot be long ere the race must be at an end, the victory completed, and the glory of His presence be revealed to us. What a mercy, dear friend, that you are singled out to be favoured of the Lord, and to be prepared to live with Him for ever.

Yours in the best bonds,

G. C.

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BURY ST. EDMUND'S,
March 4th, 1863.

To A FRIEND.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The little note in *Gospel Magazine* has brought me many a sympathizing letter from dear Christian friends. Oh, how sweet to feel that when one member suffers, all suffer! This proves the relationship to our Covenant Head.

I am truly thankful to say I am restored to health. It was indeed a narrow escape, and I can only attribute my preservation to the fulfilment of that precious promise, "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee. . . . . For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." And again, "All His saints are in Thy hands." Oh, how precious to feel this! All your concerns for time and eternity in His hands. I did feel this in my late sufferings; and although I cannot say I had any great manifestations, I did have a settled peace, and abiding assurance that, come what would, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His," and, in His keeping, my soul and body and family, dear little ones included, were safe.

Do pray for me, that this signal dispensation may be blest to me. Indeed, I feel in consequence thereof such a nothingness of spirit, such a simplicity of mind and humility of heart, as I have not known before—at all events, in extent.

"Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His."

My beloved wife, who desires to unite with me in Christian regards, was a great treasure to me in my helplessness. Our dear eldest is far from well, and gives us much anxiety. Dear Doudney we can sympathize with, having lost one dear child ourselves.

I am glad to see by your address you are on duty—I hope comfortable. Look up! Recollect all is arranged in love, and trusting every New Covenant blessing may be yours, remain,

Yours as ever in Him,
GEO. COWELL.

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WESTGATE BREWERY, BURY ST. EDMUND'S,
8th June, 1864.

To THE SAME.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I promised my dear wife I would write a few lines to you. What a mercy, my dear friend, that, amidst all heart straightenings, and soul languishings, and feet wanderings, we are yet kept holding on to Jesus, whose arm is not shortened, whose ear is not closed, whose heart of love is not chilled towards us, whatever are our failings. He is without blemish—One who can be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," for He "was in ALL points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." He loves us, therefore, to tell Him all our secrets, to unburden our inmost care before Him; or, as the Psalmist has it, to roll ourselves upon Him. Oh, then, shall we not trust Him? What trials are ahead we know not, but we do know Christ will never let one of His own perish. He saves, then sustains and supplies, and then, when the necessary discipline is completed, He says, "Come *up higher*." Oh, friend! what will it be, by-and-by, to survey our Well Beloved's glory! Such eternal sunshine in store for us, let us press on with cheered hearts, nor repine at the stirrings-up by the way, which keep us loathing a world of sin, and winging our way to Paradise above. Look up, look on! and may "the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush" be with you, even unto the end.

Thank you for cheering words for the oft-depressed "Wayside Notes" Writer. The Lord is wonderfully owning and blessing his poor jottings, to the refreshing of many a weary one. We have been asking many to let us know if they meet with an opening in the wilderness suitable for you, and will continue to do.

May the Lord the Spirit guide you in every fresh step of the way—a way well ordered and sure, however sometimes we may think otherwise; and with Christian regards, in which my dear wife unites,

Yours in the best fellowship,

G. C.

WESTGATE BREWERY, BURY ST. EDMUND S,
9th February, 1865.

To A FRIEND.

THANK you, my dear Christian friend, for your kind, encouraging note to my dear wife. All such expressions wonderfully cheer me when at times unbelief would bid one lay down the pen and write no more.

It is a mercy to be allowed to "minister to the saints," and hold com-

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munion with those whom we expect to meet when "the morning without clouds" breaks into an eternity of peace and joy and bliss.

We are interested to hear of your welfare, and doubt not that every dispensation of our Covenant God's providence will tend to your soul's nourishment.

You are indeed correct in your statement, that if we put our mercies in one scale and miseries in the other, we should have to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," &c. Yes, dear sister in Christ, mercies abound, and every day's unfoldings but testify of the goodness, longsuffering, and grace of our God.

My beloved wife promises to write to you, so that I must leave her to tell of all domestic news.

And now, may the Lord the Spirit guide you continually. May Jesus be increasingly precious and near to you, while faith enables you to recognize a Father's hand in all, and to adore a Triune Covenant God.

Yours as ever,

G. COWELL.

ALBION BREWERY, MILE END, LONDON, E.

June 17th, 1867.

To THE SAME.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Thank you for kind note to my dear wife, also for reference to my feeble efforts to glorify our precious Redeemer. He shall have the praise of all, as long as I live.

I am engaged to preach at Woodbridge Chapel, Clerkenwell, third Sunday in August. Shall I see you there? Morning and evening.

I dare not touch upon the disputed doctrine of Baptism in the *Gospel Magazine*.

What a mercy to be baptised by the Holy Ghost, and that with a fire that has burnt up all the wood, hay, and stubble of creature righteousness and doings, and so left us poor helpless beings dependent upon the bounty of Jesus, who has so much to give, and is so willing to give that we shall never tire Him with our askings.

Oh, 'tis sweet to *live upon Him*, and to think we shall soon *live with Him*. No veil between, but see Him as He is!

Press on, dear sister, through life's narrow and rugged pathway; heaven will repay us for all.

With my dear wife's kind regards, in which I join,

Yours truly,

GEO. COWELL.

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To THE SAME.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Thank you for all kind expressions in a note to my dear wife, which I will answer for her, as she is full busy with two of our dear ones, laid down with the measles.

Respecting "Wayside Notes," a Christian friend wrote very severely stating his conviction that they had of late "lacked the unction of the Holy Spirit." I felt differently, but still, thought I had better lay down my pen, *walk in the shade*, and be silent before the Lord, waiting His will.

This is clearly developed now in the abundant correspondence that my silence has induced. Some of the letters received are of the most interesting character. I really had no idea I lived so in the hearts of the dear family of God. I have received, indeed, sufficient to cheer me and bid me God speed. The Publishers also wrote, urging me to continue the "Notes," and I forwarded them at once, but, it appears, too late for this month's Magazine. But, dear friend, we have been called lately to pass through "deep waters." On the 14th of last month I followed to the silent tomb the mortal remains of my beloved brother Walter, of Bishop's Stortford. Dear fellow! he did indeed "*walk with God.*" He was with us at the seaside, and then we noticed how ripe he was for glory. Well, he is now with Jesus, which is far better, although I did feel at the grave, when thinking of his dear weeping widow and three fatherless children, "Thy judgments are a *great deep*, O Lord."

We have also had other losses and crosses. May our souls become enriched thereby.

You do not in your note say aught about yourself. Still, viewing all, your language doubtless is,

"*It is well.*"

Yes, it is always well, O God,
With those that trust in Thee;
It matters not how sad or dark
Their earthly lot may be;
For the intricate threads of life
Are woven by Thy hand,
And every change that marks our days
Is sent at Thy command.

My dear wife joins me in Christian regards.

I remain, my dear friend,
Yours in "*The Amen*,"
GEO. COWELL

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WOODBURY, WANSTEAD.
3rd December, 1870.

To MRS. A.

MY DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST,—Grace and peace be multiplied unto you.

I do appreciate such kind, encouraging letters as yours to hand; they are precious lifts by the way, and cheer one in a work that is oft discouraging.

Well, dear friend, years are rolling away, and the days of our pilgrimage are lessening, while the great eternity is nearing. What a mercy to be enabled to say, amidst all the changing circumstances by which we are surrounded, "My heart is fixed! my heart is fixed!" Fixed where? even on our precious Jesus, our Covenant Head, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." And how true He has ever been to us; and, in looking back, how, when we have been in the valley of fear and trembling, we have been compelled to throw ourselves into His hands, and proved Him faithful: like David, when he said to God: "I am in a great strait: let us fall *now* into the hand of the Lord; for His mercies are great: and let me not fall into the hand of man" (2 Sam. xxiv. 14). And how wonderfully He has delivered in His own best and right time. He has moved with such *majesty* and *mercy*, we have been left to feel truly "the iron did swim." I am glad those words were a help to you; indeed, that article seems to have been especially blessed by the Lord.

A dear brother in Christ, residing at Canterbury, came all the way from that place to tell me how it had rested upon his spirit in a great strait, and how, in his experience, God wrought deliverance in a most marvellous way. Well, dear friend, so it is God's spiritual children live, grow, and become conformed to the will of their loving Lord.

And shall we not still look to and rest upon this blessed Elder Brother? I feel daily more and more dependent upon Him, and say with Quarles—

> "Lord, I'm a child; so guide my paces, then,
> That I may learn to walk an upright man;
> So shield my faith, that I may never doubt Thee,
> For I shall fall if e'er I walk without Thee.

I have been pressed much lately to publish the "Wayside Notes" in a separate volume, and should much like to do so, but there is much in connection therewith to be thought of before I can attempt it. Nevertheless, I am waiting for more distinct leading from above in the matter.

And now, dear friend, give our kind regards to Miss Powell. My dear wife has often referred to her. Think what a group we have! nine dear children; some in business, others at school, some at home: but the Lord has blessed us with good, dear children. I want to live to honour and

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glorify His name for all. "Now, our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts, and stablish you in every good word and work." And surely the good word and work is His own. Yours in best bonds,

GEO. COWELL.

ALBION BREWERY, BURTON-ON-TRENT.
1st February, 1879.

TO THE SAME.

MANY thanks, dear Mrs. A., for your encouraging words. Is it not a mercy that the Lord still lets me write, month after month, my "Notes," accompanying the same with His own blessing to needy ones? This morning I have been struck with these words in 1 Peter, "Joy unspeakable, and full of glory." Ah! dear friend, 'midst all the fading things of time, when we think of the "incorruptible inheritance," soon to be taken possession of, does it not produce a thrill of joy which we cannot explain to our fellows, and which is "*full of glory*"—lifts up above earth, and becomes a foretaste of the preciousness of the inheritance itself? And who is it rejoicing in such a prospect? Peter; the one who during our Lord's lifetime became, through his silly talk, obnoxious to Him, so that He said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," &c.; and then the climax—*denied his Lord with oaths and curses;* now saying, "*Blessed* be the Father of our Lord," &c., and rejoicing in this unspeakable joy.

Does not grace work marvels, friend? and has it not done so with us and for us?

Am called away. Yours as ever, in best bonds,

GEO. COWELL.

WOODBURY, WANSTEAD,
October 16th, 1871.

TO THE REV. DR. DOUDNEY.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I do feel it very kind of you, in the midst of your numerous engagements, to think of me, and your sweet sympathy touches a tender chord within. I have certainly been brought very low, but, blessed be our dear Lord, can say, "I was brought low, and He helped me." Surely He does all this, that we may in due time exalt Him. I took my family to the seaside, and the air was too much for me, and brought a return of an old chronic complaint with the liver, from which I have suffered much, added to which I caught cold, which

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resulted in inflammation of the bronchial tubes; and although this was in August last, I must say I have not felt well since. Still, the Lord has permitted me to return to my accustomed duties, and I think I can say the affliction has been sanctified. Yes, dear brother, it is as you say, the truth has by such means to be squeezed out of us. The Lord puts on the pressure, *all in love*, and causes the flowings of heart-felt experience to issue in a cordial for the oft-wounded spirits of His dear children. Well, be it so. It is a mercy indeed to be used in any way for such a Saviour.

Gethsemane ought for ever to silence our complainings, and Calvary cause us never more to open our mouths but in adoring and magnifying His dear name. I often think of you, and ponder over the depths of your pilgrimage, experiencing a knitting of soul to you better felt than described.

Yes, indeed, eternity is nearing—sweet hope beyond the grave—sweet prospect, sometimes seen by faith, and one is led to sing—

"My soul has tasted of the grapes,
And now it longs to go
Where my dear Lord His vineyard keeps,
And *all* the clusters grow."

The Lord bless you and yours! We shall always be glad to see you at Woodbury; and, with much love and thanks, believe me,

Yours in the fellowship of Jesus,

GEORGE COWELL.

8, SOUTH PARADE, SOUTHSEA,
10th June, 1887.

To S. C.

DEAR FRIEND,—I do thank you for your letter. It came at such an opportune moment, for it was placed in my hands as we were leaving home for our annual outing, and in the train I read it, with others of a similar character, and it cheered me to have such seals to my writings, and to have abundant proof that the work is the Lord's, and not mine. Here we are in the midst of kindred spirits, and that is my chief reason for coming to Southsea. Dear Dr. Doudney and myself are much together, in the enjoyment of brotherly love and divine intercourse. Well, dear friend, I am not to write much nor speak much, although already dear Mr. Martin and Captain Key have engaged my services. May the dear Lord abundantly bless you with the riches of His grace and the communications of His love, and may the Word of the Lord come

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again and again unto us, saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." Oh, what a mercy to know anything of the Sin Bearer experimentally, "whom to know is life eternal"!

I am sure I shall have your prayers that this change may do me good, for I have been very sadly lately, but my uppermost desire is to be spared to testify of Him we love, and to glorify His dear name. Thanking you for all your kind and cheery words,

Yours in best bonds,

GEORGE COWELL.

BURTON-ON-TRENT,

4th January, 1889.

To THE SAME.

MY DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST,—"Sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Christ Jesus, and called." *All is well.* May love and peace from the Master be multiplied unto you. Although scarcely able to gain a few minutes a day, I must at once thank you for all your good wishes, and for your testimony concerning my writings, which I greatly treasure: indeed, I seem only to desire length of days that I may glorify the name of my precious Redeemer, and tell of Him to those who love to hear of His name and fame. Respecting my thought of a new little book—which, by the way, I cannot attempt yet, for lack of time—never fear that it will at all interfere with my "Wayside Notes" in the *Gospel Magazine*. These will be kept up as long as the Lord gives me His revealed truth, and health and strength lasts; and my earnest desire is to remain my beloved Brother Doudney's helper as long as he is spared to us. With regard to writing *more* in the *Gospel Magazine*, how can I? I already am privileged with something like eight pages per month, and I cannot expect more.

Yes, I can enter into your feelings, that you cannot bear the dead fly in the apothecary's ointment. No, it will not do. Self must be renounced, and Christ All and in all, or there will be no food for hungry souls.

Well, dear friend, you have had to endure many a wintry storm, many a conflict by the way. But the crown is in view. The Lord bless you with much nearness to Him. "I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness" (Isaiah xii. 10), I give you as a covenant promise to rest upon the remainder of life's journey, and then, oh, think of the afterwards, when all the conflict is over! Clothed in royal robes and wearing a glorious crown, you shall be admitted to honours beyond all human conception—*for ever with the Lord!*

Yours in this hope,

GEORGE COWELL.

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BURTON-ON-TRENT,
9th January, 1893.

TO THE SAME.

So glad, dear friend, to receive kind and encouraging words from you and your testimony of Dr. ——'s Faithful preaching is the very thing I wanted. The mantle of sorrow deeply overclouds Shobnall Grange, in the serious illness of my dear wife. Our medical attendant says she may pass away at any moment, without much warning. This, as you may well understand, keeps all my dear ones in a state of nervous anxiety. Still, the poor dear is safe enough, and at intervals expresses herself longing to be gone. What a world of uncertainty and affliction it is, dear friend! You, I know, have had, and are having, your full share. It is all, however, in the covenant; and, dear friend, when sin is pardoned and a Saviour precious, outward afflictions need not much be complained of.

"Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow round us fly,
Angel guards from God surround us;
We are safe if He is nigh."

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but" [sooner or later] "the Lord delivereth him *out of them all.*" Ah! *out of them all*, and *into* the tranquillity of heaven. Well, dear friend, may you rejoice in hope, be patient in tribulation, and continue instant in prayer. Look to Jesus, and rejoice in His dear name. You have reached a good age. Oh, what joys are in store for you! laid up in heaven; treasures to be everlastingly realized. Earth is very sickening, is it not? the prospect of heaven is very sweet. But the great ground of consolation is to know that, concerning Jesus, "In all our afflictions He was afflicted." He is so blessedly coupled with His redeemed in all. I commit you into His hands. The Lord of peace and glory grant you all needful and promised blessings throughout the way Home. So glad my "Notes" are helpful to you. Pray for me.

Yours in best bonds,

GEO. COWELL.

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BIRMINGHAM,
August 31*st*, 1853.

To A SISTER.

MY DEAR LOUISA,—There is such a bulky-volume-looking reality about your letters when they do come, that one feels a dash-off few lines won't do in return. The very top of a big page must be surmounted, and, if the thing has its due, close writing, and what our English sailors call "*a long yarn*," must constitute the reply. Our dear departed pastor, Rev. J. Irons, used to say that if you searched the folio works of what was called "The classic Fathers," you would not pick out half-a-dozen lines of Gospel truth from the whole of them. Now, the contrary is the case with the epistolary document you favour us with; and we can assure you that in our solitary position, more than one hundred miles away from those we love, in the land of rude strangers, 'tis like as a refreshing draught to the weary traveller—the receipt of news from home. Now, there is a class of correspondents that tell you nothing; they say, of course you've heard so and so, forgetful of the fact that they are never the medium of conveying intelligence; while there are others that deal with facts, and bring before you intelligent views in connection therewith, that at once stamps upon the epistle the significant word, *important*, instead of—*waste basket*.

Now, let me deal with the separate threads of your close net-work letter. "*Albion Road, Stoke Newington.*" Ah! that spot dear to us! Many times have I wended my way down the Albion Road to dear Clarence Cottage, and there beheld the dear form of our beloved father, and heard his quiet salutation, "*Well, George;*" and a thousand more associations in connection with that once peaceful habitation, that I would had been his earthly abode till his Saviour bid him come up higher, to occupy the mansion prepared for him above. Well, we often think 'tis no small comfort to us to be the possessors of an excellent likeness of the dear departed. There it hangs, and he seems to smile upon us; whether we advance to it or retire from it, the eyes seem to beam forth with affection, and follow us to all parts of the room. So with our Heavenly Father, dear Louisa. Elihu tells us, "*He withdraweth not His eyes from the righteous.*" This is a truth which we ought to be continually mindful of, and which ought to beget in us a mingled feeling of love, gratitude, consolation, hope, fear and rejoicing. Of love, when we think that He loved us, and gave Himself for us, and therefore with eternal love He ever looks down with tender affection upon every member of His Church. Of gratitude—ah! indeed, for He has said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you," and in the language you have been pleased to refer to—

"Not perish when at last we come
To Jordan's dreadful swelling."

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Of consolation, that He is watching us as we enter into the shadow of every fresh trial, He Himself having endured the substance of it; and though from the gloom which pervades, faith sometimes cannot see Him, nevertheless He is there, a very present Help in every time of need. Of hope, that we shall one day gaze upon that invisible Form that is watching over us, pondering o'er our footsteps, guiding us onwards, and in whose presence there will be fulness of joy. Of fear, for He withdraweth not His eyes when we are entering too much into the spirit of the world, and the ways of worldly men, and not manifesting that decision of character that we ought to do as followers of the Lamb. Of rejoicing, for there is true cause for it. If "He withdraweth not His eyes from us," we are safe, for He looks not upon us with anger, but, through the merits of our adorable Saviour, with love. Are we not monuments of mercy?—here's the secret cause of it. Are we not being disciplined for an eternal world? He does not merely watch, but acts, outstretching His almighty arm to guide and protect and to fulfil the delightful truth that "in Him there is eternal safety."

Now, Louey, you see I have not got yet from Albion Road. If I go on thus, when shall I be at my journey's end? Say not a word about anything we have done to advance dear C——'s interest. I am very glad to see that she is now in a house that I think will be comfortable for her, and the oft-repeated term "cosy" will be a reality instead of a fiction. Mr. B—— progresses well in business, and I think ultimately the whole matter will be seen to have been most providential. As I believe she purposes writing to you, I can leave her to give you particulars of their progress.

I regret to hear accounts of your continued prostration of strength. If at any time you think a more bracing climate would do you good, do not fail to think of B——; 'tis a very healthy place, and from its being built upon a rock and exceedingly high, is favourable to strengthen weak persons. Mrs. W——, after she has been in B——, grows quite young and strong, and seems braced up, and had I not such an over-share of mental anxiety, doubtless I should have good health. As it is, an inactive liver keeps me feeling dependent, day by day, for strength from above; and as the creaking gate hangs upon the firm pillar for its support, so, dear Louey, may you and I hold fast to the immovable Rock, with the exclamation ever going forth, "Behold, in God is my strength." And can anything be more consolatory than the language of the Psalmist, applicable with us under every trial? "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of"—some of them? no, no! —out of all but one? no, no! the one would sink us—'tis "*out of them all.*" Unbelief says, "Impossible"; nevertheless, the word of the Lord abideth true, and will be just as He has spoken it.

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I am very gratified and encouraged thereby that any of my poor breath-

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ings should have been enjoyed by you, and that an aged saint should have deemed them worth notice. I intend, if time will allow, to keep up these "Wayside Notes," as I find it induces searching the Scriptures, prayer, meditation, and thought, all tending to growth in grace and the knowledge of Jesus. *Habitual thought* of things that pertain to godliness, I am persuaded, is highly beneficial to the Christian. How much thinking of earthly matters do we maintain! We practise habitual thought in business, and make it a study to devote time and attention to worldly affairs. Oh, that we made it more of a study and habit (*without form*) to think of eternity, lest afterwards our lamentation is, "Oh, that we had thought more of Jesus—sought His company, who is ever worthy of our deepest adoration and hourly attention, that we might be spared this darkness and soul dreariness!" Looking back is as profitable sometimes as looking forward—not looking back upon the world with longing gaze, but upon past mercies and revelations with holy delight and gratitude.

The subjects of the two "Wayside Notes" forwarded to Mr. Doudney are: "The Wicked have no Bands in their Death" and "There is Life." Under the latter head there will be matter interesting to dear Mrs. W——. The subjects now under consideration are, "Worthy the Lamb," and "The Entrance of Thy Word giveth Life."

I feel very interested in the Irish Mission work that has emanated from good dear Dr. Steane. One of the ministers who has just returned home, close by us, tells what work it is to preach the Gospel in the midst of these deluded creatures. Had it not been for the magistrates and police, they would have been torn to pieces for being Protestant ministers. In one instance the only refuge he could obtain in the place (Kildare) was offered by a godly couple, with whom, after some conversation, it turned out they knew Mr. Irons, and were in possession of his writings.

Under the above heading, "The Entrance of Thy Word giveth Life," I am collecting interesting matter important to the Church of Christ in the present day.

Our journey to Wales did not do my beloved E—— much good. In coming from Liverpool to Rhyl, across the Irish Sea, we encountered such wretchedly wet weather and discomfort—being stived up in the cabin of no better than a tug boat—that, from cold caught thereby and prostration, she did not recover it the rest of the time; added to which, my becoming so unwell from tic-doloreux caused us to hurry home. Still we saw enough to tempt us to undertake another journey at some future time; Conway we found a deeply interesting place; but the view from the summit of the Great Ormes Head at Llandudno is beyond my description. I took my sketch-book with me, but Welsh scenery is too expansive and sublime for a sketch-book; it requires twenty feet of canvas and a tent pitched for twelve months, to do justice to a single picture of the majestic mountains. We were disappointed in New Brighton, opposite Liverpool, which is far behind Old Brighton on the Sussex Coast.

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And now, dear Louisa, 'tis time I brought this scribble to an end. I fear you will not be able to read it; but my time for studied epistles is over. My precious dear family-worn wife joins me in every sentiment of affection.

As I noted yesterday in my book of scraps, in what a state of perturbation do wilderness anxieties and perplexities keep us! There will be no disquietude in heaven; that delightful word, "*Rest*," will be realized in full enjoyment, and all confusion be at an end. How blessed the anticipation!—peace instead of perturbation, repose instead of excitement, sin unknown, the Saviour well known, a mansion of bliss instead of the house of merchandize, singing of mercy instead of grasping at money, a serene scene after a stormy passage, and a peaceful haven after a rough and tedious voyage.

Your affectionate brother,

GEORGE COWELL.

BURTON-ON-TRENT,
23rd December, 1891.

To THE SAME.

MY DEAR L——,—Hearing that you wish to have a few lines from me at Christmastide, I have much pleasure in complying with your request.

To the *three-in-one* at Hastings, Christmas, 1891, may *the Head* be present.

"*And it came to pass, as He sat at meat with them, He took bread and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him.*"

May you realize the Divine presence of Christ with you, and, by a loving faith, *know Him*.

And now, dear L——, I have been looking up and asking for a ray of truth to shine forth from the throne of God as a Christmas portion for you and your friends, and the Lord has given me the following for you :—

"BUT THE LORD WAS MY STAY."
2 SAMUEL xxii. 19.

It is the language of David, in thanksgiving to God for marked deliverances and manifold blessings. "*But the Lord was my stay.*" There is a volume of preciousness in that word "*But.*" "Waves of death compassed me, the sorrows of hell wrapt me round"; "but the Lord was my stay," and "drew me out of many waters." Ah! dear one, David's decalogue of

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sufferings by the well of God has to be drank into by all our spiritual David's seed. To be clear. Three points :—

I.—*He has been "our stay" in the past.*

II.—*He is "our stay" at the present moment.*

III.—*He will be "our stay" throughout the remaining days of our life, and in the hour of death.*

I.—He has been "our stay" throughout our pilgrimage thus far. Yes.

1. *In times of sinfulness.* When, in rebellion of heart, we have thought hard thoughts of our God, and our spirit has yielded to the ungodly fruit of the first Adam, our precious Redeemer, the second Adam, has proved the sinner's Friend. "*The Lord has been our stay.*"

2. *In times of struggling*, how oft we have sung through our tears—

> "I know not what may soon betide,
> And how my wants shall be supplied;
> But Jesus knows, and will provide."

Yes, and He has, in many unlooked-for ways. The Lord has been "our stay."

3. *In times of suffering*, when pain has brought us to panting. We can but call to remembrance, dear, your sufferings at the close of the year 1887. What can you say to this? Why only, "While one thought this and another that, '*the Lord was my stay.*' 'He hath delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling,' so that instead of going down to the grave, 'I have walked before the Lord in the land of the living.' All praise to His name!"

4. *In times of sorrow.* In the season of *bereavement*, you, dear, call to mind the loneliness of widowhood, just realized, when the once *big strong arm*, upon which you loved to lean, failed you. "Thou carriest them away as a sleep" (not death, but sleeping in Jesus, to be re-united). "In the morning of their strength, flourishing; in the evening of their weakness, cut down." But "One abides." The Arm that never fails is of eternal power, and you can sing, "I was brought low, but He helped." "*The Lord was my stay.*"

So, further, "He is NOW my stay." This moment, for every moment is one of need. On the slippery ice of earthly uncertainties, He holds me up, and in the slippery places of worldly temptation He gives restraining, supporting, and persevering grace. "Hold Thou me up," is our cry, "that my footsteps slip not." "Thou savest by the right hand those that put their trust in Thee."

And then, the Lord will be my stay in the few remaining days or years of my life, and in the hour of death.

This may well be our confidence and consolation. He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." The "Alpha" of my spiritual life, for it was a God-beginning; the "Omega" of His own work of grace in the

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soul, for He which began the good work will complete it. "We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus."

So, then, in very deed *He will be "our stay" in death.* Yea, rather soul rest, though it must be body dissolution, and my dear sister must be laid to rest in yonder cemetery. God bless you, dear, with abundance of peace ere the silver cord is unloosed, the golden bowl broken, the pitcher at the fountain, and the wheel at the cistern. When that appointed time comes, methinks this will be your song—

"When I soar to realms of glory,
And an entrance I await,
If I whisper, 'Jesus only,'
Wide will ope the pearly gate.

"When I join the heavenly chorus,
And the angel hosts I see,
'Precious Jesus, Jesus only,'
Will my theme of rapture be."

May the God of patience and consolation bless the little trio of like-minded ones gathered on Christmas Day, and may you glorify Him with one mouth as you repeat together, and feel it has been so personally, and will be to the end—

"BUT THE LORD WAS MY STAY."

Yours in the best bonds,
GEORGE COWELL.

BURTON-ON-TRENT,
27th November, 1891.

To MISS G. M. W.

I WAS so pleased, my dear friend, to see your handwriting, and forward you the books you require. The parcel will be delivered you carriage paid. And how is it with you in soul matters? "Faint, yet pursuing," like so many?—but, dear friend, it is struggling on in the narrow and right pathway which leads to the promised habitation of peace and rest. And is there not a blessing in the way being "narrow," and so shutting out much that is hurtful and shutting us in much with the Master? Oh, may you have *nearness to Him*, and many sweet tokens of His love. I have been lately led to dwell much on His love to such unworthy ones—and is it not wonderful?—and what abounding proof He has given us of His everlasting love! And what a token He has given us also of His love in sending us *the Comforter*. It is His power and presence we crave. May

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you, dear friend, have much of the grace of the Holy Spirit especially witnessing with your spirit that you are a child of God.

My dear —— is just now visiting Manchester. She is very dear to me, and so choice in Divine experience. My dear wife is a constant sufferer, and keeps us in perpetual anxiety. I hope you will find spiritual food in December "Notes," a precious subject.

The Lord abundantly bless you with every new covenant blessing.

Yours in the best bonds,

GEORGE COWELL.

BURY ST. EDMUND'S,

13th January, 1864.

To MISS E.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND,—"Grace be unto you, and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ," our dear Redeemer, while I pray that the dew of the Holy Spirit may so rest upon your branches, that you may bring forth fruit to the glory of a Triune Covenant God. It is very kind of you to write words of encouragement when the Lord has refreshed your spirit through the feeble testimony of His poor worm. To HIM be *all* the praise. Upon reading your expressions of holy joy of soul at being thus refreshed, the following passage of Scripture dropped into my mind, "And He commanded that something should be given her to eat" (Mark v. 43). And, my dear friend, if you read the interesting narrative of this damsel, I think you will find your own experience written as if by a sunbeam.

Doubtless *your* dear parent "besought the Lord greatly" (23rd verse) on your behalf, but the Lord tarried, and for a time no relief came. What a mercy that in this instance He did tarry! If He had not, that poor woman, who so aptly portrays the condition of every seeking soul, would not have been healed, nor should we have had that hallowed account of her receiving virtue out of Jesus, &c. But the tarrying produced unbelief (35th verse), yet how gracious the words of our Lord in the 36th verse, "Be not afraid, only believe"; and then in the right and best time, a time when everybody else thought it was too late, "He took the damsel by the hand, and said unto her, Talitha cumi; which is, being interpreted, Damsel, I say unto thee, arise. And straightway the damsel arose, and walked. And they were astonished with a great astonishment." And well they might be.

Ah, dear friend, it is astonishing; you and I, *once dead*, now alive—*miraculously alive!* Once the eyes closed to the charms of Jesus; now saying "He is the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." Once no appetite for Divine things; now cannot live without them,

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panting after God, craving for the wheat, corn, oil, and wine of Gospel provision, and thanking the poor servant of the Lord, who *only lays the cloth*, for it must be the Lord who puts the provision on the table, and who is Himself *the meat* indeed and the *drink* indeed. "Oh, to grace how great a debtor!" And then, dear friend, only think! the *fed* ones *here* will be the *feasted* ones *hereafter!* For our foretastes are but foretastes of the marriage supper of the Lamb. When our poor bodies have laid long in the grave, there will come the Lord's second "Talitha cumi"; for look at His own words to Martha, "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, *yet shall he live;* and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. *Believest thou this?*"

Thank your dear brother from me, for being good to you. He will have his reward. May the Lord strengthen him to brave life's battles according to His promises. I shall be glad at any time to hear of or from him. And now, my dear friend, think over this precious chapter v. of Mark. You may see much in it you have never before discovered, if the Lord wills. May Jesus hold you up. Go forward, singing—

"Yes, hold me, and I shall be safe,
And let me ever be,
Through the intricate maze of life,
Clinging to none but Thee!
Oh, keep me by Thy mighty power
Still in the narrow way,
Until the darkness of this world
Melts into perfect day."

Yours in Gospel fellowship,
GEORGE COWELL.

BURY ST. EDMUND'S,
March 7th, 1864.

To THE SAME.

MY DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST,—"Grace be unto you, and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ." Thank you for your kind epistle, breathing as it does the language and desires of one of the true Israel of God. To receive such is a source of joy to my soul. I trust this will find you relieved from bodily suffering, and that such has left its sanctifying influence. Decay is written upon the fairest earthly form, and its process must be felt. I have had a sad sick house lately, and therefore can fully sympathize with you. How truly dreadful the expression of that aged professor in your neighbourhood (but a type of hundreds who have a name

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to live, but are dead), namely, "If you are not a co-worker with God in your salvation you will go to hell." Poor, ignorant man! I wonder what he will think of *his* (so-called) part in the work of salvation, upon a dying pillow, when *the iniquity of his holy things* will rise up before him, and he will be made to feel, in God's sight, the truth of Scripture—"There is none that doeth good, *no, not one.*"

Upon reading the above expression, I could not help thinking how true are dear Newton's lines—

"Some call Him a Saviour in word,
But mix their own works with His plan,
And hope He His help will afford,
When they have done all that they can.
If doings prove rather too light
(A little they own they may fail),
They purpose to make up full weight
By casting His name in the scale."

Well may that tried servant add—

"Ah! what will profession like this
Avail in His terrible day?"

Blessed be God, you and I, dear friend, have not so learned Christ. Our heartfelt experience is that derived from a feeling of our own worthlessness and weakness.

"If asked what of Jesus I think,
Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
I say He's my meat and my drink,
My life and my strength and my store.
My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall,
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my All."

But, my dear friend, the idea of our being co-workers in the matter of salvation is not merely unscriptural, but it is blasphemous. The only "co-workers" in this matter are the Eternal Three; and to none other can the term be applied, for They only are equal in working, and work one with another. The passage from which the idea is taken is 2 Corinthians vi. 4: "We then, as workers together"; "with Him" is in italics, and not in the original.

The Apostle is speaking of the work of the ministry, and brings before us the comforting fact that in such an important work we are not working alone, for the Lord is our Helper; He is behind, before, and on every side; and what a comfort this is to you, dear friend, in your house-to-

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house visitations. There may be much, very much to discourage you, but never mind, you are not alone; you have Jesus as your Companion, and thus work together. Are we under-shepherds? He is the Chief Shepherd. Are we brethren and sisters ministering to each other? He is our Elder Brother. Are we members? He is the Head. This is the idea. He is supreme, we subordinate. As the blood flows through the frame, and all the members work thereby together, so with Christ's Body and Church, in connection with their covenant Head.

And just look at the sort of working to which the Apostle alludes. I question whether the Arminian is prepared for such working as this: "Giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed: but in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings," &c. (Read from third to tenth verses.)

Such is what we are to understand by *working together*. All in harmony, not a thing out of place in the lot where we are by God's appointment, and all things working together for our good. Lord, give us faith to believe this, that in patience we may possess our souls.

And now, respecting your dear father's dying testimony. Surely nothing can be more satisfactory. May we be able to give such in a dying hour. His beholding himself as "a miracle of mercy"; his passing through "deep waters," while the wicked have no bands in their death; his giving up all dear to him for Christ, and his faith in gazing with holy admiration upon the Person of Jesus, is very precious and comforting to the bereaved ones. You are, I can assure you, not alone in your experience, that in an extensive parish you find difficulty in meeting with one person with whom you can go hand-in hand in soul matters. . . . . .

We may be as a speckled bird, but yet recollect we have One ever near —precious Jesus; we walk not on alone. God's people were ever a remnant, and the inquiry of the professing Church will ever be, "What is thy Beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women?"

But I must conclude this imperfect scribble, which I will do by giving you a few expressions from Psalm cxliii. which were very precious to my soul at family reading this morning: "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified." How will the "co-workers" get on in the face of such an assertion? But the following seemed so sweet for a Monday morning: "Cause me to hear Thy lovingkindness in the morning, for in Thee do I trust. Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk, for I lift up my soul unto Thee." May the Lord guide and direct you throughout life's journey, and bring you finally to the prepared mansions; and with every good wish for your welfare,

I remain yours in *the only One*,

GEORGE COWELL.

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CRIPPLED BY OMNIPOTENT POWER.

"And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him."—GENESIS xxxii. 24, 25.

THE EDITOR TO HIS DEAR FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—It will not be right of me to withhold longer from you the fact that it has pleased the Lord to lay upon me His hand of affliction, bringing me, as He did dear old Jacob, to Peniel, and at that spot crippling me, as He did him, by His Omnipotent power.

For some time past I have been conscious of a failure of power in my *left* limbs, and now He has so crippled me that I am compelled to rest.

You see, I dwell upon the word *left*. Oh, what mercy there is in this! He has preserved to me my right arm and hand, so that I am able to write. And, more loving still, He has preserved to me my intellect, which is as clear as before; so that, while resting, He has not bidden me lay down my pen, nor cease to tell of the preciousness of my dear Redeemer, to the comfort of others. Another token of His love is the hopefulness of the case. My medical attendants express their belief that, by rest, I shall gain the partial restoration of my foot and leg.

Beloved friends, I am sure I shall be remembered by you in your prayers. Do ask that not a murmur may escape my lips, but that I may be passive in the hand of the Lord. "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it." For nearly half a century He has permitted me to write for our Magazine, and now he says, "Be still, and know that I am God."

I am hopeful that He is doing what He permitted in the case of the beloved John. He was separated and sent to the Isle of Patmos, that he might have a deeper revelation, "For the Word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."

And now, in conclusion, I would say that the Lord has brought me into such a state of experience, the extent of which I never felt before; I cannot think of the precious Lamb of God, who has atoned for my sins, otherwise than with the most tender feeling, and with tears flowing freely. I cannot hear a passage of Sacred Scripture read and applied by the Holy Spirit, without shedding tears. I cannot hear a telling hymn sung without thoroughly breaking down; not in sorrow, but in joy. I cannot think of future glory in the presence of Jesus, without being overwhelmed with gratitude of soul. All this, I believe, portends the nearing of the time when, my course being finished, I shall see Him without a veil between; and I think He must be meetening me for the inheritance of the saints in

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light. Amidst bodily failure and infirmities, faith is strengthened. The homeward way brings in view the pearly gates. I rest in the Lord, and exclaim, "Lord, do with me as seemeth good to Thee. I am nothing. Thou art my All and in all."

Believe me, dear friends, yours to serve in the Master's cause,

GEORGE COWELL.

BURTON-ON-TRENT,
8th October, 1894.

"MY FOOT SLIPPETH."

(PSALM xciv. 18.)

TO HIS KIND FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

IT has been well said, "Experience takes very high school wages, but she teaches like no other." This is indeed true, and never did I realize the force of the expression literally, "*My foot slippeth*," as now. Through the nature of my affliction, of which my dear friends were informed in our last issue, God has permitted my left limb to become powerless, so that if my foot is placed on a footstool, it immediately begins to slide off, and I have to say, "My foot slippeth." Loss of such power puts all the frame out of gear, and the helplessness that follows is astonishing. My constant cry to the Lord is, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."

Blessed be the name of the Lord, He has not left me comfortless, and the passage which I have for days past been helped with is, "All this has come upon us, yet have we not forgotten Thee, neither have we dealt falsely in Thy covenant" (Psalm xliv. 17). No; I do believe that the affliction is appointed, and is in the covenant, therefore would I crave submission to the will of God, and grace that I may not decline from God's ways.

It must be conceded that my trial is of no light character, but one hard for flesh and blood to bear. Oh, what a change after such an active life! and I, who was the astonishment of friend and neighbour in my walking powers—which tended to keep me in health—suddenly bereft of such power, and not able to move a step without assistance! And I have to say with the afflicted Job, "My harp is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep" (Job xxx. 31).

One important lesson the dear Lord is teaching me, from the afflictive providence which He is pleased that I should pass through at this time, and that lesson is *dependence*—dependence upon dear ones, who are ever kind and willing to be at hand for my assistance—but above all, dependence upon Him who is able and willing to help me with His Omnipotent power.

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"Take hold of my hand, grandpapa," said one of my precious little grandchildren the other day. I know not how it was, but that dear little one's appeal went straight to my heart and brought tears to my eyes. It must be that I so often utter a similar cry to my heavenly Father, "Take hold of my hand, dear Lord"; I feel so tottering, so feeble, and the pathway through life seems so slippery. The little one entwined her fingers in mine, and gained that child-like, sweet confidence. But all below is an uncertain help, and now in my helplessness I cry, "Take hold of my hand, dear Lord." That right Hand of Omnipotence has never failed me, nor ever will.

"Hold Thou my hand! so weak I am and helpless,
I dare not take one step without Thy aid;
Hold Thou my hand! for then, O loving Saviour,
No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid."

And I believe He will keep us near to Himself, keep us owned as His, until He is pleased to say, "Come up higher; behold My presence; take thy joy and crown, and live with Me for ever; safely folded, never again from Me to stray nor part."

Beloved, remember me when it is well with thee. So prays your companion and brother,

THE EDITOR.

November 18th, 1894.

SOUTHSEA,

22nd June, 1883.

To A DAUGHTER.

MY DEAREST ——,—You will not wonder when I say I am much drawn to Commander K——. We seem quite kindred spirits, and he wants us to live here. There was an unusually large gathering at Diamond Street Mission Hall last evening. I preached with some degree of felt liberty from Song of Solomon iii. 4, "It was but a little." An absent Lord now, but for a little time. A present Lord soon, to live with throughout the countless ages of eternity. Afflictions but for a moment, only a little compared with the peace and joy in reserve for us with Jesus for ever.

How precious and suitable, dear, were the words you gave me on leaving home: "But I will sing of Thy *power*, yea, I will sing of Thy *mercy*, in the morning; for Thou hast been my *defence and refuge* in the day of my trouble. Unto Thee, O *my strength*, will I sing, for God is my defence and the God of *my mercy*." Here the child of God is brought to joyous and trustful singing, but what is the prelude and preface of this joy? A heart-embittered experience of combat with enemies. Again and again does he refer to "mine enemies' wicked transgression." And so it is, dearest. The Christian's pathway is one of sorrow and singing, storm

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and sunshine, tears and triumphs. But in the midst of the conflict there is one thing worthy of notice that the Psalmist keeps the eye of faith fixed upon, and that is *the character of God*, and in so doing refers to Him in many precious aspects. "O my God" (first verse). Blessed and hallowed appropriation and personal union. *My* God! Can we not look up, dear, to the throne of grace, and say, "Yes, He is *my* God"? Then in the third verse it is "*O Lord*," the recognition of the Anointed One able and willing to receive the poor distressed soul, whilst in the fifth verse there is the recognition of Him as God over all, blessed for evermore, and as a covenant God to a covenant people: "O Lord God of hosts," the God of Israel. Then in the ninth verse, "God is *my defence*"; tenth, "The God of *my mercy*"; eleventh, "O Lord, our shield"; thirteenth, "God that ruleth in Jacob unto the ends of the earth"; and faith seems so strengthened and enlarged, that it is as if, in the thought of what God is to him, he loses sight of the adverse, and bursts out in joyous confidence in the words you have given me, dear, declaring emphatically that he will sing of God's *power*, God's *mercy*, of God as his *defence*, *refuge*, and *strength*, and, as if he must return to the sweetest aspect of the source of his confidence and trust, adds, "*The God of my mercy*," not merely a *merciful* God. This is true; but "of *my* mercy"! What truths for us to dwell upon, to live upon, and to cause us to feel all must be well, whether it be sorrow or sunshine!

And now I must tell you, and you will tell dear mamma, a little of our doings. For apartments, we have everything we can desire but the one thing we came chiefly for, namely, the sea. We can only just see the funnels of the steamers and moving masts of the ships across this immense common, and Cowell-like, we want to be on the beach, and watch the rolling, crested waves of

> "The sea, the sea, the open sea;
> So blue, and fresh, and ever free."

But it is so nice having dear E—— and her people close by. They are in and out constantly. . . . .

Believe me, love,
Your affectionate father,
GEORGE COWELL.

TO THE SAME.

IN enclosing a letter from M. J—— to you, my precious ——, I must add a few lines. Hers was with a bundle of tracts, which I hardly thought you would wish sent to you at B——.

You see this, my dear: The judicious remarks of my wise treasurer made me halt, or I was about to send off order to proceed with

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W. W. V——, but I think, with you, we had better wait further encouragement, for none has arrived since your departure.

You will hear ere this of a pressing invitation to Mrs. D—— for you. I hope you will get, dear, all the change you can.

I was helped at the workhouse. The master attended and read the lessons—expressed himself at the close very cheeringly about the service. As to the hearers, they were "poor" enough, but I fear but few had learned the lesson, "*That the Lord maketh poor*" to bring about His blessing upon such. "Blessed are the poor *in spirit*, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

How sad about poor F——. What a mercy to be "kept." "He will keep the feet of His saints." I have much to tell you when we meet, which, you know, I am looking forward to.

I asked for a portion this morning, and singularly opened upon these words, which, without going into context or connection, seemed enough *to* me and *for* me—"Now, O my son, the Lord be with thee" (1 Chron. xxii. 11). How much I thought of you, darling, on my "hill of prayer," this morning, alone, yet not alone; indeed, you are never out of my thoughts, and are the subject of my silent and secret prayers.

"Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God,
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load."

We should not be equal to what we have to pass through but for His sweet, supporting grace, and what I should personally do without communion with Jesus I know not. *He never twists my prayers*, nor turns to rend me again, but is always kind and gracious. Sunday evening next I am down for Stapenhill. Scarcely know whether I shall get there, but, if privileged so to do, thought about taking the *why and the wherefore of Jesus' silence*—"He opened not His mouth"—as of late I feel I have had to drink into such silent experience. "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth," &c.

I do not know what to say about your poor mother. Her ups and downs are marvellous. A few nights back the breath seemed all but gone. I got up and dressed. Next day she was out, driving and walking, apparently well. Dear E—— gives a hint of your staying longer at B——. If for your good, dear, I should not put a straw in the way. But I must go. I think it is your turn to write, but I could not forego a few lines to my darling. The Lord abundantly bless and sustain you.

Fond love to dear E—— and yourself,

Your loving and affectionate father,

GEORGE COWELL.

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SHOBNALL GRANGE,
1st June, 1884.

To THE SAME.

MY PRECIOUS ——,—I am in your debt in letter-writing, but it is now my pleasure to pay it. This is the Sabbath morning, and a splendid morning too. The garden looks glorious, the birds sweetly singing, and the air, too, is full of the hum of the bees. Last Sabbath I was proclaiming the glorious Gospel of the grace of God at Cheltenham. This morning I am aside, alone, yet not alone, for I have been realizing a little of that "garden within a garden," that inner spot where the Master loves to walk. I was thinking just now of the marvellous privilege of communion with God—that a poor worm of the earth should know what it is in felt realization to walk and talk. Oh, I cannot think of it without the tear of gratitude flowing! Nothing helps heavenward more than this precious endearing fellowship with Christ. May we, dearest, know more and more of this privilege. I have been wondering whether you are permitted this morning the enjoyment of going up to the "courts of the Lord"? I trust so. I know it has been your lot to drink deeply into David's experience when removed far away from the privilege of worship—"How much to be loved and desired are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." What a testimony of life, the soul cry of a living child! And you too, dearest, have been called to go down into the "valley of trembling." Yet I am sure in your case also faith has triumphed, and a measure of patience been given which sprang not from nature, but was all of grace. I am so glad that you are so near the sea; the sea breezes are so important to invigorate your constitution and frame, and thereby, I trust, battle with and overcome the weakness in the Lord's time. We had an instance yesterday of the uncertainty of all things below. One of the Sinai Park carters had taken a young mare (never in harness) down to be shod, and in returning the man was heard to say he did not see why he should not ride as well as walk. He was advised not, but got on to the mare's back. When just at the gate up to Mount Sinai, the mare reared, and, throwing the poor fellow off, fell upon him. Assistance was procured. We sent a floater, and when I saw the poor fellow his eyes were closed and he pale as death. I fear he has received fatal internal injury, and will succumb. He has been reckless with his constitution; but a person may think to go on with impunity, thoughtless and reckless about eternity, but time will find them out. What a mercy to be alive to the things of God, for after all, whatever the pain and sorrow of the pilgrim pathway, it is the best way, and the end will prove it was the right way. I am so glad W—— and K—— have been with you. This has been nicely arranged. On the morning of the wedding,

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the Lord led me to dwell upon a portion which I was drawn to from the circumstances, and which brought out much spiritual comfort. It was, "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee" (Isaiah lxii. 5). How the earthly bridegroom watches over the object of his love, gratifies her every desire, moves where and when she moves, pays her endless attention, cannot live without her, rejoices over her. And why all this? *Because he loves her!* Is not this the case with Christ, in a higher, purer, and better sense? He to the full rejoices over His bride, the Church. Think what He has done and endured for her! Love has been the cause of all. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love," *therefore* (mark that *therefore*) I have died for her, suffered for her, and drawn her to Myself in the everlasting embrace of a never-dying union. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" Earthly unions may be, *must* be, severed. The heavenly union with the heavenly Bridegroom is for ever.

And now, dearest, a few more days, and I hope to be with you. God grant that this change sought may bring health and strength to your frame. We have much to be thankful for, and our lips would praise Him!

With fondest love,

Your affectionate father,

GEORGE COWELL.

SOUTHSEA,

July 6—10*th*, 1885.

TO THE SAME.

MY PRECIOUS ——,—Time does go so fast, but I must write a few more lines to my darling absent one. Friday evening, met dear Doudney's son from Ore, and he pressed me to go and see him. Told me my "Wayside Notes" had been for years precious to him. Oh, may abounding testimonies keep me humble. Saturday morning, I called on the Misses W—— and their aged friend. Nothing would do but that we must have prayer, so with them and their Christian servant, we had quite a nice little service. Sunday morning, heard dear Martin upon the Queen of Sheba, and was afterwards cheered by an elderly man grasping my hand, telling me he had known me for thirty years, yet unknown; that we were fellow-members at Grove Chapel; and with tears in his eyes he said, "But I am a secret disciple." I have promised to pay him a visit, for he lives in Landport. Sunday evening, just as we were starting in a carriage with the dear Doudneys for St. Luke's, a violent storm of thunder, lightning and rain came on. It seemed as though there must be but a poor congregation, but still they

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came, and later on, as it brightened, there was a large congregation. Dear Dr. Doudney preached an overpowering sermon from 1 John iii. 1, 2, and when he came to the words, "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is," it seemed as if he would *leap into heaven*. With uplifted hands, he poured out his soul in longing expectation and ecstatic joy. Many were in tears, G. C—— among the number. I do not think I shall ever forget it whilst memory lasts. Mrs. P—— said afterwards she would not have missed it for £100. Since dining, Mr. and Mrs. M—— have been, pressing invitation for Thursday to meet Dr. J—— and many other kindred spirits. I am also to address Mrs. M——'s Young Women's Christian Association on Friday evening, and stand engaged to preach twice on Sunday (D.V.) at Diamond Street. I am afraid you will think this is all about self, darling, and yet knew you would like to know of our movements. On Tuesday I went to find out Mr. R——. Found the good man seated at his desk in his little room, over the mantelpiece of which was a portrait of Joseph Irons, and on the table a well-worn volume of "Wayside Notes," which he said he had given his daughter on his golden wedding-day. Our short conversation was profitable. We recounted together the way our covenant God had led us, telling of trials and triumphs. Mr. R—— took the Magazine before Dr. Doudney was Editor, and used to be a hearer of George Doudney, of Plymouth, who had been most kind to him. He showed me a valuable old Bible dated 1606, and presented me with a copy of the sixth issue of the *Gospel Magazine*, published in the year 1771. You must see it on my return. Altogether it was a joyous meeting of two old pilgrims, who had much to tell of the goodness of the Lord.

* * * * * * *

Well, dear, I told you at the commencement of my letter that I stood engaged to address the Young Women's Christian Association, Victoria Institute. It was so nice to see upwards of sixty gather together and listen attentively to the unfolding of Scripture. I took as my word, "Prosper, I pray Thee, Thy servant this day"; and when I asked them as a remembrance of our meeting to put up that prayer as they rose each morning, and to write it on the fly-leaf of their Bibles, a number then and there took their pencils and did so. They paid marked attention throughout, and we had, I believe, the presence of Christ with us.

On Sunday preached morning and evening at Diamond Street. In the evening the Word seemed very precious to many. Some want me to put the sermon in print. Text, "Behold, God is my salvation," &c. (Isaiah xii. 2, 3.) If the Lord brings to remembrance, I may do so.

Now I must close, for there are disturbances and callers many.

Fondest love, I am as ever,

Your affectionate father,

GEORGE COWELL.

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SOUTHSEA,
20th July, 1885.

TO THE SAME.

DARLING ——,—I think this must be my last scribble before our return home. The weather has quite changed. It is now strong wind, and very wet. All sea trips for us have to be given up. Friday, however, the Doctor and self went to Southampton; dear Saunders unable to accompany us. Mamma and self have paid him a visit at Auckland; he seems a sweet-spirited man, and his conversation highly seasoned by grace. He told us he was brought to the knowledge of the truth under the ministry of that great and good man, Rev. — Shute, St. Faith's, Watling Street. What would that man of God say now, if alive, to witness the wretched vagaries of his deluded Ritualistic son in this place?

Well, yesterday (Sunday), dear Doudney preached in the evening at Circus. I took the services morning and evening at Bethesda Mission House, John Street, Fratton. Morning text, "And Moses said, I will now turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burned" (Exodus iii. 3). Evening text, "Then said the Lord unto Moses, Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you" (Exodus xvi. 4). Good attendance. Miss S—— went with me in the morning. She is an earnest seeker after Jesus. I had some nice conversation with her. Mrs. D. A. D—— accompanied me in the evening.

This morning spent with the Doctor, Mr. Saunders, and the Pankhursts; a visit to the Winslows. This afternoon mamma and self made fruitless calls to Commander and Mrs. Key, and Mrs. Batchelor, Elm Grove, for both were out.

On Wednesday dear W—— came, and, from a letter since received, much enjoyed himself. He came to the new station, where I met him, and we then went together to Ryde, which he much enjoyed. In the afternoon dear E—— came round, and at 6.15 I accompanied W—— again to the station. On the way thither we were much interested in the Horse Artillery on the Common. We saw also some of the Camel Corps, just returned from abroad, and inspected by the Queen. After W——'s departure I went to the Circus Church, when Mr. Martin preached as usual. It was rich fare. And who do you think I met there? The Rev. J. Vesey, who was so pleased. I persuaded him to come to No. 8, but he was on a bicycle tour with Tugwell. Last evening dear mamma and I went to hear D. J—— preach his farewell sermon as curate of St. John's, Portsea. It was a very precious sermon from Acts xxii. 14, 15, "And he said, The God of our fathers hath chosen thee, that thou shouldest know His will, and see that Just One, and shouldest hear the voice of His mouth. For thou shalt be His witness unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard." I took notes, but such a valuable and precious oppor-

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tunity it was, and as dear Emma wants a copy for M——, it is laid upon my heart to ask D—— to grant me an interview with pen and paper, that I may throw it into an article for the *Gospel Magazine*.

We see a good deal of the W——s. Miss W—— had desired to know "G. C." for years, and seemed overjoyed at meeting. She has for years kept "The Sun's Behind the Cloud" in her Bible, she tells me.

Thanks, darling, for enclosing testimonies; indeed, they are multiplied beyond measure, but I do pray for the grace of humility, that the poor wretched creature may not in any way be puffed up, but our precious Redeemer have all the glory.

Well, if I do not write again, I would mention it is our intention to meet on Saturday the train at St. Pancras leaving at half-past three. I think it gets to Burton six something, when we trust we may meet once again in love, and in much gratitude for all our continued mercies.

With our united love to the dear trio,

Your affectionate father,

GEORGE COWELL.

BURTON-ON-TRENT,

September 2nd, 1894.

To THE SAME.

THE Lord bless you, dearest. I have been thinking much of you, and would not post the enclosed budget to you on Saturday evening that you might have a clear, undisturbed Sabbath, and hear, I trust, the Gospel's joyful sound from the lips of some man of truth. Has it been so, darling? Dear E—— and self went to Trinity. Mr. B—— preached, and said some things nice and suitable to my heart feelings. One thing I could go with him—in speaking of the Christian's hope down here. He said, "But what is the beauty of that hope compared to the glory of its fulfilment?" My day's portion seemed the language of Bildad the Shuhite, "Though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter end should greatly increase" (Job viii. 7).

God grant it may, for I am feeling very cold and dead. The few days you have been away, dear, there are no particular Shobnall news. N—— took me for a beautiful drive on Saturday afternoon through Berkeley Park. The family were all away. The air was charming, and the magnificent old trees quite a sight. I was pleased to have a few lines telling of your safe arrival. Give my Christian love to all the dear friends at The Waldrons and elsewhere. We are now hoping to hear from F——; she will have a quiet resting-time at the Grange. As to Leicester,

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I shall wait and watch the Lord's will. I am not feeling over-grand, but hope on.*

Certainly, if I could be transported right from *Shebnall Grange* into *Salem pulpit*, I feel that I could preach, and would proclaim the honour of my Saviour's name, and praise the Lord who dwelleth in Zion; but the weakness and infirmity of the frame and body is as Paul's thorn in the flesh, and I cling to the little comforts of home life. But *all, all* is for the best, is it not, darling? I shall covet and long to hear of your movements, but do not want you to let anything hinder from the needed rest. In due course, I trust, you will *return to me* strengthened in mind, body and estate. I will see to Mr. Chapman's articles as soon as possible.

Accept fond love from

Your affectionate and loving father,

"G. C."

This morning, singing at Trinity of my precious Saviour, the lines repeated melted my soul, and tears would flow. "*Let me be with Thee where Thou art*"—I could scarcely refrain from exclaiming, "Yes, Lord; yes, Lord, *do, do!*"

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* This was at the commencement of his last illness. The readers will discover how, at the very onset, his ardent desires were for "this mortal to put on immortality, and that death might be swallowed up in life." This was one of the last letters he ever penned.

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CHAPTER XI.

"I remember to have seen a touching representation of 'A Calm After a Storm.' Everything looked so placid and beautiful; even little children were picking up seaweed on the beach, as though nothing had happened. But who can picture the scene after the storms of life are over? Clouds dispersed, a clear sky, a haven of rest, but faintly portray it. We must gain the rest of heaven to really understand it. Dear fellow-Christian, does not the by-and-by sometimes cheer us now? cares all clean gone, fears all vanished, foes all under our feet, the tongue of the oppressor for ever silenced. The calm, too, of our eternal rest with Jesus enjoyed, not for a day, but for *ever and ever*. Oh this blessed and brilliant 'afterwards!' How one's soul longs for it."—*George Cowell, "Afterwards."*

"Some of our dear ones are at rest and peace up yonder. As one has said, 'They are got into the lee of the harbour before the storm comes on.' They are not lost to you, but laid up in Christ's treasury above. You shall meet them again. They are not sent away, but sent before. With the Christian, death is not a parting and final farewell. Far from it—

"'In the Resurrection morning
Thou shalt all thy kindred meet.'"

—*George Cowell, "The Choice to the Call, and from the Call to the Crown."*

IT may have been thought by those in the neighbouring town where he last resided that my father led a somewhat secluded and quiet life. In one sense of the word it was so, for distance and circumstances separated us from much that would otherwise have interested his liberal spirit. But his life at Shobnall Grange was by no means an idle one, and his charities were dispensed far and wide of the radius of Burton.

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Almost every post brought some fresh claim upon his sympathies; and when we remember the truth of the lines—

> "Poor and afflicted, Lord, are Thine,
> Among the great they seldom shine,"

and that such are given, as it were, into the charge of God's ministering servants, to be cared for and ministered unto, we shall better understand into what channel George Cowell's charities flowed, for his name was not, to any great extent, known upon the lists of charitable institutions, preferring, as he did, to help the individual and unpublished cases.

Our life at our last *home* (and I use the word advisedly, for home it was indeed where such a father and mother were the centre of attraction and devoted love) was a very peaceful, happy one. *Doing good* was the great delight of his life, and many instances are forthcoming where his influence was felt, even in his daily walks, a bright smile, or a few words turned to the best things, a coin dropped into the hand, with a word for the Master, showing where his heart's affections lay.

I remember how, on one occasion, during his walk after lunch, he preached a sweet, short Gospel sermon to a wayfaring man, from the words in Job xxx. 7, "Under the nettles," as he came upon him gathering those plants to take home to his wife for making a herbal beverage.

And again, when "Dean," a favourite collie dog, had strayed away, how he turned the opportunity to good account, and on his return from a ramble in the plantations, whither he had gone to inquire of the gamekeeper for the dog, how brightly he entered the home, saying, "Well, we have lost the dog, but found a saved soul." And then he went on to tell us what sweet com-

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munion he had held with a stray passer-by, a labouring man, returning from his day's work across the fields to his village home, and who had gladly stayed to converse with him on things *touching the King*, and read a few verses of God's Word together.

"I have done, and shall ever cherish the memory of my visit to your home, and the few hours spent there with your dear father, and the converse I had with him in the meadows. I feel so thankful that I ever knew him personally," wrote one. Whilst another dear friend, who visited him still later, wrote: "To me your dear old home will always be a hallowed spot; that brief visit is indelibly impressed, and will be while life and memory last. I never can be sufficiently grateful to God, for permitting me to share in the sweetness surrounding dear 'G. C.' in his earthly home."

For some time he conducted the overflow Sunday evening services at the school-room during the rebuilding of Trinity Church, Burton-on-Trent, and was presented at the close with a handsome Great Primer type, demy 8vo Prayer Book, "from a few friends, who deeply valued his loving and earnest addresses at Hawkin's Lane."

For five years he conducted the Bible Class held in the vestry of the above church, and later often gave an address at the Young Women's Class, held in our old kitchen, and for a time instituted a Men's Bible Class in a room he had specially fitted up for the purpose.

His influence among the workmen connected with his firm was very marked; they respected him and his principles, and he was beloved by one and all of them. Indeed, in those last invalid days, it was touching to mark the apparent pleasure on every face as he sometimes met them on returning from his drive, as they filed out of the Brewery gates, and respectfully saluted

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him. He would sometimes preside at their meetings and dinners, and never was the gathering complete, in the men's estimation, unless he did so.

He it was, also, who drew attention to the need, first, of a school for the poor little children, and subsequently, of a church in our district, seeing how far the cottagers were from town.

His trustfulness was so sweet and child-like, the hardest of hearts could scarce have dared to deceive him. He knew no such thing as distrust in a person; he never allowed himself to dwell upon the questionable side, nor saw ill in anyone. Nothing upset him sooner than anything like disagreement, and nothing sooner depressed him than when he heard of dissension or quarrelling.

I remember once, when a friend had criticised an action of his somewhat severely and unguardedly, because it was a matter over which my father had no choice but to follow the guiding hand of Providence. On reading the letter, which pained and surprised him, coming from so unexpected a source, he quickly threw it into the fire, never mentioned the matter again, but, from time to time, when they met, were as good friends as before. And now they have met in glory, where, in the light of Emmanuel's Presence, no shade of difference can ever penetrate, nor rankling question come.

How often, when in the natural order of thin gs as is likely to occur in every-day life, he would say, "I felt I *could* have been so irritated to-day, dear, and was just about to utter a hasty word, when grace conquered. 'Grace, Lord, for the grace of silence,' I cried, and He granted it, so that I answered never a word." And his face shone with joy as he repeated another conquest over Satan. And it was often remarked by

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his sons, in half-play and admiration—for, thank God, they were sons whom a father's heart could truly delight in—"You can't make father angry, and if he is upset he soon forgets it."

Oh, it was a daily conquest, a truly sunny life, and his children who arise to call him blessed may well desire its glad memories, its gracious fragrance, to influence their life, and shed its reflex on their pathway.

There were many bright years, intermixed with days of cloud and sorrow, in his last earthly home. It was a sweet and tranquil spot; every path of the old garden sanctified by the prayers of that second Enoch, every room in the house made a very house of God and gate of heaven to that favoured saint of God. There was ever the counterbalance of sorrow, but mercies outweighed their miseries, and affliction sanctified accomplished its work, and from that home two vessels *made meet* ascended to claim their inheritance with the saints in light.

The call home of his dear wife, after many months of suffering, shook his earthly tenement to the very foundations, and neither, indeed, did he really overget it. Those immediately near him noticed at once the difference, nor could they expect it otherwise, after so long and loving an union of forty-seven years.

He sought a change to Clifton immediately after, and was greatly cheered temporarily by the loving sympathy of God's children in that favoured place. During his sojourn there he was also appointed as Editor of his loved *Gospel Magazine*, in place of his dear and oldest friend, Dr. Doudney, much to the joy of the people of God scattered abroad and at home. The letters of congratulation and hearty thanksgiving which poured in at this time were delightfully cheering to him, and would form a precious volume of Gospel

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truth and love in themselves, and thus helped him to bear up under the great sorrow of his life, and in measure salve the wound, which was, however, never really healed.

"I do feel so thankful that I saw your precious father when he was in Clifton, in 1893," wrote one. "I felt then what a heavy burden the *Gospel Magazine* must be to him, following, as it did, so soon upon his life's great sorrow. But oh, how sweetly he took it up! I recall his saintly address, too, in Mary-le-Port Church Rooms, (who that saw and heard him could *ever* forget him?) and I feel so glad to think he knew of so much blessing from time to time in his printed words. How frequently in the *Gospel Magazine* have correspondents written of his timely, comforting words; and, dear friend, I have felt overpowered this month with reading his 'Wayside Notes,' even if one had not known the pathetic circumstances, the beloved writer—then in glory—seeing already 'face to face.' Apart from that, it is a wonderful swan-song, and, reading it, one almost forgets the sighing and the pain, with the anticipation of *there!*"

Thus we saw the work was mercifully ordered, for it gave him fresh interest, and kept his mind from dwelling overmuch on his sorrow, and brought him in loving contact, and largely by correspondence, with many warm friends and adherents. He had little anticipated he would be the one left, for often, by letter and word, he said to me, "I think I shall be the first to slip the cable and enter Port." But it was ordained for him to see his beloved wife laid to rest, to choose the inscription, and see the tombstone erected to her memory; to pass a few busy months writing what proved to be his parting messages to the Church of God; to testify in His name to a favoured corner in the vineyard at

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Leicester, where, time after time, he was lovingly welcomed; and then came the quiet resting-time, ere the call, "Friend, come up higher," came to his willing, waiting heart.

As we stood around his mortal remains, one of his sons, with a voice choked with emotion, said, "If he whom we now look upon for the last time upon earth could speak, he would now be proclaiming, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them that love His appearing.'" True words, indeed, of him who wrote in his book, *Portion, Petition, and Praise*, "One of the specious errors of the day is, that it is heresy for anyone to be assured that they are safe for heaven. Do not listen for a moment, dear reader, to such a lie. It is one of the most consoling, God-honouring truths of the Bible, and which the Lord would have us drink deeply into. Look at the words before us. Oh, what a sweet, yet humble assurance that God's servant would gain God's crown, according to God's promise. Henceforth there is a crown of righteousness *laid up* for you. Yes, for you, dear brother and sister in the Lord, concerning which there is no uncertainty, for the Lord will give it you at the appointed time. When the race is run, when the course is finished, hard as that race may have been, and severe as that course has proved, all is well. The mansion, the harp of gold, the crown of righteousness—all ready, and God making you ready for it. . . . . 'Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.' Oh, these precious words! This divine assurance proclaims our *glorification*—that we shall be among 'the great multitude which no man can number, of all

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nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, who stand before the throne and before the Lamb!' Who can picture the scene of unclouded glory with Jesus? Words fail us. Be it ours to feel that there is no uncertainty in this anticipation. The King of Glory has given His own authority concerning it: 'Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory.'"

But little rest from labour and work was ordained for my dear father. In the midst of activity, when as yet we had scarcely begun to realize the possibility of the "labour and sorrow" which is the general lot of those above three-score years and ten, or of the grasshopper becoming a burden, he was called aside just to rest and wait the heavenly call to come above.

It was a gracious permitting of our God that the last summer should have been a particularly bright and happy one. For the first time in all our outings, the north-east coast was selected, and whilst Bridlington Quay was our headquarters, he fully enjoyed seeing most of the places of interest around, both on the coast and inland. What a sweet picture do I now recall of his sitting side by side that old fisherman on Flamboro' Head, a short account of which meeting he gave afterwards to his readers as follows:—

THE OLD FISHERMAN OF FLAMBORO' HEAD.

STAYING recently at Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire, a drive to Flamboro' Head was proposed. It was a charming morning, the air so pure and breezy, and the dust, which is often inconvenient and unpleasant, was nicely laid by the previous day's rain. The small fishing town of Flamboro' is about four miles from Bridlington Quay, the houses are generally irregularly built and straggling. It appears to be a place of great antiquity, having been a Danish if not a Roman settlement.

Arrived at the hotel on the top of the hill, we wended our way along the road till the promontory, which runs into the sea a considerable distance, and forms one of the most striking features on the eastern coast, burst

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upon us. Leaving one of our dear ones, who was weak, seated on a mound overlooking this grand view, we explored, with the rest of our party, the things of interest in this rocky creek.

Upon our return, our dear one said to us, "Father, that old seaman, sitting on the stile, is a most interesting character. I have been listening to his conversation with a woman, and I am sure he must be a Christian man." Waiting till the old man was alone, I stepped up to him, and, after a courteous salutation, he rose from the step of the stile, and offered me his seat. "Well," I said, "then you must sit on that stone close by." We opened converse by observing what a dangerous coast this appeared to be, and the old fisherman responded, "Yes, indeed, sir. Last November there was a steamer driven ashore at that point, and nineteen lives were lost." We remarked, "What an emblem of life the sea was; sometimes rough, and sometimes calm; sometimes ships wrecked amidst its crested waves, and at other times sailing along in apparent safety." "Yes, indeed, sir," said the old man. "And," I added, "if this be so, and life is fraught with uncertainty, what folly to be living only for time, and not for eternity. How is it with you, friend? Are you all right for the latter?"

The old seaman was a good-looking man, and his countenance beamed with joy, as he responded, "Well, sir, bless the Lord, since He saved me, I have been living for eternity." "Ah! friend, and how was this brought about?" I inquired. "Well, sir, you see I was an ungodly fellow, living in sin, and caring for nothing. One day I was out at sea, with my father and brother, when a big wave struck our boat, which shook from head to stern; and when it spent itself, the thought came over me, here is father, brother, and myself, if we had been washed into the sea we should have all been eternally lost, for not one of us knew anything about God; and I determined, if ever I got to land again, I would henceforth serve Him."

The old fisherman had evidently been brought up under Arminian teaching at the chapel he afterwards told me he always went to; so, to set him right, I said, "Well, but it is evident that God began with you before you desired to serve Him, because you tell me you were an ungodly man till that 'big wave' struck your vessel. You remember what our Redeemer said to Nicodemus, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.' It appears to me it was so with you when you were out at sea, and before you landed."

The old man's face was again brightened with joy as he responded, "Yes, it was so, sir." "Well, then, if so, you have the life of God in your soul—a life which no power on the earth or under the earth can destroy." I further asked, "Then you love your Bible?" He replied, "Yes, sir, but I cannot read a word of it, for, you see, I had no schooling." I inquired, "Then how do you manage?" "Why, my brother,

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who too has been brought to Jesus, reads it to me, and I catch the words, and live upon them. And oh, sir, when a gentleman like you explains the things that you have, I feel such a *boiling up here*" (putting his hand to his breast). "Well," I replied, "this is just in keeping with what our Lord said to the Samaritan woman at the well, whom He saved: 'The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up' (or bubbling up, or, as you say, *boiling up*) 'into everlasting life.'"

And so we went from one point and passage to another, till the old man's face was radiant with joy; and, in spite of all his Arminian phraseology, I believe him to be right at heart, and saved by sovereign grace and glory. "And what is your name, friend?" I said; "and how old are you?" "My name, sir, is James Cross, and I am threescore years and six. "And what are you suffering from that you cannot carry on your calling?" "Well, sir, I am paralyzed on this right side. It came on all at once, when I was out at sea, but the Lord has been very gracious and merciful to me."

Obliged to part, and dropping a coin into the old man's hand, I said, "Well, friend, if we never meet on earth, we shall meet in heaven. God bless you!" He responded, with moistened eyes, "God bless YOU, sir! We shall—we *shall*—meet in heaven."

Charming as the day was, and beautiful and interesting the scenery, the chief charm of our visit to Flamboro' Head was our converse with the old fisherman, whose radiant countenance, lit up with joy in the reception of the truth and the tellings of a Saviour's love, we shall not soon forget.

Ah! what true happiness the real religion of Jesus brings for time and eternity.

And again, of his touching visit to Mr. W. S. Robinson, of Scarboro', whom he met whilst ascending the lovely hill to his house (the visit was an unexpected one) coming towards his house, reading the "Wayside Notes."

At Bridlington he met with several of the Lord's dear people, who encouraged him not a little when they told him what a blessing his writings had been, and I record it with deep thankfulness that he had much sweet and profitable intercourse with the Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, whose well-thought-out sermons give his hearers much to reflect and dilate upon.

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That clergyman has since written :—

"I am greatly distressed to receive the card that tells me your dear father has been called from us. This will indeed be a mournful Christmas for you all, and I beg to send you my deep and sincere sympathy. I took so to your father, and did enjoy my little talks with him. His clear grasp of the truth, and his faithfulness to the truths of God's Word, were so marked and refreshing in these days. To know him was to love him. His zeal and love for God's truth and God's honour was a marked feature of his character."

During his visit, being asked by the Vicar of Holy Trinity to write for his July monthly tract, by which means many thousands are scattered world-wide throughout the year, he penned the following short but precious page on the theme ever uppermost in his heart :—

THE FULNESS OF CHRIST.

WHAT a precious passage is that which tells us concerning Christ, "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily" (Col. ii. 9).

HE IS THE FULNESS OF HIS SPIRITUAL CHURCH—one in Him—"Which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all," the weakest member of which is as dear to Him as the strongest, for "the head cannot say to the feet, I have no need of thee."

HE IS THE FULNESS OF CREATION. "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is Thine."

HE IS THE FULNESS OF THE GOSPEL. No Christ—no Gospel. He is the Fountain Head of truth—yea, He is the Truth Himself, and he who would make full proof of the ministry of the Gospel must preach Christ "All and in all."

HE IS THE FULNESS OF GRACE AND MERCY. "Of His fulness have we all [the members of His mystical body] received, and grace for grace" —grace overabounding—grace for every position of need. Well may we sing, "Oh to grace how great a debtor!"

HE IS THE FULNESS OF DIVINE PRESERVATION. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Why not? "For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." The

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fulness of preservation both of soul and body. Oh, child of God, what hast thou to fear? "He will keep the feet of His saints."

HE IS THE FULNESS OF DIVINE SUPPORT AND SUPPLY. "My God will supply all your need, according to His riches in glory." What is your need? take it to Him. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee"—or, as it may be rendered, "roll it upon Him," and do not carry it away again. Leave thy trial, thy trouble, thy care upon the Lord; put Him to the test on the ground of thy need and His promise: you will ever prove Him to be the Faithful Promiser.

HE IS THE FULNESS OF DIVINE POWER. "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." He is the Omniscient—Omnipotent—Omnipresent God: all the attributes of Jehovah centre in Him. Lastly,

HE IS THE FULNESS OF GLORY. To be with Christ will be heaven. "In whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore."

"Within the veil, before the throne,
Where Jesus lives and reigns,
Each ransomed soul, with joy unknown,
A glorious mansion gains.

"Washed in the Saviour's precious blood,
And justified by grace,
Filled with the fulness of their God,
Received in Christ's embrace."

Thus after visiting Bridlington, Scarborough, Filey, Whitby, Flamboro', and York and Beverley Minsters, did my dear father return home abundantly uttering the memory of His great goodness, and seemingly in the enjoyment of good health and spirits. But no sooner at home and "in harness" again than there appeared a symptom which could not be lightly treated—a warning of paralysis, and by a loss of power, causing a deep distress in the hearts of those to whom he was so exceedingly dear. But we see the mercy. There was no long illness, and no acute suffering was permitted him; only just a gradual giving up of one thing after another. But even this must have been a greater trial than he showed. For one who had been so active, so agile, to have everything brought to him—the very consideration

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of this was deeply felt by those who tended him, whose ready service was ever rewarded with a sweet smile and a gentle, grateful, "*Oh, thank you, dear.*" Thus and thus the Lord gently dealt with His servant. He felt the pins of his tabernacle being taken down, and the realities of eternity fast dawning upon his waiting, desiring soul.

He was sweetly content to have just his own about him, and one or other would never be out of his sight. He suffered little but from restlessness, and that without break, night after night, during the four months. Yet I wonder many times if he felt a growing impatience during these wakeful hours, if so wearisome even to those in health, how much more to an invalid! Almost every night during those weary hours he would pray, "Lord, give me patience."

> "'Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
> Make me teachable and mild;
> Upright, simple, free from art,
> Make me as a weanéd child;
> From distrust and envy free,
> Pleased with all that pleases Thee.'"

"You there, dear?" he would say. "We have been very dear to one another. God help you, dearest. This will be too much for you." And another time, when seeing the emotion which could not always be hidden in his presence, he would say, "I do not want to distress your feelings, dear, but I want to say, after I am gone you must have so-and-so. I want you to know all is in perfect order," &c. And then he would, as it were putting it all aside as done with, break forth again into that sweet spirit of prayer which pervaded his whole being, "Lord of *all* power and might, bless Thy poor servant; abundantly bless, too, his dear children. May they all be children of Thine. They are blessed, and

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shall be blessed more and more," looking as he spoke sweetly happy and serene, and, Jacob-like, wrestling and gaining the promised blessing.

His comfort, confidence, and consolation were great in the God of his salvation. My father was one graciously preserved from doubts and misgivings to any extent, throughout the long course of his spiritual life. "I feel it would be positively wrong *now* to doubt Him about this trial," he said, at the commencement of the illness; and that happy confidence in a God Who can make no mistakes was permitted to continue and abide, so that in spite of mental and physical weakness, and consequently, at times, depression, which, however, was never so protracted nor severe as medical fears might have justified—in spite of all this, no doubt of his safety nor lack of assurance crossed his mind. His wanderings were even happy, and his mind, mostly on the things he loved, would speak forth in the sweet language of Zion; "Come and hear; I *must* tell you the glories of my Christ. O Jesus, I *have* loved Thee so, and Thou hast loved me with an everlasting love. My Christ is my All and in all."

Only at the earlier stage of the illness he had several times spoken of seeking a change, "if it please the Lord that I shall get better. The doctors think I shall, with patience"; for truly then there was a possible hope of recovery. But after that he never spoke of getting well, and it was plain to see, unasked, untold, how earthly things were receding and the glories of eternity fast filling up his heart's best affections and desires. "I long to go and be with Him, but for leaving you," he would say. "What *must* it be to be there! to see my Christ *face to face!* Oh, it is glorious! Don't! I can't bear it," he would weep forth in joyful anticipation.

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I sometimes wonder, and yet I fain would hope, that we who ministered unto such an heir of glory to the very gates of heaven, have rightly valued our privilege. Ofttimes so transfigured with a glory, although without the visible presence of our Christ in the midst, our hearts exclaimed, "Lord, it is good for us to be here"; and no work seemed work, nor labour labour, that was bestowed upon our dear one, so sweetly, patiently, happily waiting all his time, so calm at the prospect of death. Nay, I almost recall the word, for it was indeed the prospect of *life* to him. *Death* and *the grave* he seldom mentioned, and only then to connect it with the journey over Jordan to Canaan's bright inheritance—to life eternal beyond. Indeed, it was remarked by a family friend, whose kindness was unbounded and untiring to the end, that never in the course of his ministerial experience had he been privileged to minister to one living so entirely in Beulah Land.

O Thou glorious and mighty Conqueror, the God of our salvation, Who hast swallowed up death in victory, taken away its sting, and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers; let us, when we come to lay our heads upon the dying pillow, rest in and upon Thy victory, for nothing can really hurt us. We know that we shall have to come to the truth of the words of Scripture, "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment"; but give us to realize the precious truth that, through Thy victory, death to the believer will only be a laying down to rest, and judgment there can be none, for Christ has paid the purchase-money, become our Substitute and Surety, and there is therefore now—ah! even now, and certainly then—"no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Give us faith, dear Lord, to look beyond the grave, beyond the valley, to the time when this corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality, to the fact that when the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who made it, it will be a joyous return indeed. There will be no more pain, nor suffering, nor sighing, nor death there: all will be peace and joy unutterable. To be with Jesus, which is far better, this will constitute the bliss of heaven. Lord of glory, hear and fulfil our earnest desires, for our Redeemer's sake.

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Thus wrote this favoured saint, and truly we can say his prayer was abundantly answered in that day.

From the commencement of his illness in September, we scarcely ever entertained the hope that he would recover, or be permitted to remain long with us below. It was heaven begun in his soul, and at times—shall I say?—almost too good to be with him. The last several articles were penned by my sister or self at his dictation, and those who had the *Gospel Magazine* could not read through that wonderful summing up of the year's work, the Preface, the Editorial, and the "Wayside Notes," without now feeling they were all but inspired, that the beloved one was given to taste then, in part, what he is now enjoying in full measure. His last words were, "*All is well.*" In the Preface we read: "The *henceforth*, beloved, is all right, according to the Covenant; and whether we are spared a little longer on earth to work on, or called up to the Heavenly Home, *all is well.*"

During his illness his delight was to preach for the hour together; and, among his last exhortations, many times he prayed that his imaginary hearers might be kept firm to the old paths, that preachers might be faithful to their high calling, and that young men might yet be raised up to the sacred privilege of preaching the Gospel. And in his Editorial piece for the same month, under the title of "Preaching the Gospel—a God-appointed and Abiding Power to the End of Time," a faithful protest is written against Ritualism and Romanism, and the Christ of God exalted as the only means by which men may be saved, and saints edified and built up in their most holy faith. And then I recall his many sweet words which told our hearts that he was soon to be taken from us. The mellowness of his

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conversations, the rapid ripening for glory, the sweet foretastes within the veil with which he was oft favoured, spoke to us. The shock of corn was fast ripening for the heavenly garner, and now his own words in "Way-side Notes," under the title, "The Work of the Sickle," we know are verified. "In conclusion, we would say, beloved, we know not how soon the work of the sickle may cut us down, and carry us to God's garner. But all is well, and in its contemplation we can sing—

> "O glorious change! O blissful hour!
> Where sin and death can never come;
> Where God shall wipe all tears away,
> And night be lost in endless day."

My words are, however, inadequate to give but a faint picture of the glorious scenes which his own circle have been permitted to pass through. One word was uppermost in our minds—*Victory*. A more triumphant entry into glory surely never saint of God had, and it was the more remarkable as it was contrary to all fears and even medical anticipations. The disease from which he suffered would, in the ordinary course of things, have been accompanied with gloom, depression, and irritability; but never once was this permitted to be the case at the end.

In his wanderings, too, he was always happy and smiling, and nothing ever once passed his lips to distress those around him. No; those who were privileged thus to journey with him, as it were, to the very gates of the celestial city—to watch the sweet face reflect the beams of glory as he received the sure token which bid him haste to be gone—as Bunyan says, "The token was an arrow, with a point sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she

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must be gone," saw nothing but gladness, contentment, and joy.

And then afterward, such a sight of death one never could have anticipated nor imagined. Dignity and nobility stamped his features in that last long sleep. The appearance was quite all that was statuesque beauty. The hand laid across the breast, as in life; the calm, settled, heavenly smile was beyond anything imagined in death; his sweet face smiling in the reflection of that Sun of Righteousness which should never set. All trace of earth's pains and struggles had faded for ever, and a peaceful look of eternal rest entranced and riveted one to the scene from which all sadness and sorrow were for ever removed *for him*, and over which that one word, *Victory*, seemed inscribed, for—

> "Call it not death, its sting is gone;
> 'Tis but accession to a throne."

So that our hearts sang, in spite of nature's sorrow—

> "That resurrection word,
> That shout of victory
> Once more, 'For ever with the Lord.'
> Amen! so let it be."

From time to time his sayings were heavenly, and many such as the following were gathered up, as fragments too good to be lost, but handed down to the Church of God on earth, as the last, most acceptable legacy of him whom they had so greatly and justly loved:—

"Pray for me, for grace and patience and submission. I do not want to murmur."

"I am dwelling much upon that sweet word, 'Face to face.' Oh to gaze upon Him, see Him 'face to face,'

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without a veil between! Now it is 'through a glass darkly,' as in a riddle; but oh when I see Him face to face!"

"I am full; the casket cannot contain all my love. If I hear Him spoken of or sung of, I must weep. I cannot refrain. I am full to overflowing with love."

"I often think of dear Ormiston when I first spoke to him of his affliction, and desire to say the same of mine, '*God is love.*'"

"Oh the humiliation of taking down this poor clay tabernacle! But for my dear ones, I have no desire but to be with Him, and my precious one already there."

Whilst helping to raise him one day, he stooped forward and said, "There, that's 'face to face,' and I can kiss you; but what is that to 'face to face' with Jesus?" and, with a voice tremulous with emotion, he added, "and 'He has kissed me with the kisses of His mouth' many times."

"I never saw it in this light before—'And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.' That is, love. You see, while faith is swallowed up in sight, hope in fulfilment, love abides in Jesus, who is thus greatest of all."

"I have just been saying of my Bible, 'And this will not be there.' No; I shall not need this yonder—that which has taught me, through the sealing of the Spirit,

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all I know of a precious Christ; but presently I shall not need to look through the glass of the Word, for I shall see Him as He is, the Sum and Substance of it, 'face to face.'"

"A few weeks ago, whilst walking in the lane, I had such a glimpse of Heaven opened to me, that I longed then and there to be transported above."

At midnight, on October 3rd, he woke, saying, "I have been preaching to a group from those words, 'O how I love Thy law!' Yes, Lord, I *do* love Thy law; 'it *is* my meditation day and night.'"

After getting to bed, weary and tired, he said, "I have had such a nice invitation, 'Come unto Me, all ye that weary, and are heavy-laden,' and I have said, 'Lord, I *am* weary and burdened, and I *do* come to Thee for rest.'"

"Lord, quiet this froward heart of mine, for nature does feel this humbling and taking down of the poor clay tabernacle."

On October 7th, Lord's Day evening, Genesis xxxii. was read at his request, when he said, "Yes, I am a Jacob. He has touched my thigh, but I am asking Him for a blessing out of it."

In the night he said, "When brought so low, our communion seems to be nearer, and we may use our dear Lord's own words without presumption, although

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His were in a far higher sense, and I have been telling my Lord, 'O righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee, *but I have known Thee.*'"

He had been reminded of the promise, "The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace"; and when, later in the day, a very signal mercy was shown him, and a matter of considerable anxiety overcome without our interference or knowledge, he was overwhelmed, and constantly said, "Bless the Lord for all His mercies. He *is* good; more than I deserve."

At this time he dwelt very strongly on revealed religion, and desired to write much more than he was able on the subject, after reading the autobiography of Miss Frances Cobbe, who said she did not believe in any such thing. (Readers of the *Gospel Magazine* will recall his article for February, entitled, "Divine Revelation the Quintessence of True Religion.")

On October 13th E. and L. W. were with us, and the former read one of Mr. Irons' sermons, on the text, "I will bring the third part through the fire," which he (the dear invalid) enjoyed, and said was as "choice gold."

On the 21st one of Newton's sermons was read to him on the Person and Glory of Christ, which he much enjoyed, and said afterwards, "I couldn't help putting in my claim, and there is our position, dear, 'When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.'"

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At bedtime, in bidding him good-night, he said, "God bless you, dear, and reward you for all you are doing for me. God bless you: yea, He *will;* yea, He *must*, for He has promised it."

Quoting "Good when He gives, supremely good," and reading Psalm cvii. to him, he said, "Precious, precious!" During the night his voice was often uplifted in prayer—"Praise Him, Praise Him, Lord of all power and might," &c.

The Lord's Day, October 28, was a very happy one. He enjoyed the reading of another of Newton's Sermons, sweetly responding to it. Then followed, verse by verse, the reading of Hebrews ii., and the singing of some of the songs of Zion. And who that ever heard his sweet voice joining in the singing of hymns, whether congregational or leading his family in the home, will ever forget the fervour and heavenliness of it! Ofttimes it was overwhelming, and there were some hymns so dear to his heart that we scarce dare venture upon, knowing it would be too much for him, even in the days of his health.

November 2nd, in the night, quietly and almost inaudibly, he said, "Lord, bless my dear ——, and give me submission and patience." "Clinging grace! that's a precious thought, dear—clinging, winging, singing grace." "Bless me, O my Father, *for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.*" *All* his prayers were ended thus. It was so sweetly solemn, and his voice so hushed, as if on holy ground, when he repeated the words.

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About this time the first sign of failure of memory showed itself, and the brain lost much of its power. A few lines were written, at his dictation, on "Snowflakes and Sunshine," but he soon wearied, and said, "I cannot think. You write an article on communion, dear." "'Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth.' Ah! they don't know that secret, but I *have* kissed Him many times."

November 5th, he was very depressed through restlessness, and in the night, at two a.m., whilst having his pillows re-arranged, he said, with a choking voice, "I wouldn't have believed it! no word from the Lord; no bright shining; all deadness, coldness, and rebellion, and peevishness and impatience." But on reminding him of the promise, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice," "Yes," he said, "'When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold,' but I want His shining now." He then lay back, repeated, sentence by sentence, the Lord's Prayer, and afterwards fell into a peaceful sleep.

Sunday evening, the 11th, a few thoughts on Revelation xix. 6, were written at his dictation, but the mind soon became weary, and he gave up for that time, exclaiming, "What a sight it will be to see Him we love!"

On November 17th he sang, softly,

"Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given
More happy but not more secure
The glorified spirits in Heaven."

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November 18th a few fresh thoughts on "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," were added to his article. They breathed the very atmosphere of prayer, begging God to help him to write, and pour him out a blessing —to give communion, and he seemed greatly cheered and comforted that he had been enabled to dictate about two pages of manuscript. Then during the night he awoke so cheerfully that it was remarked to him, "You have had a good night, dear;" to which he replied with such joy, "Yes, and better still, such sweet communion. He has given me a subject, and now, as long as I can write, I shall remain Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*." (This cessation from writing had been a great sorrow to him, and his attempt to collect a few thoughts, without much success, very sad to witness.) "He *has* poured me out a blessing; and don't you think this subject a sweet one," he continued, "Salvation asserted—'I will write My laws in their hearts.' Salvation ratified by God the Holy Ghost, and Heaven satisfied, and the Eternal Three glorified?" In the morning, however, all recollection of the subject had faded from his memory.

Hawker's Portion was read to him, upon the words, "Zaccheus, made haste and came down." The portion commenced with "Precious Jesus!" which melted him, and he said, with upraised hand, "*My* precious Jesus!" Then at the end he said, "What a sweet subject, dear, that has given me to think upon—a seeking sinner and a seeking Saviour."

Many wearisome days and unconscious hours were passed at this time, and he scarcely did anything but show his love and gratitude to those around for any little attention paid him, keeping us close to him, hand

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in hand, yet so gentle and uncomplaining. Once he awoke to clear consciousness, and, as though his end were nearing, said, "'Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.' I have tried to write, dear, but that must all be left now. I know not, but He knows. You must have nothing to worry about—all is clear and settled. I thought we could have written a little more on our text, but I cannot think now." And then, after giving me many instructions, &c., he said, "He has answered *all*, yea, the last of my petitions, and I feel at rest. It was no small honour to have succeeded such men as Toplady, and Rowe, and Doudney, and the Editorship has brought us into loving contact with many of God's dear children—now *all* that is over. All our times are appointed." When conversing on the Lord's "doubles"—the two lives—he said, "The life that now is, and the life that is to come. I can't think, dear," he said. "But God can for you," he was reminded. "I know the thoughts that I think towards you, thoughts of peace and not of evil" (and he completed the words), "*to give you an expected end.*" Continually he begged me not to leave him, holding my hand, and desiring to sit nearer to me. He spoke of the dear absent son across the seas, and wished he could see him; and many other little matters, which so clearly showed how desirous he seemed of completing everything. Then he said, "I only want my own now—no worldly society, I've done with all that. Everything is settled; you will find all in order. How rightly timed are all things for us. The dear mother taken safely home before this came!"

November 25th, after a good and clear night, he awoke so happily, saying, "You won't leave me,

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dearest; I want you. Oh, this humiliation! Oh, the putting off of mortality—the taking down of this poor clay tabernacle!" But when reminded of the glorious putting on of immortality, he wept aloud, and said, "Oh, don't, I can't bear it. It's glorious! it's too glorious to think of, that I shall see Him face to face after all this."

The following Sabbath evening was a peaceful scene; the dear invalid so happy and calm, reading and being read to, and then singing some sweet hymns from memory, one of which was a great favourite, "Sweet is the work, my God, my King"; and at the last verse,

> "Then shall I see, and hear, and know
> All I've desired, or thought below,"

he was completely overcome of joy.

Talking with the Rev. —— over his Bible, his face verily shone as he read passage after passage. "There has been inward peace. No great things to boast of; no very bright shining to-day, but a grasping of the certainties of real religion. What a sum this seems, this precious Word, 'God is our Refuge and Strength.' Without sorrow, we should not know the height and depth of joy. I got a little glimpse into that depth of wisdom last night."

Some days here followed very much alike—very little shining or manifestation, unable to hear much of the Word read, yet such seekings were his desire, and often we caught the cry, "'Oh that I knew where I might find Him! I would order my cause before Him,'" &c. "'Pleased with all that pleases Thee,' dear Lord," was

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whispered in such a tender, pleading tone, so full of humble dependence. "Lord, I *do* want contentment"; and yet we never saw the reverse, he was ever so content and uncomplaining. He conversed very sweetly with his sons, nephew, and friends who severally came to see him, and seemed fully alive to his state. "I am so weary," he said one evening; "I 'have compassed this mount long enough'; and oh, how I long to compass the mount of glory, the mount of joy—of *joy*—think of it!" He then joined me in singing the hymn, "Sweet is the work, my God, my King"; and then he repeated two verses of "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove," almost inaudibly, but as a prayer simply between himself and his God.

On the last afternoon that he was up, his head began to ache and throb most violently, and there was every symptom of an approaching seizure. Whilst applying speedy remedies, amid all his sufferings, he continually kissed me, and looked so lovingly at me, evidently thinking the end was at hand, whilst he said, "This is the joyous first-fruits. 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. Let him that heareth say, Come.'" And after he had repeated these words several times, he said—oh, so solemnly—"'*Even so, come, Lord Jesus.*'"

To a dear godly person who attended him during the last fortnight, he said, "'I *cannot* sink with such a prop.' God's peace passeth *all* understanding.

> "'Yes, I to the end shall endure,
> As sure as the earnest is given.'"

A dear sister who had all along shared the nursing with me heard him during the night say, "The Lord bless *all* my dear children. The Lord bless them, and keep them, and make His face to shine upon them, and be merciful unto them." And when she said, "You

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must long for a little sleep, dear father," he replied, "I long for the glories of eternity."

The next night he was ofttimes humming a hymn, and able to get scarcely any sleep during the whole night, and yet his mind seemed always to rest in divine things, and enabled him to be so happy. Quite aloud he sang—

"'With Christ in the vessel,
I'll *smile* at the storm.'"

With upraised eyes he said, "'Who is the King of Glory?'" and as the verses were repeated, he quoted them word for word. It was remarked to him, "You are longing to see the King in His beauty, dearest." "I *do* long to see Him," he replied. "My precious Saviour, how I long to see Thee; I can't tell it here; I must be with Thee to tell it. It is too good to be below. *My precious, precious* Jesus!" And when it was said to him, "You will have a new song to sing there, and to tell of His goodness without break; your mansion is *prepared* for you." "*And for you too*, my precious," he replied. "'Amazing grace, how sweet the sound'; Jesus Christ came to save sinners. Precious Jesus! oh how great is His lovingkindness."

His eyes wandered to a text which had been given him, and when it was said, "You are looking for your promise, dear, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' and you have proved Him true, have you not?" "Yes, I have proved Him nearly to the end. He promises, and He performs. He would not be God Almighty if He could not do as He says." To those around him he said, "Thou art blessed, and *shall* be blessed, yea, *more* and *more*."

After a wearisome night of discomfort, he said, with such a troubled expression, and so plaintively, "Tell me,

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dear, I am not deceived, am I? Tell me the doctrines I have loved and held are right. I would not deceive myself nor others." And to the reply, that God's oath was as unalterable as it was faithful, he seemed comforted, and said, "He has been my All in all. Jesus, precious Jesus!"

To Mrs. B——, "We can't crush the Spirit's work out"; and when she quoted, "Part of the host have crossed the flood," &c., he said, "Yes, and they are no longer cramped as we are." He asked for some hymns to be sung on this evening, and seemed to enjoy tracing the words of several well-known ones. Then later he said to Mrs. B——, "Read about 'No more pain,' for I am not *there*, for I have pain. Call them all—it's glorious! it's the consummation of all! You will be there. You *must* be there to know it all." And then he requested those with him to repeat the *last* verse of "Peace, perfect peace," following them word by word—

"'It is enough! Earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus calls us to Heaven's perfect peace.'"

At this time hemorrhage had set in, and he must have suffered greatly from pain and exhaustion, had not the Lord most mercifully caused the mind to become partially clouded, so that amid all the weariness and discomfort he ever had the same sweet smile for each, and ever-ready gratitude for all that was done for him. With a daughter and daughter-in-law who had come from a distance, he conversed so brightly, yet seemed quite to realize his end was very near. "This is a solemn crisis. I *do* desire to be kept from irritability and impatience. I want you to write it down for them while I can think. Tell it to them all, It is done; it is finished; and," with his hand upraised, "saved *by* Christ, safe *in* Christ. He is all light; here there is darkness—

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part here and part there—but union: one family, one Church, the true Church; no ritualism, no sacerdotalism." Later, again he took my face between his dear hands and said, so solemnly, "I want you to arrange for all the family to have communion here to-morrow with me. Can it be so, dear?" Knowing how very ill he was, I said, "We will hope so, dear, if you wish it; but, any way, you will ere long drink it anew in your Father's kingdom." To which he replied, "Yes, that is best. The Lord Jesus is our Minister. Let us pray together, dear. God bless you, and keep both you and me right, for I do not want to be deceived."

Through another most distressing night of constant hemorrhage, during which time he only slept for one half-hour, he preached at great length, just as though he had a large number of hearers before him, and with his hand upraised, and sweetly smiling, he spoke many precious truths: "I want to show you the glories of my Christ. I *must* tell you of His righteousness. I want to show you the difference between man's free will and God's free grace. Let men know of Jesus' blood and righteousness," &c.; and as though he had so much to tell, this preaching continued nearly all the next day, whilst at intervals we caught the following: "Christ Jesus, He is my All and in all. I have no other hope. He has been faithful to me. O Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. Christ has been very precious to me; *very* precious. O precious Lamb of God! He has led me through the fight. I thought I was passing away last night, and I saw you *all* redeemed, and I was among the number—my dear ones in Christ. All is well. He has been faithful to me and mine. Farewell, Mr. B——; may the Lord grant you an abundant entrance into His kingdom when His time comes. I am satisfied with Jesus as my Saviour, and I know He has saved

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me. I am satisfied with the religion I have professed. I am satisfied with all the Lord has done for me. Write this to them. I die satisfied with the Lord's leadings and dealings, and can now say, Come, Lord Jesus, come and take me home."

"Dear Dr. Doudney! I have enjoyed many happy days with that dear man of God, and when he went my heart fainted within me. Such men are pillars in the Church, and we need them. Write what I believe will be my parting words. I am very ill, but I want to say, God's faithful servants must be very anxious about the matter. Let them pray in earnest that they may be more faithful. God has been with me all through my life and this is His hour. He has been with me, true to His promise—with me in all my spiritual labours. These are my two favourite words, faithfulness to Christ, and fidelity to the cause of Christ. He gives peace at the end, and *I see how* all things are shaping themselves according to His will."

Thus he passed hour after hour, communing and soliloquizing with and of His God, that it was overpowering to us who stood by; with eyes upraised, and hand, too, just as he was wont when in the pulpit, he talked so lovingly to and of his Lord. Then he would look around and say, "I thought I was going home to-day; I am nearly there. Let *all* my dear ones ascend to the mercy-seat with me. I long to be with my precious Lord Jesus Christ. But let us ascend in prayer. Let us all meet, and pray our last prayer together." His lips moved, as if in prayer, but we were unable to catch the words, except the end, "For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen," in a touchingly sweet and solemn tone.

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When he was reminded, "You will soon meet dearest mother in glory," "Yes, *all*, and my dear Lord I shall see face to face. Nothing satisfies here. But I have had such a sweet feast before me to-day. 'My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.'"

Again the restlessness increased, and he said, "I am very ill; I shall soon be Home. I needn't write any more, need I, dear?" And when he was reminded that his testimony had been fully given, and that he would soon have his longing granted, and be with Christ, *for ever*, he whispered—

> "'Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
> Not till then, how much I owe.'"

"'O come, ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul.' All the way He has led me through the wilderness—*no other way*. The longer we live, the closer is the way. Come now, dear friends; all things are now ready. We shall soon be home. He must give us faithfulness to glorify Him. Only a few more nights, and then we shall see our glorious Lord; and the more I know of Him below, the less I want of earth. Let us keep the eye fixed on Jesus."

During the night, exhausted as he was, the restlessness continued, and at 3.30 he was becoming very ill, and said so. "I feel so faint, dear. I feel like passing away. Let me take hold of you, dearest. Oh, *how* I have loved you, but now I am leaving you. Say Psalm ——" and as it was imagined he wished for the twenty-third, it was repeated to him, when he said, "Let me lean on Thy strong arm, Lord Jesus. Be with me in the valley even unto the end. Lift up the blinds, dear, *and let it be sunshine all the way*. Lord, I *have*

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loved Thee so! Thou wilt not forsake me now. God bless you, my dear! May there be union and communion with me, my dear ones, and the Lord."

The day and night following he was unconscious, and his articulation was becoming very indistinct through partial paralysis of the throat, so that we lost many of his utterances; but at 8.30 a.m. he roused suddenly, and said, "*All is well!*" and with upraised eyes, as though he desired to pray, he commenced, "*O God,*" and paused. "You will soon be beyond all need of prayer. You will see your Lord face to face, and you *have* loved Him so!" was said to him, to which he responded, "Yes, I *have!*" so joyously. One fervent, long, parting embrace, by his own request, and he scarcely roused again all day. The end—nay, I would rather say, the beginning—of life came at a quarter to eleven that night, and then—Victory!

It seemed one long triumph. That resurrection song of victory sounds in our ears; and when we think of that face, triumphant in peace, smiling in death, gloriously serene and noble, happier even than in life's sleep, because heaven in its fulness was already realized, —when we think of all this *for him*, we joy over all our sorrow, and by faith follow him, looking for and hasting unto that time when, reunited amid that glorious throng of the redeemed multitude around the throne, we shall join them in that song of glad victory, "Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

Thus lived and thus died, or rather, thus entered into life eternal, George Cowell, the "Wayside Notes" Writer, a man *greatly beloved*, and highly honoured of his God.

We have seen how the grace of God shone in him.

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He was an ornament to the Church of God. Once having been brought to acknowledge the doctrines of God's free and sovereign grace, he never swerved, but was enabled by them to hold fast the profession of his faith without wavering unto the end. Sent to accomplish a great work, he worked untiringly, zealously, lovingly; and after a long life of glorifying his Lord whom he so loved, he finished his course with joy, and an entrance was ministered unto him abundantly unto the kingdom of his Lord and Saviour, where the King has fulfilled His royal mandate for him, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am." The servant is with his Master, a son beloved at home, "*most blessed for evermore.*"

Amid a *great stillness* which came over the Church at his removal, the mortal remains of this favoured servant of God were laid to rest in the Burton-on-Trent Cemetery, on the 21st of December, 1894. "Nature's shortest day, but the dawning of the eternal day," as one who was present said. A holy calm pervaded the services of that day. Men of all creeds and sections of society had gathered themselves together to pay the last tribute of respect to one so universally beloved and honoured, and the prayer went up from many a heart present, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

The resting-place had been but nineteen months before chosen by the one who was so soon to be laid there also, for the remains of his beloved wife; and there together their bodies rest until the Resurrection morn. The text that he had chosen for her tombstone seemed doubly complete, and, linking their names together, we now read, "And *they* shall be Mine in that day, saith the Lord of hosts, when I make up My jewels"; whilst the verse he had desired to be inscribed after his name

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testifies to the sum total of all his hope, in the efficacious blood and finished work of Christ, his Lord and Saviour.

"A monument of grace,
A sinner saved by blood,
The streams of love I trace
Up to the Fountain—God;
And in His sacred bosom see
Eternal thoughts of love to me."

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IN MEMORIAM.—"G. C."

"*Gathered to his people.*"—GENESIS xxv. 8.

"GATHERED." Yes, not torn with violence,
By a foeman's ruthless hand,
From his sphere of holy labour
In this sin-defilèd land.

"Gathered," not to throngs of strangers,
Hard and cold as moonlight clear;
"Gathered" to his own loved people,
To his spirit kindred dear.

"Gathered" to the saints unnumbered,
Who o'ercame through Jesus' might;
Who now wear the crowns of glory,
And the robes of snowy white.

"Gathered" to the faithful servants,
Resting after brief employ,
Resting in the Master's presence,
Sharing His eternal joy.

"Gathered" to the happy children,
In the "Father's house" above,
Where each heart is ever gladdened
With the sunshine of His love.

"Gathered" by the King Immortal,
Set a-near His wounded side;
Changed into His glorious image,
With Him, like Him, *satisfied.*

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IN MEMORIAM.—MR. GEORGE COWELL.

WE do not grieve that they have reached
That which we hope for day by day;
That their weak arms no more are stretched
To God in some huge agony.
We bless our God for each one taken,
Where life and peace remain unshaken.

Think you his spirit has regret
Because of some unwritten thought?
Or hovers where his mourners sit,
In bitterness with anguish fraught?
No; it is rest, and rest for ever,
To such when soul and body sever.

And so we leave him with his God—
That God who taught him all he knew;
That God from Whose unchanging Word
Our sustenance so long he drew;
Glad at our hearts that Christ is reaping
His harvest which was sown with weeping.

But many a feeble hand will shake,
And many an aching heart will sigh,
On learning that his "Wayside Notes"
Have once for all from earth gone by:
And honest grief wet many a pillow
At home, and out upon the billow.

For he has touched the sorest spots
In human hearts with tender skill;
And oh, the circumstantial blots
His pen has rendered bearable!
And in what lives the echo lingers
Of music wakened by his fingers

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O man of God, farewell, farewell:
Not for thy soul's repose we pray;
What balm could on our spirits dwell,
If cleansing fires were thine to-day?
And what the strength of Calvary's merit,
If woe still waits the ransomed spirit?

Sweet shall thy memories be; and sweet
The heritage thy children take;
Their anxious need may many meet,
Who love them for their father's sake:
And thy strong cryings be rewarded,
When their last moments are recorded.

Galleywood. M. A. CHAPLIN.

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CHAPTER XII.

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

GOD'S PROVISION OF MANNA.—Exodus xvi.

Sets forth, I. Trinity. II. Type. III. Trust. IV. Triumph.

I. Trinity—

i. Caused it to rain from heaven; ii. To decay; iii. To be kept. (1) Jehovah the Father provided His Son from heaven; (2) God the Son, Manna itself; (3) God the Holy Ghost, the dew upon the ground.

II. Type—Its character—

i. Small—Humiliation. ii. White—Purity. iii. Round—Perfection. iv. Sweet—Precious. v. It came from heaven, so did Christ. vi. It had to be prepared to be rendered available. vii. The people were asleep when it fell. viii. They had to stoop to obtain it. ix. Some were not satisfied with its simplicity. x. They were not to find it in the field on the Sabbath. xi. It was furnished without money and without price. xii. They were suffered to hunger ere they obtained it.

III. Trust—

i. There was a portion for each. ii. It was given them to humble and prove Israel, that they

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might know "I am the Lord," in token of their deliverance from Egypt.

IV. Triumph—

i. Day by day. ii. It ceased not till they entered Canaan. Joshua v. 12.

"The little foxes that spoil the vines."—Song Sol. ii. 15.

It does not mean that any power can destroy the spiritual life of a child of God. The vine may be stripped, &c., of leaves and fruit, but the root is right. Root one thing—fruit another. See Hab. iii. 17.

Subject.—We want not merely to describe these foxes, but if possible, to root them out.

i. Foxes are active creatures. ii. Foxes are crafty. iii. Foxes lurk in holes. vi. Foxes abound in Palestine.

There are great foxes as well as little.

I. There is the great fox of unbelief, which craftily creeps into the soul, but let us sing it away. "Begone, unbelief," &c.

II. There is the great fox of heart rebellion. We say, "What is the use of prayer? God's ways are so perplexing."

III. There is the great fox of assault and temptation. Satan—"seeketh whom he may devour."

IV. There is the great fox of the sins and corruptions of our nature ever rising. "Sins that do so easily beset us."

V. There is the great fox of the errors of the day. It is said that the fox often feigns to be domesticated.

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Then some of these little foxes are—

i. Of unsanctified tempers. ii. Of earthly care. iii. In the sanctuary. iv. Pride of heart. v. Little worries of life.

How can we get rid of them? Look to the Lord. Pray much. And may the Lord prevent everything hurtful from hindering the tender grapes from bringing forth much "fruit unto God."

PAUL A PRISONER AT ROME.—Philippians iv. 19.

Prison walls cannot curb man's thoughts or crush a spirit-taught soul. Notable instances—John Bunyan, Samuel Rutherford. Paul and Silas. Result, Prison experience. Bonds. Rejoices in their stability. "He that hath begun."

In the Epistles expresses—

i. That they may be confirmed in the faith.

ii. Encourages them to walk worthy of the Gospel.

iii. Warns them against seducers; and,

iv. Desires that the Holy Ghost may quicken them, and sums up with the words of our text, "But my God."

I. An appropriating faith, "My God."

II. Faith's assurance, "will supply"—

III. Life supplies, "all."

IV. The golden treasury, "riches in Christ."

V. Secret cause of all, "by Christ Jesus."

I. An appropriating faith—"My God."

May have lofty comprehension, not enough. "Aspire, my soul," &c.

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1. Ruth to Naomi. 2. Nehemiah—"Think of me, my God," &c. 3. Isaiah—"My soul," &c. 4. Daniel—"My God," &c. 5. Thomas—"My Lord," &c. 6. Mary—"Rabboni, Master!" &c. 7. Christ—"I ascend," &c.

Martin Luther said that the pith of the Bible is its personal pronouns.

II. Faith's assurance, "*will* supply." Faith's positives precious, God's positives more so—

i. By virtue of the Covenant of grace. ii. In fulfilment of His promises. iii. To glorify His great name.

Faith gets at low ebb, "Art thou He who —— look we for another? He who had preached, pointed, proclaimed, bare witness to the work. "Go, tell John," &c. Again—

III. Life supplies, "All your need"; wants legion. Comfort God's own creating.

i. Fresh discoveries of Jesus. ii. More grace. iii. More light and wisdom, iv. More strength. v. Pardon sealed home. vi. Comfort. vii. Daily food.

IV. The Golden Treasury—Glorious riches, and His riches in glory. For our sakes became poor, now rich.

Fulness—Godhead. Creation. Providence. Power. Promises. Supply. Grace. Glory.

Riches in glory, Ascension. The three openings—

i. "Opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers," in fulfilment of that sublime passage and prophecy, "Lift up your heads," &c. ii. Opened a way to the throne of grace. iii. Opened out His fulness. iv. Opened my heart and yours to receive.

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Present Position.—Standing. Intercessor. Advocate. Interested Spectator. Giver of gifts. Herald. Welcomer home.

V. Secret cause of all. "By Christ." Oh, to honour Him more, &c.

THE NARROW WAY.—Matt. vii. 14.

The many men-made roads to heaven. Duty way. Round of services. Only one way, and that a narrow.

I. Narrow, because by nature man cannot attain to it; see 18th verse. Must be born again; all of grace.

II. Because the way is narrow, it requires an Almighty hand to guide into it. Not merely guide but keep.

III. The way is so narrow that a man must be stripped ere he could enter it. The dream; small door or aperture in Heaven.

"Nothing in my hands I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

Stripped.

IV. The way is narrow, so that we can only walk in it with one Friend. Trodden alone; Christ did the winepress. It is a secret way; "that the vulture's eye hath not seen." Face death alone.

V. Narrow, because often hedged up with difficulties.

The contrast—

Christian's way a narrow way. Professor, broad way; see 22nd and following verses.

The strait gate, Christ Himself, who asserts, "I am the door" (John x. 7-9).

The way of the ungodly is broad, smooth, easy; agreeable to flesh and blood.

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The contrast; see 21st verse.

The way is so narrow we must dare to be singular in treading it; "Come out, and be ye separate."

The way is narrow; there must be no turning to the right hand or to the left—witness Olympic Games.

The narrow way, narrow as it is, expands into the breadth of eternal glory.

IMPORTANCE OF BEING CERTAIN.

"For there."—1 Cor. x. 13.

I. If a believer, why not sure of salvation?

II. If saved, why not happy?

I. If a believer, why not sure?—

1. "If" is an ugly word and God-dishonouring.
2. Has the call to others no interest to you?
3. Have you no heart for God's Word?
4. Is prayer never outpoured?
5. Do you wait on the ministry of the Word?
6. Do you love the Lord and His people?

Not sure—

1. Because of the lack of an appropriating faith.
2. Not passed through law work, or it is possible to dwell even too much on law work.
3. Because of the temptations of Satan.

The text meets all this. 1. Taken you. 2. Common. 3. Way of escape. The Lord knoweth the days of His people—their days of trial; distress; doubt; affliction; suffering.

II. If saved, why not happy?—

1. Because still in the flesh, and yet sighing for the things that are not of the flesh.

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2. Because craving fellowship with Christ, and He seems hidden.
3. Because of painful surrounding, without and within.
4. Because on earth, and not in heaven.

Remedy—Great Physician. Take four looks.

1. Look to the divine faithfulness of God.
2. Look off everything to Christ.
3. Look to the Covenant of grace.
4. Look to the mystical body of Christ.

PERSONAL REALIZATION OF A PRECIOUS CHRIST.

John iv. 8.

"For His disciples," &c. Alone with Jesus. Personal experience. Mark of real religion. Not external, internal.

Subject—Contact of Saviour with sinner.

Context—"Needs go through Samaria."

Matthew x. 5. Twelve disciples appointed, sent forth; commanded, saying, "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not." Why?

I. The Saviour "wearied."

II. The character of the woman.

III. The revelation of Christ to her soul.

IV. The results of that revelation.

I. The wearied Saviour. "Wherefore when He cometh into the world he saith, Sacrifice and offering

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Thou wouldest not, but a body hast Thou prepared Me." Like unto ours.

Do we hunger? so did Jesus.
Do we thirst? so did Jesus.
Have we pain? He suffered.
Do we weep? Jesus wept.
Are we weary? He was weary with His journey.

II. The character of this woman brings out sovereign grace and mercy in saving her.

i. Isolated. ii. Impenitent. iii. Ignorant. iv. Immoral. v. Idolatress.

III. Revelation of Christ; as in case of Mary Magdalen, was personal.

IV. Results—

i. She leaves her water-pot. ii. She runs and tells the good news to her neighbours. iii. She proclaims Christ to be the great Searcher of hearts. iv. She acknowledges Him to be the true Messiah.

Lesson—If saved, spread the name and fame of Jesus. Tell to others.

"Now therefore are we all here."—Acts x. 33.

Acts of the Apostles, rather Acts of the Holy Spirit. Prove this point.

The interesting narrative. Scene laid in Cesarea and Joppa.

Lesson—

I. Deep necessity of the power of Holy Ghost. II. God preparing His servant to bring about His merciful purpose. III. What did this sheet repre-

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sent? Church of God. Mark, it was let down. Four corners. God knowing the street. Remove Jewish prejudices. Warned against creature idolatry. Great results.

The Text—"Now therefore." Christ the Sum and Substance of salvation. Surrounding.

Things that are commanded by God to be preached—

I. Grand doctrine of the Trinity—is proclaimed in the first chapter of Genesis and last chapter in the Book; in the Manna; Baptism of our Lord; the three Parables, &c.

II. Divine Sovereignty basis of all. Plan and purpose.

III. Covenant of Grace.

IV. Doctrine of the Fall.

V. The glorious doctrine of Election. Redemption.

VI. Justification and Sanctification.

VII. Imputed Righteousness.

VIII. Union with Christ. Hepbzibah—"My delight is in her." Beulah—Married.

The Gospel brought home by the Holy Spirit.

Regeneration — Cry. Call. Clinging. Company. Conflict.

The grace bringing home. Final perseverance of the saints.

Ground—

i. Covenant of Grace. ii. Death and ascension of Christ. iii. Work of the Spirit. iv. God's faithfulness. v. Testimony of Christ. vi. Intercession of Christ.

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THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

"First the blade," &c.—Mark iv. 28.

Apostle James well called the practical preacher. First bishop of Jerusalem. His weighty words ask "What is your life?" &c.

Key to our meditation—

I. Natural life.

II. Spiritual life and its development, "First the blade," &c.

III. Eternal! Everlasting! The Fruition, "Full corn in the ear."

I. Natural life—

i. Its beginning. ii. Its being. iii. Its brevity.

(i.) Its beginning—The doctrine of the Fall and its consequences. Mother's pangs and the sorrows that are multiplied traceable to the Fall.

(ii.) Its being—Annihilation theory cannot stand. Immortality of soul. A hereafter. The Transfiguration, Moses, Elias. See also Daniel xii. 2.

(iii.) Its brevity—1. Is as an eagle hastening to its prey. 2. Water spilt on the ground. 3. A weaver's shuttle. 4. A swift ship. 5. A pilgrimage. 6. Grass, flower. 7. A vapour.

Or, if so, the folly of living only for time, leads us to—

II. Spiritual life and its development; "First the blade, then the ear," &c.

How brought about. To be fruit there must be root. Covenant.

Splendid passage: "All that the Father giveth Me shall come unto Me, and them that come unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

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i. The Father's gift. ii. The Son's "shall come." iii. The power of the Holy Ghost.

Many things work upon the natural passions of the heart—fear of death, bodily suffering—yet none abiding work.

Necessity of new birth—"Sanctify them through Thy Word," &c.

Evidences—

i. "Behold, he prayeth." "This poor man cried," &c. ii. True repentance; some called through deep law work, but not all. iii. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; feeble faith.

> "Those feeble desires and wishes so weak,
> 'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids thee still seek;
> His Spirit will cherish the life He first gave,
> You never shall perish while Jesus can save."

Because, "First the blade, the ear, then the full corn in the ear." iv. Temptation and conflict—Satan never assaults his own; two feelings in young Christians—ready to go home, and they want to be preachers; but "He led them about"; despised by the world—"The despised Nazarene." v. Distaste for the world; not at once; spirit of world clings; see the unwinding the heart of the Samaritan woman. (1) Prejudice of nationality; (2) carnal reason; (3) power of sin; (4) false worship; (5) mistaken notions of religion. Revelation clears it up—"I that speak unto thee am He." vi. Love to Christ's body—"Lord, Thou knowest all things."

(iii.) Its Development—

Hidden life. "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the eye of the vulture hath not seen. Explain Job xxviii.

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Error of "progressive sanctification"—

Aged Christian, is your heart better than it was at the beginning? First cry, last cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

i. A matured and ripening experience; woman taken in adultery; sin; exceeding sinfulness of sin; quietude and solitude; how much the Master sought it; my best moments are when spent in communion with my Lord. Feast of the Tabernacles; every man went to his own house, Christ to Mount of Olives. ii. A meekness and mellowness of spirit; in spite of natural temperament; also, sometimes under increased sufferings. iii. A magnifying of Christ. (1) The desire of my life; (2) detestation of everything that tends to dishonour Him; Spirit leads to a personal and experimental knowledge of Christ, "That I may know Him." (3) Meditation upon the Word; other books not cared for; saving knowledge of the essential truths of the Bible; spiritual apprehension of the complete suitableness and sufficiency of Christ, as wisdom, &c. (4) A mistrust of the world; emptiness and hollowness. (5) A meetening and moulding for glory.

Brings us to—

iii. Eternal and everlasting life. "Full corn in the ear." "He that hath begun." Divine grace and glory. See next verse.

Gainer; heavenly country; God's dwelling-place; paradise of God. The striking contrast—John vii. 34: "Whither I go ye cannot come." John xviii. 24: "Father, I will," &c. Paul: "I have fought a good fight." Nothing to fear.

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Note our Saviour's promise and assurance, "In My Father's house."

> "Then I shall share a glorious part,
> When grace hath well refined my heart;
> And every power find sweet employ
> In that eternal world of joy."

DOCTRINE TO LIVE AND DIE BY.

"And they were astonished," &c.—Luke iv. 32.

Jesus in the midst—

i. Conclave of Heaven (Prov. viii.) ii. Creation. iii. Canon of Old Test. iv. Birth. v. Life. vi. Crucifixion. vii. Exaltation. viii. Now and ever—Heaven.

Context—

I. The doctrines of our most Holy faith drawn from the teaching of our Lord Himself.

II. Those doctrines an astonishment to the world, but coming home to the elect.

I. The Doctrines not dry, but unctuous.

i. Trinity. Set forth notably in (1) Creation. First chapter of Bible. (2) The Manna. (3) Baptism of our Lord. (4) Teaching of the three Parables. (5) This chapter. (6) Last chapter in the Bible. ii. Divine sovereignty. iii. Sovereign electing love. iv. Blessed union to Christ. v. Righteousness imputed. vi. Sanctification. vii. Resurrection.

II. These doctrines coming with power. "Where the word of a king is, there is power."

i. The King called. Thou shalt be called, "Sought out." ii. The King conquered—"Zaccheus, come down."

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iii. The King completed. Salvation—Word. iv. The King comforted. v. The King crowns—triumph.

Some of the fruits, and results: Bring a man to—

i. A sure, safe standing. ii. Comfort amidst life's toils and troubles. iii. Stay and support. iv. Endears Christ. v. Do to meet the enemy. vi. Do for a dying pillow.

One doctrine more, the final perseverance of the Saints. Prove it.

i. Covenant of grace. ii. Death of Christ. iii. Work of the Spirit. iv. God's faithfulness. v. Testimony of Christ. vi. Testimony of His Apostle —"I know." vii. Intercession of Christ.

THE LOWEST ROOM.—"But when."—Luke xiv. 10.

Contrast between proud talkers and humble walkers, boasters and tremblers.

Language of many a living soul, "Oh! I fear the vital change by the power of the Holy Spirit has not been wrought in me," &c.

Head or heart, which?—Our subject brings it out. See also Isaiah lvii. 15, "I dwell." Lowest-seat-ones shall be exalted.

Context—Verse 1, "They watched Him." Is it the watch of enmity or the watch of love? Love evidence of life. "Simon, son of Jonas," &c.

The ministerial character of our Saviour as a model preacher. Exception because Jesus at a feast on Sabbath day; expose absurdity of this. Jews prepared day previously; see also verse 13.

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House of Pharisee. Room or seat. Same words. Is our religion heart or head? Pharisees justified themselves. We justified by God. "Walketh in a way that is not good."

Subject—

I. The poor man at the table with our Saviour. Dropsy. Saviour and sinner. Argument of our Lord dumfounding Lawyers and Scribes, teaching grace of humility. Himself the example.

II. Below-surface teaching. "The lowest room," brings out the blessedness of sovereign grace and mercy.

Own experience. Commencement; Lord's "Come down"; continuance, Lord's "Come in"; climax, Lord's "Come up." Zaccheus—"Salvation procured, and without money or price," &c.

III. The beginning of our knowledge of divine things. Lowest seat. Loathe a top-of-the-tree religion. A great deal in our Saviour setting a little child; mark little; in the midst. Characterized by ignorance; weakness; helplessness; dependence.

IV. Lowest-room Christians doubting if Christians at all. Look out of self; look into Christ.

V. Subject of feeble desires.

VI. Lowest room safe position; Old Adam nature within. Proneness to pride; afflictions necessary. Poor in spirit, blessed ones.

VII. Sovereign grace, &c., suitable for them amidst the taxing of earthly labour and brain-work of daily care.

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VIII. Cannot boast even of gifts.

IX. Ofttimes when on the journey brought down again to lowest floor. Bunyan's pilgrims.

X. Lowest-seat Christians have no confidence in the flesh.

Another aspect.—

No wish to keep them in the lowest room longer than the Lord keeps them there. He bids come up higher. The Host Himself bids them. Let us read less from the book of self and more from pages of the Saviour's love; may we be groping less in the lowlands, and scale more the mountains of joy in the Holy Ghost; drink deeper from the fountain of life, and be increased with the increase of God, thus growing in grace; "First the blade, &c."

Lastly—the final "Come up higher."

A WALK ABOUT ZION.

"Walk," &c., &c.—Psalm xlviii. 12 and 13.

A Psalm in honour of Jerusalem, and of Jehovah as her King. This is what we love. Honour brought to Jesus. Proof of relationship.

1st verse, "Great is the Lord"—

i. A walk and talk with Jesus. ii. A walk with kindred spirits. Invitation. "Come with us," &c. Could not attempt to point out, had not Spirit pointed out to me.

I. Gaze on the city. II. "Mark well her bulwarks." III. "Consider her palaces." IV. "Tell the towers thereof."

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I. Gaze on the City—

The earthly Jerusalem, in her position, beauty and excellency, an emblem of the spiritual Church, called here—i. City of our God—Redeemed people. ii. City of the Great King. iii. City of the God of Hosts. Protected—God, upholdeth it for ever.

II. "Mark well her bulwarks"—

i. Divine sovereignty of God—Marginal, "Set your heart to her bulwarks." Some think said sarcastically to enemies. ii. Trinity—exemplified in, *e.g.*, Gen. i. and last Rev., "the manna." The three parables of Luke xv. iii. Covenant of grace; that of works was crumbled in Eden. iv. Divine union. v. Everlasting love. vi. Electing grace. Set your hearts upon her strength.

III. "Consider her palaces"—

Refuge—"God is well known in her palaces as a place of refuge." i. Princes live in palaces. (1) Princes have royal clothing. (2) Sit at a well-provided table. (3) Are related to the king, are of royal blood. 1 Sam. ii. 8.

IV. "Tell the towers thereof," The Lord Himself—

i. From them is blown the trumpet with no uncertain sound. ii. From them we gain an extensive view. iii. In them, above gun-shot of the enemy. iv. On their top are nearest heaven.

"And the gates of hell shall not prevail against her." In conclusion, see then from our subject, dear sons and daughters of Zion, three things—Security, Supplies, Salvation. "His love in times past," &c.

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HEADS LIFTED UP.

"Lift up your heads."—Psalm xxiv. 7-10.

Psalms Petitionary, Prophetic, Personal.

In this Christ the Creator (verse 1); God of salvation (verse 5); Covenant God (verse 6); King of Glory (verse 7); Lord of Hosts (verse 10).

I. Christ without. II. Christ within. III. Christ's people with Him in glory.

I. Christ without—

God's rule—poverty precedes plenty; humiliation, exaltation, as in Job; look at Christ's poverty, privation, obedience, suffering; "Consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself. Resurrection, Ascension; He entered by right.

Three openings—

1. Kingdom of heaven. 2. Throne of grace. 3. His fulness. 4. And yet one more, has your heart been opened, like Lydia's? When He openeth. We see His fulness in—i. Creation. ii. Providence. iii. Power. iv. Supply. v. Grace. vi. Glory.

The Lord of Glory—

i. Because He was with the Father—"The glory I had with Thee." ii. Because He emptied Himself of the glory, yet it shone forth in all His miracles. Cana—"This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory." iii. Because He is the Alpha and Omega of salvation. "His glory is great in thy salvation." iv. Because He is the glory of the Church. She made glorious in Him. v. Because He is the glory of heaven. vi. No reaching heaven without Him. vii. Because He shall come again in His glory.

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In this Psalm, glory seen—i. In His creation (verse 1); ii. In His salvation (verse 5); iii. In His Covenant (verse 6); iv. God of Hosts (verse 10). Therefore the Word tells us who this King of Glory is.

II. Christ within—

i. The Finisher. ii. The Interested Beholder. Instances—(1) Cornelius; (2) Stephen; (3) God's own declaration by Isaiah. iii. The Divine Intercessor. iv. The glorious High Priest. v. The Elder Brother. vi. The Giver of gifts. vii. The Forerunner. viii. The welcome home. The Saviour and salvation.

III. You and I with Him in glory—

My heaven is the Lord of Glory in the midst.

John looked through the door opened in heaven, and saw—No more Tears; Death; Sorrow; Crying; Pain; Temple; Sun; Moon; Shut Gates; Night; Sin—"Nothing that defileth." Look up! Look up! for (quote Hebrews ix. 24—28).

GOD'S JEWELS.

Malachi iii. 17.

Context—

I. God's declaration. II. God's voice. III. God's character. IV. God's claim. V. God's counting.

I. God's declaration—"Thus saith the Lord."

II. God's voice—

Bible, "and God said." I love a voice religion. It speaks in—(1) Creation; (2) Judgments; (3) Regeneration; (4) Providences; (5) Whisperings of love; (6) Promises.

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III. God's character—God of Hosts and Remembrancer—

i. God of Hosts. (1) Stars; (2) Church militant; (3) Church triumphant; (4) Dead.

IV. God's claim, "My jewels"—

i. Jewels, although buried in the earth, are jewels still. Unregeneracy. ii. Unavoidable mixture—Parable of the Tares. iii. Jewels when brought to the light have often earth still clinging to them. iv. What a dust-heap they are sometimes found on, as in the rubbish of the Fall. v. Jewels—we get at the idea of ornaments for the person. vi. Jewels are of great value. vii. Jewels are a peculiar treasure. viii. Jewels, if put in the earth again, are jewels still.

V. God's counting—

Making them up. Not one missing. i. Each poor pilgrim. ii. No stray sheep. iii. Not a grain of wheat lost. iv. Not a jewel missing.

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CHAPTER XIII.

"'And Gideon came to Jordan and passed over, he and the three hundred men that were with him, faint, yet pursuing.' And does not this portray one's own experience in the wilderness? The departures of heart from the Lord, and consequent impoverishing of spirit; the crying unto God in their distress, and His gracious attention unto their cry; the marvellous and mysterious deliverance wrought in such a way as none but a God could; the weak things of the earth taken to confound the mighty; the frailty of the creature in requesting repeated tokens from the Lord; the lappers of water; the successful warriors; and then the little army following on, '*faint, yet pursuing*,' are all points which well dovetail into the experience of the children of God, and make one feel that all such records are for the Church of Christ to the end of time, and are full of sweet encouragement when 'spiritually discerned.'"—*George Cowell*, "*Faint, yet Pursuing.*"

HIS diaries are somewhat difficult to cull from. They are mostly cursory entries, but show so much to those who knew him best what my father's life really was; a reaching after God, and a daily delight in communing with Him upon some fresh-given passage. Thus the entry more often than not appears as an outline of a sermon or "Wayside Notes," as the gathered manna for that day's spiritual food.

At the same time many of the remarks written go to show how largely useful his life was. When we consider him as a young man, how all day he was engaged in business, with a large family growing up around him, and yet find that his evenings were taken up largely with meetings, and his Sundays either in preaching in

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the villages and visiting at the hospital, or otherwise, cases in which he was interested, such as we find recorded, "Took chair at Y. M. C. A. A successful and large gathering, and God was with us." "Visited poor K. in hospital. Tried to cheer and comfort her." "Visited a poor woman dying of cancer. Prayer with and for her";—such entries, although there were numberless cases unrecorded, show how instant he was, in and out of season, to redeem the time and proclaim his Master's message to those around him.

It is due to the Venerable the Archdeacon of Southwark, the Rev. John Richardson, to say that several of the entries during the years 1861 to 1865 refer to him and his work; and this is gratefully recorded, since during several years' residence in the select and historically interesting little town of Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, when the then Rev. John Richardson was vicar of St. Mary's Church, my father was as his right hand in all parochial work, and only distance has separated a friendship formed in those indissoluble ties whose link is never broken.

I have thought that a few entries gathered here and there from some of the earlier years will be the most interesting way in which the journalistic memorials of the goodness and mercy of his God, which he loved to recount, will be best presented to the reader.

"I believe," wrote my father, "my case was very much that of Timothy, concerning whom the Apostle Paul rejoiced that, 'from a child he had known the Holy Scriptures, which were able to make him wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus.' Yes, blessed be the Lord, early in life my heart was tender on account of sin, and drawn to the things of God. Not that there was anything to boast of in the creature. The Lord the Spirit was guiding me when I knew it not."

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In proof of these desires after the best things, in inaugurating his *first* diary, I find written :—

"I want this to be a diary of my soul's experience, a lasting memento of my God's goodness to me, a book of prayer and praise. Alas!

If we on paper did portray
Each thought and every deed,
The thoughts that upward tend would be
A scattered few indeed.

And seldom do our actions prove
That we desire to be
Drawn off from this sad wilderness—
Uplifted, Lord, to Thee.

1844. Strange catalogue of circumstances that connects itself with our existence! Will the past bear reflection? Will the present afford satisfactory meditation for the future? Life is uncertain, and how soon might the tender cords of it be severed, and we, without a moment's warning, be hurriedly launched into eternity! Surely, then, it behoves us to take warning from the wise admonition: "Let us live as we would wish to die; for who can see through the dark vista of futurity, and who can tell what a day may bring forth?"

I find verily I can do nothing in and of myself; I cannot think a right thought of Him whom I desire to be the Sum and Substance of my life.

I can do nothing of myself—oh no!
Then to my heavenly Father I will go.
He will do all, and He has promised, too—
Dear Lord, Thy promised blessing then renew.

I can do nothing of myself—oh no!
But when my Jesus bids His grace to flow,
Then would I fain lift up my feeble voice,
And try to in His precious name rejoice.

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I can do nothing of myself—oh no!
Unction Divine alone can make me grow.
Dear Lord, I pray, make me a fruitful tree,
And I will dedicate the fruit to Thee."

This is dear Mr. Irons' birthday. Oh, may he be spared many years to those who love him and the truth he so sweetly proclaims! Dear Grove Chapel! it is indeed a pleasant spot in this waste howling wilderness, a fruitful vineyard in a barren land. Spare, Lord, if it be Thy will, the beloved shepherd, for the sake of the flock; else how can we wish Thou wouldest withhold any longer from him his anticipated portion. How enviable is his zeal! how blessed to be like him!—strong in the strength of his Lord.

1845. Some few Sundays ago, Mr. Irons preached the funeral sermon of one of his aged deacons, Mr. Hanks. The passage of Holy Writ chosen for a text sank deeply into my soul. The words were, "Man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" (Job xiv. 10.) This evening, upon reading the sermon (it having since been printed) to my dear wife, the savour returned, and my soul became overwhelmed with love to my Jesus, and my spirit melted into tears—flowing unrestrained. Yes, it is a humbling fact that *man dieth*, that worms waste away his body, that the spirit of life must be yielded up, and "*where is he?*" My soul, canst thou respond to this? Canst thou ponder over this question with calm anticipation and holy delight? Is the sting of death removed? Is the grave no longer repulsive to thy feelings, by the bliss that awaits thee after death and judgment, and is there a place at the right hand of the Father for thee?

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Oh, 'tis a joyous fact, Jordan's terrible waves will recede at the stretching out of the hand of the Lord; the ark will go before, and the "*Fear not*" be the banner of the chosen ones of Israel. Oh, may my loved Emma and self be among them, is my most earnest prayer; and when from necessary circumstances we mingle and mix with the world, let us in heart be separate from the multitude, with the fact ever before us that "*man dieth*"! Oh, may our life, walk, actions, conduct, and sayings be our testimony, when we are gone, that others may with certainty respond to "Where is he?" "He is in the realms of bliss."

O Lord, close mine eyes to the world, since the friendship of it is enmity with Thee.

1846. I want to live closer and nearer to my Jesus. I want the fundamental principle of my heart to be, the religion of Jesus. I want my faith to cling to Him, my eyes to fix upon Him, my gaze constantly at Him, my heart to be ever in love with Him, my soul to be absorbed in Him. I want Jesus to be the Source of all my comfort and peace, the Foundation of my hopes and prospects, the All and in all of my soul's happiness.

Precious Jesus! I feel one sweet evidence that I am looked upon by Thee, and it is the simple sighing of my soul after Thee. I find it becomes my greatest joy, a source of secret happiness, to plead with Thee, to make known my desires unto Thee; and Thou knowest, O Lord, my soul is sometimes overcome by a sense of Thy tenderness and love. Lord, thus manifest Thyself to me more frequently.

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1859. Spent a few days at Nottingham with Lady Lucy Smith, at Welford House, arriving on Saturday, 7th. Family worship in the evening; such a beautiful sight. The some fifteen servants all so orderly, and led in singing by one of them who had a sweet voice. Sang two verses, then an exposition and prayer.

Sunday, preached in Nottingham on Ephesians ii., "Fitly framed"; evening at Welford, Lamentations ii. 2, "The precious sons of Zion," &c.

Monday, walked with Thomas Leek up Clifton Grove, when he gave me an interesting account of the Lord's dealings with his soul. Visited Mrs. Harker, a poor afflicted one, rich in faith, sweetly submissive to the will of God. Afternoon, walked and talked *with God* in the beautiful grounds of Welford House. Conducted family worship in the evening, expounding Psalm i.

Tuesday, preached at the Almshouses, Nottingham. "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust." Took tea with Ruth Bryan, and heard Mr. Baxter in the evening. Walked back to Welford, rather nervous, across unknown fields, and a dark night. But the Lord was faithful.

Wednesday, walked about beautiful Welford. The flowing Trent very lovely, and the church so pretty. Visited an old person upwards of eighty; very dark in her soul.

Thursday, preached to the poor afflicted ones at the Almshouses, and in the evening at the Nottingham Institute, from "Yet the Lord will command His loving-kindness in the daytime."

Friday, much enjoyed the morning service at Welford, "If ye know these things," &c., then returned home later in the day. Lady Lucy Smith is a second Countess of Huntingdon.

[Of this gracious lady's kindness my dear father had

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the most happy recollections, and I have heard him recount events of her busy day, every hour of which was fully planned out for doing good. Several times after his preaching the sermon above referred to, during the following days of his visit to Welford House, when they were conversing together, and anything of the nature of trial would be spoken of, Lady Lucy would gently remind him, "Ah! but you know, Mr. Cowell, it is all 'fitly framed.'"]

1861. Preached at the Rectory, at Cockfield, in the large kitchen, from Matthew ii. 11. Mercifully preserved in a snow drift coming home. G—— with me. A rough and memora ble night.

Continued throughout the year to preach at Barrow and other villages in Suffolk.

1863. More of Christ! Dear Lord, this is my prayer for the opening year. More of Him each day, and all the day. More of Him in the sanctuary, in the pulpit, in the daily avocation.

Gave new year's address at the Young Men's Christian Association—Subject: "A Peep Into an Ant Hillock." Rev. J. Richardson presided.

"He ever liveth" (Heb. vii. 25). Spoke from these words on Sabbath evening, at Cockfield, with some liberty. Heard dear Mr. Richardson preach powerfully in the morning, from, "But all these worketh" (1 Cor. xii. 11.

Most earnestly do I desire to have more private and personal vital godliness. "Oh for a closer walk with God!"

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Sufferings in one scale, glory in the other! A blessed calculation: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time," &c. Oh, what a difference in the balancing!"

How often do I feel brought to the simplicity of "Just as I am." What a heartfelt sweetness there is in these simple lines, and yet what a deep lesson to learn! "*Just as I am.*"

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." O Lord, what a sweet and glorious prospect. May it animate my soul to press on.

1863. My morning's portion, "As for God, His way is perfect." However difficult His providences are to understand, we know His way is perfect.

Dear Lord, Thou knowest my dear children are often the burden of my cry at the throne. They are exposed to the darts of the enemy, oh, shield them. They are likely to fall, oh, uphold them. Be Thou the God of their lives.

Communicants' meeting. Dear Mr. Richardson began the Book of Revelation. Very precious. Oh, how I love the simple exposition of the Scriptures!

"For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you *abundantly*," &c. *Abundantly!*

An appalling accident took place in the brewery. I was standing by the copper, when the boiling wort burst up, rising to twenty-five feet high, and falling again

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upon the unprotected parts of my body, hurled me down the stairs. It was a miracle I was taken up alive. But I had the sweet assurance that, come what would, I was in the hand of Jesus. There was no bright manifestation, but a settled assurance.

A comprehensive prayer by the late Rev. Dr. Bethune: "Lord, pardon what I have been; Sanctify what I am; Order what I shall be: That Thine be the glory, and mine the eternal salvation. For Christ's sake. Amen."

Dear Lord, "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain," &c., oh, to set forth Thy praise, and be an instrument of spreading Thy truth. Years are creeping on; my soul yearns to spend them in Thy service.

This sweet passage came home to my soul with great power this morning: "I will be as the dew unto Israel. He shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." 1. Sweet sanctifying influence of the Holy Ghost, "*Dew of Israel.*" 2. The babes in grace amongst the thorns, "*Shall grow as the lily.*" 3. The advancing Christian growing in grace, "*Cast forth his roots as Lebanon.*"

Prince of Wales' wedding day—glorious day. Carved at one of the tables for the poor people—450 dined in the Corn Exchange. Afterwards I walked up with the St. Mary's Church children—2,600 present. Helped at their tea, and then arranged for the 150 teachers to have theirs, and afterwards gave an address. It was a memorable day, nationally, but faith's eye was upon the *Prince of Peace.*

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Mercy! oh that sweet word! My soul, gaze upon it. It has saved thee from destruction; kept thee out of hell; preserved thee over forty years in the wilderness; and will carry thee to heaven; and there it will be only exchanged for a brighter word—*glory!*

"The brim of Jordan"—will it not part when I come there?

How striking the expression, "Only Rahab the harlot shall live." God's sovereignty; God's mercy; God's salvation!

"But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me: Thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God." 1. The felt position of every child of God, "*Poor and needy.*" 2. The sweet assurance in the midst of all, "*Yet the Lord thinketh upon me.*" 3. The constant refuge, "*Thou art my help.*" 4. The earnest desire, "*Make no tarrying, O my God.*"

"Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example." Oh, to be more Christ-like in spirit! oh, to be more Christ-like in speech! oh, to be more Christ-like in service! And now, must I dare to add, oh to be more Christ-like in suffering! Dear Lord, Thou knowest my weakness; oh, how I love to be partaker with Thee of my joys! but oh, how I flinch to be a partaker with Thee of Thy sufferings. Grace, grace, Lord!

Much exercised in mind, through being asked to be on the council of the Athenæum, but have decided it

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would be a compromise which would only bring me into soul leanness, so now positively declined. We need wisdom to be as wise as serpents, and as harmless as doves. Lord, in this, and another matter which Thou knowest presses deeply, be Thou my Guide.

In feeling wretchedly cold and hard-hearted this morning, and that even at the communion. These lines on my heart constituted the burden of my cry,

> "Break, oh break, this heart of stone,
> By one endearing word,"

and it seemed, by-and-by, such an answer to that prayer, when these two precious words dropped with weight, *eternal glory*.

In reading with poor Miss N—— yesterday afternoon, 1 Peter iv. 13, 14, seemed very precious, especially the expression, "The spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you." Enjoyed a sweet country walk afterwards, pondering over those precious words, "Leaning upon the Beloved."

Another sweet portion dropped in upon my mind, from the precious Book, at early dawn this morning, and has been turned into a prayer, Ruth i. 16.

Suffering from another severe attack. Oh, what this poor body is subject to on account of sin! While thinking thus, this sweet portion dropped upon my heart with power, "We know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle," &c.

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Anniversary of our wedding day. I have asked the Lord for a portion, a special one this day, and my eyes fixed upon the following, "Jacob shall not now be ashamed, neither shall his face now wax pale. But when he seeth his children, the work of Mine hands, in the midst of him, they shall sanctify My name, and sanctify the Holy One of Jacob, and shall fear the God of Israel (Isaiah xxix. 22, 23). Dear Lord, I thank Thee for this salutary portion. I feel it especially applicable to myself, dear wife, and family. I have every reason to be ashamed of myself before Thee, but nothing to be ashamed of when I think of Thee. How, then, would I, in seeing our dear children around us, sanctify Thy name, speak of Thy goodness, and render unto Thee the calves of my lips. And now in commencing a fresh year of our marriage union, dear Lord, fulfil Isaiah lviii. 11, in my experience, "And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not." Oh, for the refreshing influence of the Holy Spirit to make my soul thus fruitful. Let Thy threefold office be carried out for me, He shall *guide*, *satisfy*, and *water*.

Read John xvii., earnestly desiring to recognize Jesus as our High Priest before the throne, and to feel that "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." Oh, how sweet are His words, "Father, I *will* that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory." I do feel that that prayer will be answered, and *I shall behold His glory*. Oh, happy prospect! sweet assurance! It is not presumption, is it, dear Lord?

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Went with dear Mrs. Wiginton and my dear wife over Lady Culhum's beautiful grounds. What a splendid mansion! But I shall have a more splendid one by-and-by, "eternal in the heavens."

"Before God" (Rom. iv. 2). Dear Mr. Richardson, in a precious sermon last evening, brought these two words very forcibly before us. Oh, to live, act, walk, and talk as *before God.* How apt to think of man. But I want more and more to "cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils," and to do all as *before God.*

"To this man will I look, even to him that is of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at My word." Dear Lord, this hallowed portion seemed just to suit my case and feelings this morning. I think I know a little of what poverty of spirit means, and Thou knowest no desire is stronger than to be contrite in spirit. Do look then, upon me for good. Look, and bless, Lord. Bless my dear wife and dear children, and the servants; yea, let thy blessing rest upon my household.

Preached at Walton. Subject, "A thorn in the flesh." Found it was much blest to the people. After I had preached, a poor woman came to me, and said, "Well, I shall never pray any more to have my thorn removed. I shall pray for grace to bear it." Old Bloomfield also told me how much he had enjoyed the subject, and what *his* thorn in the flesh was.

Left Felixstowe at 2 p.m.; crossed to Harwich; up the river Orwell, and home by Ipswich. God be praised for

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His goodness! How thankful I am to have been permitted to speak again in His dear name during my absence from home. Oh, when we can cast forth the precious seed of divine truth, it leaves the savour not easily lost. Dear Lord, for Thy goodness to myself and family, I adore Thy name.

"All." "Lord, *all* my desire is before Thee." It is a mercy when discipline has made us pour *out* all before the Lord. The shaking and emptying out of the earthen vessel is well, and whenever it occurs, it is a prelude to the Lord's filling.

"Lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing, Lord." Such must be the summing up of a review of the past. We have trembled and feared, but the Lord has been better to us than our fears, again and again; our misgiving heart has brought on many a fainting by the way, but God has remained the same. He has supplied and sustained, and we live to be ashamed of our doubts, and to acknowledge our frailty.

Our *short* dated crosses—"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment; the *long* dated crown, upon which is jewelled that precious word, Eternity—"A far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Permitted to see my dear brother Walter, after consulting with his medical man, and gaining his consent. Poor dear fellow, he burst into tears on seeing me: and as the doctor had said that, with the least extra pulsation of the heart, he might be gone in a moment, I was afraid; but he soon became calm, whispered that he

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wished he had more assurance, and that he had been such an unprofitable servant. He wished me to go to prayer, and read the Word to him, which I did, dwelling upon Psalm cxxiii. 1, 2; cxxviii. 4; and cxxv. 4, especially the last, which I had opened upon in my room, and it seemed especially suited to the dear patient. I was fearful of prolonging my stay to weary him, and upon leaving he waved his thin hand, and followed me with his eyes round the room. Adieu, dear one! If I never see thee again in the flesh, I believe we shall meet in glory, and thou art as safe in Christ's keeping as precious blood can make thee.

Forty-one years old this day. "What hath God wrought!" The following passage has been most precious to me in thinking upon the goodness of my God, "The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth: and Thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies" (Psalm xli. 2).

Dear G—— spent the Sabbath at home. So thankful, although only a few minutes to catch the train this morning, I found the dear boy on his knees in his room. Oh, my God, bless him, and all my dear children. Save them with Thine own right hand of power, and put a cry indeed in their hearts, "God be merciful unto me a sinner." My soul yearns over the souls of my beloved ones.

Barrow. Preached twice—John viii. 7; and evening, Matt. xii. 20. Sweet encouragement from account Miss Woods gave of what a blessing my preaching, and con-

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versation afterwards, had been to her now departed mother, especially the hymn, "The Sun's Behind the Cloud."

1864. Mr. Richardson preached last evening a very solemn sermon, from "An end is come" (Ezekiel vii. 6). And now, dear Lord, let me have this year the unfoldings of a precious Christ, through the teaching of the Holy Spirit. This is my uppermost desire. Thou knowest I have said many things concerning the New Year at the National Schoolroom, Cockfield, and also have written much concerning it for January *Gospel Magazine*, but all my wishes and desires seem concentrated to this one want. I want the unfoldings of Jesus. Let it be a year of special manifestations, special revelations, and, as a result, special growth in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus. Grant the desire of my soul, for His sake.

"Shout unto God with the voice of triumph" (Psalm xlvii. 1). How frequently do we hear among Christians the voice of tribulation, and, alas! too often the voice of rebellion. Oh to have grace to enable us oftener to shout unto our God "with *the voice of triumph*"! Why not? All is safe; all is right; all is well. Then "*sing praises*." Five times in two verses of this precious Psalm does the sweet singer of Israel enjoin "sing praises."

Am feasting upon the following passage, which came home with great power upon my soul yesterday, Revelation xix. 9. Lord, unfold it, that I may carry it to the poor people at Thorpe, especially to Gillings and his wife, who think they are not worthy to approach the Lord's Supper.

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"I love the Lord; but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy love I live:
I am as nothing, and rejoice to be
Emptied, and lost, and swallowed up in Thee."

If there is anything in God's dealings with man that we cannot understand, let us write against it, "For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to Whom be glory for ever. Amen." He never does promise that His dealings shall square with our reason. It is ours to bow to His will, and say, "It is sufficient for me to know God has said it, and here I rest. It is His glory to conceal a thing, and my wisdom to believe that all He does is right and well." Lord, give grace so to act.

Received a sweetly encouraging letter from Miss H—— E——, descriptive of her joy upon reading in this month's *Gospel Magazine* my opening piece, "Remember." I felt the Lord the Spirit was present with me when I wrote, and I believed He would accompany it with His blessing. So it is. To Him be all the praise. To be the instrument of comforting and feeding fellow pilgrims, is no slight honour. Lord, I thank Thee for deigning to use me thus. Thou knowest my frequent desire is to spend and be spent in Thy service.

Not well, but in the Lord's hands, and led to reflect upon how soon one may have to part with all that is dear on earth. We know not what a day may bring forth. It is marvellous the number of bereavements we have lately as a family been called to witness. Dear Lord, may we be prepared. My beloved brother Walter cut down in the prime of life, only forty-six; but all is right if in Christ.

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Dear G—— home from S—— for Sunday. My poor heart was melted at family reading, as he gave for his passage, "I love the Lord, because He hath heard the voice of my supplication." Oh, that he may say so from the heart!

Much struck this morning at family reading, with the precious passage, "Fear not, for I know that ye seek Jesus." I know I can say I am seeking Him daily. This is the chief business of my life. I have found Him, but I want to do so again and again. O God, I beseech Thee, grant me clearer views of divine truth, that, amidst the abounding errors of the day in which we live, I may be kept near the side of Jesus, and to the simplicity of the truth as it is in Him. "Oh for a closer walk with God!"

Sunday at home. Carried away in thought sweetly in contemplating Heaven, and the future joy of the sorrowing Christian, in which spirit I wrote the hymn, "Our Beautiful Home," to be published in *Gospel Magazine*, and also for circulation as a Wayside Song. Dear Lord, grant it may cheer some cast-down ones.

"G. C." enters fully into the expressions of an old writer—

> "Sweet Jesus, when I think of Thee,
> My heart for joy doth leap in me;
> Thy blest remembrance yields delight,
> But far more sweet will be Thy sight.
>
> Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
> How sweet Thine entertainments are;
> Never did angels taste above
> Redeeming grace and dying love."

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Am having some sweet experience in working out thoughts of that golden gift, Patience. "Let patience have her perfect work."

Lord, at Barrow, to-morrow, smile and shine upon me. Let me go forth full of the Spirit. Grant me a blessing, dear Lord, and Thy waiting people also. Send them not empty away. That little spot has often been a green spot to me; let it be so on the morrow, Lord.

Yearning for the salvation of the souls of my dear children. It is encouraging to come to such a declaration as follows: "God established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which He commanded our fathers that they should make known to their children," &c. Dear Lord, stir me up to tell of Jesus to my dear ones, that they may set their hope in Thee. Grant my prayer, for Christ's sake. Amen.

The following precious passage came home with great power to-day: "Thou hast made known to me the ways of life; Thou shalt make me full of joy with Thy countenance." I have realized the former, and I believe I shall do the latter.

Whepstead tea meeting. Was happy in the Lord. Spoke from "The happiness springing from a sense of pardon before God, through the precious blood of Jesus."

Harwick Harvest Home, celebrated at Mr. Barrett's. I spoke to the men, taking for my subject, "The season of the year suggests that we should—(1) Look up grate-

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fully; (2) Look around thankfully; (3) Look back thoughtfully; (4) Look on hopefully; and (5) Look in earnestly.

A sweet spring in the valley this morning caused my faint heart to revive. Oh, how good my God is to His unworthy servant. On my part, what rebellion and distrust! on His, what faithfulness and goodness! Dear Lord, keep me trusting and thankful.

PENCILLED DURING A TOUR UP THE RHINE.

Monday, July 18, 1864.—Oh, how soon, very soon, is the mind drawn off from Christ, and the things that pertain to our eternal welfare! How easily does any earthly object absorb the attention, and bring dearth into the soul! We have felt this in the care attendant upon preparation for our journey. And yet, with all this, the Christian can say the under-current of desire is ever after Christ, and, wherever he may go, no spot on earth is anything without Him. Dear Lord, enable us now, in starting upon our tour, to feel the comfort of those words so precious to us this morning, "For the Lord will go before you, and the God of Israel will be your rereward" (Isaiah lii. 12). Before parting with our dear ones, read to them the closing verses of the 13th of Hebrews, especially dwelling upon the 20th and 21st verses: "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." Dear Lord, take care of them during our absence. We commit them into Thy Fatherly care and keeping.

At Manningtree, passed a heap of broken fragments of a train, which, a day or two since, had run off the line, and become precipitated over the embankment, killing the guard, and injuring a number of passengers. Dear Lord, how gracious Thou hast been to us! We have travelled times without number, and yet been preserved; no harm has been suffered to befall us. We would keep alive to Thy goodness, and never cease to adore Thee. Nine o'clock, p.m., went on board the steamship at Harwich. Dear wife fearful, yet comforted with the promise vouchsafed, "The Lord *will* go before you." A very anxious passage across; instead of being eight hours, we were seventeen, five of which we were beating about outside a dangerous bar that stretches itself across the entrance of the river

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Maas. At midnight, in our berth, read the 121st Psalm. The 3rd and 8th verses seemed peculiarly precious: "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore." After many tremblings, the Lord proving better to us than them all, we arrived at the Hotel des Bains Boompjes (that is, little trees), Rotterdam. After a rest, walked with an interpreter about the interesting old town. Passing the fine bronze statue of Erasmus in the Groote Markt, wended our way through narrow streets to the Bible *depôt* of the British and Foreign Bible Society. With a letter of introduction kindly furnished by the Rev. W. P. Tiddy, of Camberwell, we went in. Van Dorp, the *colporteur*, was from home, but I had the following conversation with his Dutch wife, through the interpreter:—"Do you love Jesus?" An animated smile of joy answered the question. "Then we are one in Christ—unknown but well known." Again did that countenance bespeak a hallowed assent. "Then, if we never meet in the flesh, we shall meet above," pointing upwards. "Oh, yah! yah!" with another sweet smile of consent. We felt that we were talking to a sister in Christ, and should meet where all will talk one language. We left with an arrangement for Van Dorp to visit us at the hotel next morning, which he did, and we were rejoiced to hear of his work for the Lord among the Dutch people.

Wednesday, 20th.—Travelled from Rotterdam to Cologne, passing through Utrecht, Emmerich, Dusseldorf, and other interesting places. And now the Christian traveller must be struck with the unmistakable signs of Antichrist which abound on the right hand and on the left. At every station he will see cadaverous-looking priests, in long flowing black coats, and frequently he will have one of these emissaries of Rome as his travelling companion—so that he feels he must beware how he acts and talks. Altogether, he will become painfully aware that he is in a Popish country. Emmerich being the first Prussian town on the right bank of the Rhine, passports are *visé* here, and luggage examined. We arrived late in the eve at Deutz, on the opposite side to Cologne, and proceeded across the bridge of boats to that fine city. The effect from this bridge was singularly beautiful: thousands of lights were reflected in the flowing Rhine, and the city itself seemed like a vast illumination. We arrived at our hotel thoroughly weary, and after refreshment and prayer, retired—not to rest, for this seemed impossible in Continental beds.

Thursday, 21st.—After breakfast, walked to the magnificent cathedral of Cologne. Hundreds of dirty school children were entering one of its splendid portals. This cathedral was destined to be the noblest specimen of Gothic architecture in Europe; but, although commenced in 1248, it remains unfinished, for want of funds. Still, the interior, with its hundreds of columns supporting the frescoed roof, has a grand and gorgeous effect. When we walked up the splendid nave, we found numbers of carpenters and decorators at work, and, in answer to our inquiries, were told that

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they were preparing for "*the grand festival of the Three Kings.*" The fact is, that behind the high altar of this cathedral is the celebrated Chapel of the Three Kings; for, as the Jesuits tell you, therein are deposited the skulls of the Magi who came from the East with their presents for the infant Saviour. Their skulls, inscribed with their names, Jasper, Melchior, and Belthazar, written in rubies, are exhibited in view through an opening in the shrine, crowned with diadems—a ghastly contrast indeed! These skulls, with the records of the kings, were to be brought out, and with great pomp paraded through the streets of Cologne. A person at our hotel inquired whether we were not going to remain in Cologne to witness this grand festival of the three kings. I said to him, "What kings?" He responded, in broken English, "Why, the three kings." I asked, "Are you a Catholic?" He said, "Oh, yes!" "Then," I resumed, "tell me what three kings' skulls you are going to worship?" He could not. No: it is sufficient with these poor deluded creatures if the priests make a great parade and show; they put implicit confidence in their priests, without knowing the purport of their wily movements. Although we did not stay to witness this mockery, we saw enough in connection therewith greatly to pain us; for, from an early hour the following Sabbath morning at Bonn, continuous processions of countrywomen, following priests with raised crucifixes, muttering their Paternosters and Ave Marias at the beck of the priests, passed our windows on their way to a shrine at Godesberg. We are told that for such festive occasions these Ave Marias are divided into decades, representing the principal mysteries of the life of our Saviour or of His blessed mother, as a matter of meditation whereon the mind is to exercise itself while at prayer; and the method consists in raising corresponding affections in the will during the recital of each decade; and so these poor things strive to work themselves up into a devotional spirit. Oh, how the heart sickens at the exhibition of the deceptions and doings of "the great whore that sitteth upon many waters." To witness her subtlety and abominations would indeed cast down the spirit of the child of God, but for such prophecies and promises as these: "Though Babylon should mount up to heaven, and though she should fortify the height of her strength, yet from Me shall the spoilers come, saith the Lord" (Jer. li. 53); "The words of God shall be fulfilled" (Rev. xvii. 17); "The Lamb shall overcome them" (Rev. xvii. 14).

We gladly turn away from Popish mummeries, and from the grand cathedral of Cologne, and wend our way to the Bible Society Depôt. Here again, through the kindness of Mr. Tiddy, we were welcomed, and while waiting amidst piles of Bibles for M. Kryzer, we felt at least in a more congenial atmosphere. But, upon looking into these Bibles, and finding them printed in languages unknown, never did I feel the force of that expression so much, "a *dead letter;*" and that, just as those Bibles were perfectly unintelligible to me, so is the Word of God, unclothed by the Spirit of God, to every unregenerate sinner "a *dead letter.*" What

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a mercy to have been "made alive" by the Spirit of the Word, the Holy Ghost!

Obtaining an introduction to M. Hieronimus, that Christian gentleman courteously conducted us over the printing establishment, showing us a facsimile of the beautiful German Bible presented to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. It was gratifying to learn, in the midst of the Popish superstition abounding, that a real work for God was going on, and that the issues of the Scriptures from this establishment had increased by more than 30,000 copies during the past year, the actual circulation of German, Dutch, and Swedish Bibles having amounted to 86,488, and the issue to other depôts to 39,463, making a total of 125,951 issues during the past year. May God the Spirit accompany the Word circulated with His power, baffling thereby the work of Antichrist, and saving precious souls!

From Cologne we proceeded by steamer to Bonn, which, as we approached, the summits of the famous Siebengeberge (that is, "seven mountains") rose gradually to view. This is the entrance into the "Paradise of Germany," as that portion of the Rhine is called between Bonn and Mayence. Having an introduction to Dr. Graham, the minister of the Scotch Church at Bonn, we found out this dear man of God, and shall not easily forget his hearty welcome in the name of the Lord to a company of strangers; it was an exhibition of the language of the Psalmist, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord" (Psalm cxviii. 26). Through Dr. Graham's assistance, we now obtained comfortable apartments in the Coblentzer Strasse, and felt to have more of a home than we had done since leaving happy England. What a sweet word is that word *home!*

Friday, 21*st*.—Walked about Bonn. Saw the bronze statue of Beethoven, erected in 1845, in the Munster Platz.

Saturday, 22*nd*.—Went over the Academical Hall at Bonn, decorated with modern frescoes, painted under the direction of Cornelius by his pupils. In the evening, joined Dr. Graham and a party of seventeen in a trip across the Rhine. It was a lovely evening, and we wended our way through nut and vine-fields; but, alas! by the roadside, and in almost every nook and corner, the traveller meets with pictures and carvings of the Virgin Mary holding the infant Jesus in her arms, and many are the poor deluded creatures who cross themselves and mutter their Ave Marias before such shrines. At the top of a hill commanding an extensive view of the Rhine, we came to a *restaurant*, where is to be had delicious coffee and thick milk. Afterwards, left the party and strolled into a miserable Catholic church, and saw therein a poor little boy confessing to a priest, who was leaning back in the confessional with a handkerchief over his face. Kneeling down by the side of his "ghostly father," the little fellow is made to cross himself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and then has to ask the priest's blessing in these words: "Pray, father, give me your blessing, for I have sinned." After this, he has to accuse himself of his sins, adding, after each sin, the

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number of times he has committed it, most humbly asking pardon of God, and penance and absolution of his ghostly father. About a dozen more little boys were waiting also to pass through this ordeal, and all this in the face of God's emphatic command, "My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the Lord God of Israel, *and make confession unto Him.*" I came out of this place pained and grieved at heart.

Sunday, 24th.—This was a day of sweet refreshing of soul. Dr. Graham preached a Christ-honouring sermon from these words: "Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them: because greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world" (1 John iv. 4).

Monday, 25th.—Went by steamer to Rolandseck, then across the Rhine to Königswinter, and up the far-famed Drachenfels. Resting on the summit of the mountain path, a most beautiful view burst upon us. The land is parcelled out into innumerable sections of about half an acre each, so that at a great height the outstretched country looks like the most beautiful mosaic-work conceivable. It was while resting upon this lovely spot the following verses broke in upon my spirit, causing a thrill of joy not easily described:—

"As when the weary trav'ler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.

"'"'Tis there,' he says, 'I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then shall I bid my cares farewell,
And He shall wipe my tears away.'"

Tuesday, 26th.—Went to the Castle of Godesberg—a fine old castle, commanding beautiful views of the Rhine. In ascending, we came upon a rude sepulchre, and, looking through the iron bars, traced in the gloom of the interior a plaster representation of our Saviour's body, with an angel at the head and another at the foot. It was truly shocking to look into that wretched cavern. Upon coming down, went into the church, and saw a priest being decked in a flimsy lace robe, and then go to the altar and baptize an infant. Outside the church was a large crucifix, with its outstretched figure depicting a suffering Saviour, very painful to look at.

Wednesday, 27th.—Went by steamer up the Rhine to Coblentz, a strongly fortified town, and the capital of Rhenish Prussia. It occupies a large triangle, formed by the influx of the Moselle into the Rhine. Crossing the bridge of boats, we came to the foot of the rocky fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and, having obtained an order, toiled up to the summit. The view from here is very fine, extending as far as the mountains of Lorraine. A Prussian soldier who accompanied us, pointing to a stone seat, told us that some years ago Queen Victoria had ascended the fortress

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at early dawn, in order to see the sun rise, and had breakfast while seated there. We had, therefore, the honour of sitting where our beloved Queen had sat, and we thought of that passage, "I the Lord have strength. By Me kings reign, and princes decree justice. My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold, and My revenue than choice silver" (Prov. viii. 16—19). Returning by steamboat to Bonn, we had two monks as travelling companions. They were dressed in coarse brown cloaks and hoods, and had bare feet. When they parted with some priests, they kissed each on the cheek.

Thursday, 28th.—Had a sweet season of reflection while sitting on the banks of the Rhine, looking across to the Siebengeberge ("seven mountains") melting into airy distance, and felt the force of those well-known words—

> "In every object here I see
> Something, O Lord, that leads to Thee;
> Firm as the rocks Thy promise stands,
> Thy mercies countless as the sands;
> Thy love, a sea immensely wide;
> Thy grace, an ever-flowing tide."

Friday, 29th.—By steamer from Bonn to Biebrich. The scenery beyond Coblentz is grand and beautiful. Truly do "turreted towns, castellated ruins, and vine-terraced hills, succeed each other in picturesque profusion." We were much struck, too, with the extraordinary rafts on the Rhine, which are, in fact, vast floating islands of timber, the produce of forests on the banks of the river, hurled down in single logs, and accumulated till they become six or seven hundred feet in length, when they are fastened together and floated on the stream. We were told that at St. Goar there are very dangerous rapids, and sometimes these rafts are drawn under the water several feet, which has resulted in many a poor fellow meeting with a watery grave. Oh, what numbers are standing upon slippery rafts, and being carried down the rapids of time to certain destruction! What a mercy to be on the Rock, on a safe footing, where we can say, come what will, "*I shall not be greatly moved!*" The shades of evening drew over the beautiful landscape as we neared Biebrich, and caught the first glance of the summer palace of the Duke of Nassau. From thence we proceeded by omnibus to Wiesbaden—certainly a singularly interesting German watering-place. Arriving late, we were much struck with the beautiful effect produced by the fountains in the centre of the Kursaal being lit up with gas. And yet, alas! in this great colonnade, with its hundreds of orange-trees sending forth their fragrant perfume, are situated those splendid gambling-rooms which lead to the ruin of so many men of the world. It being a sultry evening, the windows of one of these magnificent halls were open, so that we could see a gay circle, composed of old and young, surrounding a perfectly smooth table covered with rich

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green cloth, and playing, we presume, at billiards. It was terrible to watch their eager countenances, especially that of an aged lady, playing with pitiable zeal, and doubtless staking thousands of pounds. Oh, the misery that must attend such a course of sin! A gentleman in the train told us that, last year, when he was staying at the Four Seasons Hotel, in the Kursaal, an American gentleman, having lost his all in one of those gambling rooms, returned to the hotel and shot himself in his bed-room; adding that this is nothing uncommon. Ah! truly is "the snare laid for the wicked, and a trap for him in the way: terrors shall make him afraid on every side;" "His end is destruction."

Saturday, 30th.—Got up at an early hour, and witnessed the novel sight of hundreds of well-dressed persons and invalids wending their way to the Kochbrunen (boiling spring), and having been supplied with a glass cup of this mineral water, they walked up and down a shady colonnade sipping it. This water is said to be a cure for the pains of tormenting gout and rheumatism. Oh, how we thought of our dear Redeemer at the well of Samaria, and of His gracious words, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give Me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." What a mercy to know of a spring that will cure a sin-sick soul, and is far more efficacious than the waters of Kochbrunen! Returned to Biebrich, and down the Rhine again to Bonn.

Sunday, 31st.—Glad of a quiet Sabbath Day. Dr. Graham preached a very precious sermon from John xvii. 22, "And the glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them; that they may be one, even as We are One;" developing the comforting fact that the glory given to Christ by the Eternal Father, Jesus will share with His saints.

Monday, August 1st.—Repaired to the prayer meeting in the vestry at Dr. Graham's; and, being called on to address the meeting, spoke upon the subject of repentance. It was a memorable season; and, as it was a parting time, one not easily forgotten. Farewell, little group of heaven-bound Christians! You have a green pasture here in the midst of the wild thorns of Popery. May the Lord the Spirit cheer and comfort you. We now go different ways across the sea of life; but we shall meet at the same haven of happy rest. Farewell.

Tuesday, 2nd.—Travelled from Bonn to Rotterdam; and at night by steamship to Harwich.

Wednesday, 3rd.—Home, through mercy. How soon periods of time pass away! Our trip is over, and we get again into the regular tread of every-day life. And now the wayfarer looks back upon his journeyings with adoring gratitude and deep thankfulness to God for preserving mercy by sea and by land. We were much touched upon our return by laying our hand upon the following simple yet heartfelt prayer written by one of our domestics: "O holy and most merciful Father, wilt Thou be pleased to protect my dear master and mistress across the wide ocean, and bring

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them home in safety to their dear children, for their lives are of great value. And, O gracious God, wilt Thou be pleased to keep us from all danger; and these things we ask for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." The prayers of that humble one have been heard and answered. To the Lord God of our salvation be all the praise.

And now, viewing the privileges of our own happy land, in contrast with the spiritual darkness which pervades the Popish lands passed through, we must indeed exclaim, "Our lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places; we have a goodly heritage."

> "There is a spot of earth supremely blest;
> A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;
> O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
> That land thy country, and that spot thy home."

1865. The last day of the old year fell upon a Saturday. In the evening there was service at St. Mary's, and Mr. Richardson preached from those words, "The Lord hath blessed me hitherto." Who has greater reason than myself to adopt this language? My dear wife and children all well, circumstances for the wilderness comfortable, my own health tolerable, and, above all, my soul in the keeping of my Covenant God; Jesus precious, and I still privileged in some measure to "minister to the saints." "*The Lord hath blessed me hitherto.*" I am ashamed at my want of faith about the future, and need to be very humble and contrite in stepping into the boundary of another year. "The Lord hath blessed me hitherto," and I must say with confidence once more the oft repeated couplet—

> "He that hath blessed me hitherto,
> Will bless me all my journey through."

First Sabbath evening in the New Year I was poorly, and had to remain at home, but spent a happy evening with our dear children, reading, singing, and praying.

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Dear wife enjoyed Mr. Richardson from the text, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness?" &c. Lord, keep me leaning and learning, as well as loving Thee.

Have been asking the Lord for a portion, and this sweet passage came home with power, "None of these things move me," &c. 1. The Christian enabled by grace to be calm amidst persecution, "None of these things move me." 2. The Christian committing his soul and all his concerns into the Lord's hands, "Neither count I my life," &c. 3. The consolation he enjoys in the consideration thereof, "That I may finish my course with joy."

How frequently are we surrounded by solemnities. It was only Friday last that I asked old Holmes to sweep the snow from the front of my house, and this (Friday) morning he is a corpse. Oh, what a mercy, in this uncertain world, to feel one's soul is safe in the hands of Jesus. Eternity may be much nearer than many of us expect.

Read in the *Times* of the death of good Mr. Grace, of Brighton. Grace by name and grace by spiritual nature, he has now exchanged it for glory.

Luther often calls my Lord "that precious diamond, Christ Jesus." Ah! He has been, and is, a precious diamond to me!

Much struck this morning with the expression, "Just and right is He." I am sure we must say Amen to it.

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In looking back, we must write over every affliction and sorrow, deprivation and bereavement, "Just and right is He."

"All that my life has seen,
All that my lot has been,
Darkness or light;
Seasons of deep distress,
Days of pure happiness;
All have been right."

Drove with Eddy to Hopton open air service, Mr. Dyer and self giving addresses. The day was one of great happiness in the Lord to me, but I shall never forget the hymn given out—

"Sweet the thought, exceeding sweet,
We shall soon in glory meet;
Where, the Saviour still the theme,
We shall ever sing of Him."

It was a lovely evening, and I thought much of my dear Lord preaching in the open air.

Encouraged by a visit from a Mrs. F——, who being on a visit to Bury, desired an interview with the "Way-side Notes" Writer, whose "Notes," she said, she had so richly enjoyed. Also received an encouraging letter concerning my writings from an unknown correspondent from Oxford. To the Lord be *all* the praise. The writer states that they have been often read with great profit at cottage meetings in the neighbourhood.

Sunday. Mr. A. F—— came at one o'clock for me to go directly to Barrow to preach twice. I was not prepared, but felt the preparation of the heart was of the Lord, and never spoke with greater liberty. Afternoon, Mark xvi. 15; evening, 2 Kings vii. 9.

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Mrs. White, of Turkey Court, nearing her end. Oh, what peace! what a recount of all the Lord's dealings! I sat by her bedside, and drank in the Gospel preached from her dying lips.

Conducted Mr. Richardson's Bible class at the school-room, Exodus xiii. Three words uppermost—Sanctification, Dedication, Redemption.

1866. My promise for the New Year is, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end." Oh to write that against every fresh trial and cross, and to go forward sweetly assured of its truth.

Yesterday Mrs. F—— told me that two of the Higham people were received by Mr. Elven as members of his Church, who stated that "they were first led to seek the Lord from hearing Mr. Cowell preach at Barrow." This did cheer my poor heart, and to my precious Jesus be all the praise.

At this morning's service, at St. Mary's, it rejoiced my heart to think that every one of my dear children who are at home with us were in the house of God, even little H., with his nurse. Dear Mr. Richardson preached a most impressive sermon, from 1 Kings xviii. 5.

Am now in my spare moments writing memoir of Widow White, and purpose calling it "Ebbing Moments." May our God pour out His blessing upon it.

Spoke in Town Hall last evening on behalf of the Religious Tract Society, and gave four reasons why it

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should have our cordial support: 1. Because of its aid. 2. Because of its aim. 3. Because of its adaptation. 4. Because of its achievement.

Last night was the first we passed in our new house, and by the side of my dear wife I offered up the first prayer to our Covenant God, committing our dear ones into His hands, and earnestly desiring that in this our new habitation the name of Jesus might be honoured.

Spoke at Ragged Schools, Ipswich Street. Address subsequently printed.

This morning just a hasty sip by the way at the spring of eternal life, from the precious words in Isaiah lxiii. 7.

Spoke with sweet liberty last evening at the Cockfield National Schoolrooms, from Psalm xxxii. 10. Afterwards Mrs. Ruffle said, "You have given us wine on the lees well refined"; and Miss C—— said it was a gracious opportunity. What a mercy! To Him be all the praise and honour.

Read with deep feeling the announcement of the death of dear Mr. Jeffreys, Rector of Cockfield—a refined and ripened saint. Many times have I been privileged to speak the Word in his presence, and he would sit as a child listening—a rare occurrence for a layman to be speaking whilst the rector was silent.

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2 Cor. v., very precious. "Being burdened" is often the cry note here. "Being clothed upon" will be the joy note yonder.

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With what power did this following expression arrest my thoughts this morning, seven o'clock, "Asaph and his brethren ministered before the ark continually, *as every day's work required.*" Yes, I have a fresh reason every day to go to Jesus, the Ark of my strength. Lord, this day shine forth into my soul. (This morning's post soon required me to look to my Ark !)

Dear wife said last evening she could not help thinking, *what a bountiful God is ours.* Truly so. We do find Him so in providence as well as grace. We are marvellously helped to supply the needs of our large household. Oh, what springs in the valley we have had ! Enough to make us never more doubt ; and yet, when we come to Mara, how soon we forget Elim !

It is not so much ungodly thoughts, but worldly thoughts, that I feel so possess the mind. Oh, the difficulty of keeping the thoughts fixed upon Christ ! I feel this morning completely ashamed of the little I know of Him and am learning of Him. On my bed, in the sanctuary, all the day, it seems the world ! the world ! the world ! Still, the Lord knows my pantings. He knows I do feel after Him, if haply I might find Him. He knows how perfectly miserable I am without the realization of His presence.

W—— B—— gone ; another proof of the uncertainty of everything of an earthly character. Jonah's gourd rose in a night and withered in a night. "No *good* thing will He withhold." It could not have been a good thing, or it would not have been withheld. So

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let it rest. The Lord must ever be good. May He enable us to feel it is well, and cause us to bless Him for His withholdings. It is certainly a deep disappointment, but our position is still to trust. We may be satisfied the Lord is ever at work for us, ordering and overruling all for our good. So that, supposing there be some object we desire to attain, which has cost us many fears and tears, and which *we* think very desirable, and we gain it not, it *must* be well. The Lord sees further ahead than we can. His withholdings are as full of wisdom as His grantings are full of grace. Our position is to say, and to abide by the saying patiently, "Thy will be done." "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good." I know this is hard sometimes; it is against flesh and blood; but there is a principle which triumphs over flesh and blood, —namely, faith. This is just what we want more of, and our prayer is wise, when we mean what we say, "Lord, increase our faith."

Much struck with the expression, "If there be any consolation of Christ, any *comfort of love*." Ah! there is indeed consolation of Christ. Nothing comparable to it. And then that sweet expression, "comfort of love." We know what it means in an earthly sense; how sweet to know and feel it in an heavenly!

This day has been one of severe trial to us. For some time past, my dear wife has been suffering from a swelling, which to-day the doctor pronounces to be tumour, spreading rapidly. Oh, what a blow this is! I look above for direction on her behalf. I do pray that the Lord may give wisdom how to act, and spare her life for our sakes.

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Sabbath evening. My dear wife able to play several hymns quite calmly. I read Psalm cxviii., and earnestly commended my dear one to God in prayer.

Monday. My dear wife called me from my dressing-room, and pointed to Isaiah vii. 4, "Take heed, and be quiet; fear not, neither be fainthearted." It seemed written and sent for her. The doctors having arrived, and every preparation made, my dear one walked calmly upstairs, where the operation was to be performed. Oh, what grace can do! She said to the doctors, "I am to 'take heed, and be quiet; fear not, neither be fainthearted,' for it is a Bible promise."

1867. Preached at Woodbridge, with much liberty of soul, from Psalm xl. 2, 3; and evening, Job xv. 11: much encouraged from an interview afterwards with Mr. C——, of Canterbury. He shook me warmly by the hand, stating he had known me for many years by my writings, and had determined to make the effort to run up and see me face to face. He told me that the piece entitled, "The Iron did Swim," which I wrote many years ago, was greatly blessed to his soul. It was a heart-cheering meeting not easily forgotten.

Anniversary sermons at Nottingham. A memorable day. Helped from on high.

Attended and addressed an interesting meeting for policemen. Mrs. Fry gave them a tea, and about seventy were present, besides their wives and families.

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Preached at the "Horns," from "Almighty Breaker." Felt at sweet liberty in prayer.

Uxbridge. Preached with much liberty, having been stripped of all creature confidence, to trust solely to the Spirit's teaching.

1870. After a long season of wretched coldness of heart, the Lord seems to have broken in upon me with a little reviving of spirit, and I feel more alive to the things of God at this moment than I have done for a long time. To His dear name be all the praise. *Ups* and *downs*, but so it is.

Proceeded to Brighton with dear E—— M——. Put up at the "Clarence." Journeying mercies vouchsafed. Oh, how good the Lord is to His poor worm. Made several calls to Mr. R——, Mrs. S——, and Miss A——, and warmly welcomed. Began the day in a calm and looking-out-for-Jesus frame.

Heard Dr. Winslow preach a very effective sermon, from Exodus xxviii. 38. The point of his discourse was, to show how sin was mixed with our most holy things, and how the Lord was pleased to accept them. Went beautifully into the grace of faith, grace of love, and grace of prayer, showing how sin in us was mixed in all. The Doctor, on the previous Sunday, had preached for the first time in Brighton since his reception into the Church of England. In the evening went to hear Mr. Lawson, at Providence Chapel, where I had so many times preached. Text, "For it is impossible for those

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that were once enlightened," &c. After service many of the Lord's dear people flocked around me and were exceedingly kind in their greeting.

How precious are Nehemiah's constant appeals to the Lord. This was his secret source of strength and success, when hearing of the state of the wall around Jerusalem. "And said, I beseech thee, O Lord God of heaven, the great and terrible God, that keepeth covenant and mercy for them that love Him and observe His commandments: let Thine ear now be attentive, and Thine eyes open, that Thou mayest hear the prayer of Thy servant, which I pray before Thee now, day and night, for the children of Israel Thy servants, and confess the sins of the children of Israel, which we have sinned against Thee: both I and my father's house have sinned. We have dealt very corruptly against Thee, and have not kept the commandments, nor the statutes, nor the judgments, which Thou commandedst Thy servant Moses. Remember, I beseech Thee, the word that Thou commandedst Thy servant Moses, saying, If ye transgress, I will scatter you abroad among the nations: but if ye turn unto Me, and keep My commandments, and do them; though there were of you cast out unto the uttermost part of the heaven, yet will I gather them from thence, and will bring them unto the place that I have chosen to set My name there. Now these are Thy servants and Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed by Thy great power, and by Thy strong hand. O Lord, I beseech Thee, let now Thine ear be attentive to the prayer of Thy servant, and to the prayer of Thy servants, who desire to fear Thy name: and prosper, I pray Thee, Thy servant this day, and grant him mercy in the sight of this man. For I was the king's cupbearer."

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And then when before the king, how he all the time plied the throne of grace. "So I prayed to the God of heaven." And in the king granting him his request, he acknowledged it as all of the Lord: "And a letter unto Asaph the keeper of the king's forest, that he may give me timber to make beams for the gates of the palace which appertained to the house, and for the wall of the city, and for the house that I shall enter into. And the king granted me, according to the good hand of my God upon me." So during the building of the wall, when so hotly opposed by the enemy, "Nevertheless we made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch against them day and night, because of them." O my God, may I learn from this sweet example more than ever to value a throne of grace. I think I know not a little of these secret appeals to Thee. At all times and under all circumstances may I continue them.

Sunday morning and evening heard Mr. Davis, of Poplar. Evening, from John vi. 27; a most precious sermon. My soul feasted upon it, and coming home across the fields, I enjoyed a hallowed lifting up of soul.

Preparing for removing. I feel thankful to my Covenant God for all His mercies and goodness, but know not how to express it. I am dumb, but silently grateful, and, I trust, growing. We are brought, in the good providence of God, to the last Sabbath in Ilford. I have been led out in prayer and thanksgiving to God in the consideration of four years of mercies granted under the roof of Sidmouth Villa; and especially sweet and to the point did Moses' last exhortation to obedience to the children of Israel appear as he re-

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counted God's gracious dealings with them; Deuteronomy viii., especially verses 2, 3, 5, and 7; indeed, *all* seemed to the point, and became a feast unto my soul. No slight mercy to have had no death in this house, but if spared to Thursday we shall gather up our goods, and with our dear ones proceed to our new habitation, Woodbury. Dear Lord, for all I bless Thee. Surely we have cause to be grateful, and our faith must become strengthened, as we think we have the same Covenant God, who will be with us there as He has been here.

Our first Sabbath in our new home. In the morning, led out in family prayer to thank the Lord for His goodness: especially struck with David's joy at the promised blessings upon his seed (1 Chron. xxix.), and noted the expression, "*Now* bless the Lord your God," and applied as an injunction to my family.

Preached twice at Uxbridge; blessedly helped from above. Texts: Jonah ii. 7; Rev. iv. 4. Many seemed to receive the Word with gladness. One said afterwards it was a precious opportunity, and a sweet sip of the brook by the way. I never felt so trembling in anticipation of preaching, but gained a happy liberty of spirit in the pulpit.

Having received telegram, urging me to preach again at Uxbridge, went and preached from, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" and evening from John xvi. 22. Grieved to find that since last Sunday Mrs. H—— has been seriously ill, and not expected to live. It appears

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she richly enjoyed last Sabbath's sermon from the Word, "When my soul fainted within me," &c. To the Lord be all the praise. I recount this, for it was singular with regard to that text, for I had determined to preach from another; but the above came with such power and sweetness late on Saturday evening, that I could not do otherwise but preach from it, looking unto the Lord for help.

It is often a question with me on Monday morning, "What have I gained of Christ during the past Sabbath? Have I learnt something more about Him that endears Him to me?" Often, alas! I am obliged to say, "But little, I fear." Sometimes I have sweet manifestations of His love on the Sabbath, especially when engaged in the ministry of the Word to His people; at other times it is almost like a lost Sabbath, when the preaching is poor milk-and-water, and no manna for the hungry soul.

Heard two precious and powerful sermons from Mr. E——. In the evening, upon, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" My heart could respond, "Lord, Thou knowest my heart; Thou knowest I *do* believe that Thou art the Christ of God, co-equal with the Father, and the All in all of my salvation."

My birthday portion is, "The desire of my soul is to Thy name, and to the remembrance of Thee." After years of knowledge, my dear Lord, on this forty-eighth anniversary of my birthday, I can say, in the language of my portion given by Thee, "The desire of my soul is to Thy name, and to the remembrance of Thee." Yea,

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I will remember all the way Thou hast led me—all the crosses and losses, deliverances and triumphs—all the communications of Thy love, and the riches of Thy grace. Oh, how great is Thy goodness to me, unworthy me! And I can say on this day, kept by Thy mighty power, "The desire of my soul *is* to Thy name." Precious name! May I honour it more and more, and live closer to Him who bears it. God knows, my desire is toward Him—my panting and longing that, as years roll by, I may become meetened to live with Him throughout the countless ages of eternity!

1871. The last eve of the old year was spent in an unusual, but not unprofitable way. Usually I have attended some meeting, either as a speaker or hearer, but this time was called, in the providence of God, to spend it in the chamber of our now prostrate parent, Mrs. Wiginton, and the passage we particularly dwelt upon for her comfort was, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," &c. She seemed to lay hold upon this great promise as we dwelt upon it. Dear mamma stayed with her, and I returned home to our dear ones, and while the old bells of Woodford Church rung the old year out and the new in, uplifted my heart to God for all His past mercies, and prayer for future grace for future steps in my pilgrimage. My own desires, afresh, Lord, at the opening of this another year, would be to dedicate myself, my soul, and my concerns to Thee. Oh, if Thou art pleased to spare me, let it be a year of fruitfulness unto God. That I may live unto God, is my constant desire. Lord, give me grace so to do. And I would thank Thee on behalf of those of our dear children who know Christ. Lord, bless them, and quicken the work Thou hast begun. And the others—

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Lord, save them, and bring them to a knowledge of the truth. Hear my prayer, for Jesus' sake. And concerning "Wayside Notes," Lord, grant a fresh vigour may appear in the above. Accompany them with Thy blessing. Many have been profited by them during the past year, for which Thy servant would give Thee thanks. He is now in Thy Hands; he feels he can write nothing more without Thy guidance. O Thou Testifier of Jesus, who, it is said, "will guide into *all* truth," come and help, that this year's "Notes" (if I am spared to write them) may be marked by increased spirituality and unfolding of Christ; that He may be glorified, and His own comforted and refreshed.

To Dorsetshire, arriving safely with Mr. P——, and putting up at the Grosvenor Hotel, Shaftesbury. Met in the evening with Mr. B——, steward to the Dowager Marchioness of Westminster, whom I found to be a Christian man, and we conversed together. Shaftesbury is a pretty and clean antique town, and the country around is beautiful. We had a lovely drive to Shroton. Met Mr. B—— and Mr. M—— on business in the evening, and had more talk; and it was a striking coincidence that both of them knew many Christians known to me. Went to the Rev. V——'s house. It was a meeting for the first time of kindred spirits, long known to each other, but never before meeting face to face. Sunday went to his church, and joined in the Communion. Dined at Mr. B——'s. His house and grounds are truly charming and romantic. But I was obliged reluctantly to deviate from my rule of never travelling on Sunday, except on the Lord's service, but, owing to the awkwardness of the trains, returned to Salisbury. Went to the large chapel, and heard a good

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sermon, from the words, "Ought not Christ to have suffered?" Walked to Fisherton, and saw dear S—— and his amiable wife, who, singularly enough, on that Sabbath evening had just closed a service in their house, when they had read to the people the last "Wayside Notes,"—"Family Features." It was a refreshing season to my soul with these dear people.

Preached at Zion Chapel, Bedford, from Jonah ii. 7, and John xxi. 17. Thus the Lord was pleased to grant me the privilege of speaking in His dear name in another spot on earth. May the seed sown prove to be the incorruptible seed of divine truth, and bring forth fruit unto God. The place was well filled, both services, by attentive congregations, and the warm shake of the hand received from many afterwards proved the message had not been in vain in the Lord.

Received a request from Mr. F—— to visit his daughter, who had received much blessing from "Wayside Notes." She was dangerously ill, and desired to see me ere she lost consciousness. I went at once, and found a sweet-looking girl, suffering much from excitement of the brain. As I went up the stairs I heard her singing, and as I entered the room I caught the sound, "A mansion above." This started the converse, which was almost all on her side, and she seemed in an ecstasy of joy, partly, I fear, from the state of her brain. After staying with her, and, at her request, expounding to her the passage, "Your life is hid with Christ in God," and praying with her, I left, promising soon to go again.

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By a singular providence, dear W—— this day commences business, and dear H—— commences school. May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob "bless the lads."

Paid Miss F—— another visit. Found her not so joyous as on my previous visit. Still, she talked calmly, earnestly, and sweetly. I do pray that her soul may be kept in perfect peace.

Feeling that on the morrow we should be brought, according to human calculations, to a crisis of a trial, under which we felt we could do nothing but leave it with the Lord, those lines of dear Newton came so sweetly and soothingly—

> "What to-morrow may betide,
> Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
> 'Tis enough that Thou dost care;
> Why should I the burden bear?"

And we believe that this is just the way the Christian should do with every fear and foreboding, cast them away, and cast himself and his burden upon the Burden Bearer.

In prospect of having to preach next Sunday at Cambridge, I feel very trembling, but am kept in a prayerful spirit, and never seemed, as of late, to be brought to such complete nothingness of spirit. Lord, go with me, and make me a blessing to Thy people there. They have been accustomed to no uncertain sound. Help me to proclaim fully the Gospel of the grace of God. It is no easy matter to follow such men as Philpott, &c., but "*I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.*"

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Both our dear eldest boys have this afternoon arrived from the Continent. Oh, how thankful one feels to the Lord who has guarded, guided, and brought them home in safety, and granted us an answer to our many prayers.

First meeting of the Conference of Christians at Mr. Ormiston's school-rooms, Holloway. Subject, "*The Glorious Him*," by the Rev. S. Adams, of Leicester. Mr. Ormiston read the paper. Rev. J. Gowring, myself, and others spoke also. It was a very happy and memorable meeting.

Dear mamma, W——, and self to town. Drove to St. Peter's, Saffron Hill, to hear Dr. Hewlett. Heard him from the words, "But in the fulness of time, God sent His Son, made of a woman, made under the law," &c. His description of these three expressions was very powerful and blessed, "The fulness of time," "Made of a woman," "Made under the law." Spoke to him afterwards.

Gave an address, at the commencement of the winter's work at Ray Lodge, by the invitation of Albert Spicer, Esq., upon what we needed in our work: 1. The Spirit's aid. 2. Self renounced. 3. Sinners saved. 4. The Saviour glorified.

1872. Another saint safely home, dear Mrs. S——, of Brighton, one who especially cheered me in my little labour of love there, and I look back upon her as one of those kindred spirits with whom we have taken sweet counsel; and now she has passed away to join the happy throng of the redeemed above, and we are left

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still to lean upon Jesus, and travel on in the pilgrim's pathway to the city of our God.

It is a secret source of joy to me to watch how dear C—— is advancing in divine things. He is evidently born again, and bringing forth fruits meet for repentance. He writes me that he is going to conduct a class. Subject, "Abraham's Offering." May the Lord enrich his soul.

God's Hush! Hush, devil! hush, temptation! hush, self! "I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my Love, till He please." His love *is* so sweet. Oh, when we get a moment with Him, we want that nothing should disturb us.

How wonderfully the days pass. Life seems really passing away like a vapour. Oh to learn more of Christ. There seems hardly breathing time to read one's Bible. Up in the morning; to town by train; day's engagements, and return not till six, and the evening soon gone. But *my soul* is in Jesus' hands.

Another week rolling away! I would record the Lord's goodness in upholding, bringing through, and communicating His love and mercy. Much to depress; more to animate, for glory is certain.

Mrs. W——, of B——, writes that my writings and ministry are much blessed to her soul. She speaks of

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hers being "a thorny way," and I tell her, if so, like many others, she has had given her shoes of iron and brass to tread them under foot. Jesus was *crowned with thorns*, and His dear hands bound so that He could not, if He would, have removed it from His dear blood-streaming brow ; and all this He endured for us.

Ascension Day, and the twenty-sixth anniversary of our wedding. Wonderfully upheld. The way, to look back upon, has been fraught with the goodness and mercy of the Lord. In prayer my thoughts were directed to an ascended Lord, and we looked up, and thought of our ascension standing *in* Him, our ascension gifts *from* Him, and our ascension glory *with* Him.

Attended with dear —— the opening of the new Iron Chapel in W——, and was called upon to speak, and referred to the points of resemblance we desired between this house of the Lord and the one which Solomon built, one thousand years before the coming of Christ. 1. Solomon's anxiety was that the ark of the Covenant should be there. 2. The priests went into the holy place ere they came before the people. 3. When they came out the glory of the Lord filled the temple. 4. Solomon's prayer, and the Lord's answer, "I have hallowed this house, which thou hast built, to put My name there, and Mine eyes and Mine heart shall be there perpetually." Result: "They went unto their tents joyful and glad of heart for all the goodness that the Lord had done."

Monthly conference at Holloway. Dear E—— accompanied me, and the outlines of my address were on the

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subject of "Christian Communion and Fellowship," as follows: 1. A test of regeneration, "By this we know," &c. 2. Where cultivated, Jesus has promised to be present, "Where two or three are gathered." 3. It tends to mutual comfort and edification. 4. How difficult and unsatisfactory is worldly friendship. 5. True friendship exemplified in Jonathan and David, Apostles in the "upper room," &c. 6. Christian fellowship nearly the last thing spoken of in the Old Testament, "Then they that feared the Lord," &c.

Oh that as we pass onwards and homewards we may realize more of the privilege of fellowship of the saints, and so become helpers of each other's joy. I much enjoyed this conference. Mr. Ormiston prayed that "nothing might be uttered that was unfelt"; and in speaking afterwards, said, "the Lord's people were not many, but they were *the* many," and referred also to their being sustained by the Bread of Life, and in Him the *one* loaf. Mr. Bageley, of Oxford, also spoke to the point, "That the world might believe." That does not say become converted, but believe in the justice and truth of Jehovah. He dwelt also upon the fact that it is *the* truth that produces real unity.

Royal opening of the East London Museum by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Took my dear wife to witness this interesting ceremony; had tickets for the Museum enclosure. It was an imposing sight. Such gatherings put me in mind of the one great gathering that presently will occur; none but blood-marked ones will gather within the realms of the blest then, and to be sure that I shall be numbered among the guests.

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My last article, entitled, "The Devices of Satan," the Lord seems to have especially owned and blessed. It seems to have breathed the experience of the flock of slaughter, and I have received several testimonies. Dear C—— writes it just portrayed his own experience. Mrs. J—— and M—— spoke of it with feeling enjoyment. G—— H——, of Martock, writes he quite broke down whilst reading it. P—— B—— also, that she wept throughout the reading of it; and D—— L—— J—— said every word of it told, and he felt it thrill through him. To the Lord be all the praise.

Journeyed with dear C—— to Brussels, and saw the most interesting sights; also in Antwerp next day, returning again in the evening. Pained to see in England just what I had witnessed in Brussels Cathedral, namely, the *performance of the Mass!* Poor deluded Church of England! rottenness of bones is within thee.

Heard Dr. Hewlett at St. Peter's, Saffron Hill, from Romans viii. 1. Very precious, and sweetly clear. No Arminian mixture to make one sick at heart.

Life all seems in a hurry! No time for meditation, although I need it much. A *lapper* of water indeed is "G. C."

Preached at George Lane, from Psalm xl. 2. A very good attendance. The little cause seems growing, and I do feel it is being made a blessing to the neighbourhood. It is my earnest desire that some poor sinner, through such ministrations, may be led to Christ. I

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know taking the stand of the truth in the neighbourhood in which, in the providence of God, our tent is pitched, will bring much opposition, and many sneers, but I care not for this.

> "I want to tell to sinners round
> What a dear Saviour I have found,"

so that when I lay my dying head upon my pillow, it can be said, as was spoken of another, "He hath done what he could," but in it all may Jesus take *all* the glory.

Preached at Ray Lodge Mission Station, from John xi. 29, and felt a holy boldness and liberty of utterance, as well as an earnest wrestling of soul that some poor sinner might be brought, like the woman of Samaria, to say, "Is not this the Christ?" Have promised increased help, D.V. Oh, I do want that my life should be a living testimony to the value of the doctrines of grace, so that there may be no doubt, if my sun should set behind a cloud, as to my life's standing in Christ.

What a world of care and anxious toil this is! What should we be if we could not look upwards and think, "Well, one day it will all be over, and I shall cease from it all, and be for ever with Jesus"? My dear sweet ones are all that I can wish, and yet, with it all, a large family brings large and heavy cares. What we should do if any of them were worldly and ungovernable, I cannot think. But, thanks be to God, they are as they are, and what they are.

Much enjoyed the subject of "The Sympathy of Christ," at the Holloway Conference, and spoke with

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some degree of liberty. It is sweet in this world of toil to turn aside and meet with some of the Lord's living ones. I feel at home in their midst.

Fifty years old to-day! On every birthday, of late years, I have asked the Lord to give me a special portion, and in looking over the Word of God last evening, after all had retired to rest, the following portion seemed given me of the Lord. "Comfort thine heart, I pray thee, with a morsel of bread, and afterward go your way" (Judges xix. 5). I would comfort mine heart with the consideration of my God's wondrous and multiplied mercies in the past. I would comfort mine heart in the consideration of His unchangeable character, feeling and believing that—

> "He who hath helped me hitherto
> Will help me all my journey through."

I would comfort mine heart in the assurance that He is my Saviour, and that the Spirit of God will unfold Him more and more. I would comfort mine heart in having a hope beyond the grave, assured that when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved I shall have "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And now I would go on my way, trusting in Jesus, and believing that He who has brought me on my pilgrimage these fifty years will be with me to the end, and give all needful supplies, spiritually and temporally, for the few or many, as it pleases Him, remaining years of my life.

A very sweet letter from dear C——. How blessedly he seems led of the Lord. Expresses his overwhelming feelings at reading last "Wayside Notes," on, "That

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I may know Him." What a mercy for me, a father, to think my writings should be blessed to my own children. Watching for their spiritual advancement, I was grateful and thankful to meet with the following expression from dear L——, speaking of her Bible Class, "I am a mere babe in Christ myself, but pray that more wisdom may be given to impart to those around me those things which lead to Christ Himself." For dear L—— to make the declaration that she is a babe in Christ at all, is very joyous to my soul, because I know, "if a child, then an heir," &c. Dear Lord, I thank Thee for such family mercies.

1873. What a wonderful and solemn thought it is that we must soon pass away from the stage of this world! that the place which knows us now will know us no more for ever! that that place will be filled up possibly by another. "Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" Well, if any of my loved ones should read these words after I am gone, "G. C.'s" confidence is that he is gone to glory. He takes Jesus at His word; He has promised it; He has procured it. Such, on this 22nd February, 1873, is my assurance. Lord, increase my faith.

We had a great treat in hearing dear Dr. Hewlett at Mr. Tugwell's church, Stamford Street. He preached a sweet sermon on, "I will go in the strength of the Lord," &c. Never shall I forget his "I will go"; also his description of righteousness—what it is—simply *doing right;* and how blessedly he showed the only One who could do right, so as to square with God's holiness, was Jesus! It was very blessed. Dear Tugwell seemed as warm-hearted as ever, and pleased to meet me.

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Receiving intimation that a poor dying man, who had heard me preach at George Lane several times, wished to see me, I hastened to poor Butcher's house, and found him very low, and not, I fear, knowing much of divine things. I pointed him to Jesus, and gave him the passage, "Looking unto Jesus," endeavouring to show him that he would find in Him every need of the soul satisfied. Do we want salvation, righteousness, peace, pardon—yea, *all* things?—"*Looking unto Jesus.*" I prayed with him, and he was melted to tears, his agony of mind betraying itself on his countenance. I pray the Lord will save at the eleventh hour.

Bible meeting at our house. Subject, "The Raising of Lazarus." Few attended, still it was a nice and profitable meeting. Some struggling for creature effort, I struggling to give Jesus *all* the glory.

Engaged (D.V.) to dine at The Harts', to meet Mrs. Moffatt, the wife of the missionary, Dr. Davis, and others.

At the request of our dear friends, the J——'s, the Vicar of Wanstead consented to dear Gowring preaching in Christ Church this evening. He preached a very deep sermon, from "Looking unto Jesus," backing all his statements by copious references from Scripture. Some, I could see, were not used to such teaching, and sat in wrath. Others rejoicing, amongst them being "G. C."

Easter week. This has been a wonderful and gracious season to me. Dear Mr. and Mrs. Simper inviting me to Salisbury, I went, and was received with much warmth

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and welcome. Good Friday Eve preached in Mr. Simper's room, to a goodly number, from Rom. viii. 14. The Word seemed to run and have free course, and was much enjoyed by the children of God; and although engaged to preach twice on Sunday, the Downton people pressed me to preach at their place in the afternoon. Dear Simper thought it would be too much for me, but the Lord was my stay, and so, after a hasty midday meal, drove to Downton, and preached from Job xxiii. 16; returning to evening service (altogether fourteen miles), and preached in the evening from the words, "The Lord turned and looked upon Peter." The service was wonderfully blessed. The dear people came from different villages, six miles away, and many a warm shake of the hand, and a moistened eye, showed how the Word of the Lord had not returned unto Him void. My own soul, too, was fired with liberty, and I felt much encouraged. One dear saint present had been blessed in hearing me preach at dear Tugwell's, twelve years since. Dear Lord, I thank Thee for this visit, and especially for Thine all-sufficient grace.

A pouring wet day. Felt inclined to give up the idea of going to hear dear Doudney at St. George's, in the Borough—the week-night service—yet pushed on; and oh, what a treat it was! The dear man took for his text Deut. xxxii. 10. It was a precious time of refreshing to my soul—sweetly experimental. This is the sort of preaching my soul loves, and so entirely contrary to the free-will preaching of the day. God helping poor "G. C." to the end of his days, he will give God *all* the glory of his salvation. He who found me has supplied me, and will do, nor rest till He has finished the work. *Grace, grace! all of grace!*

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I have no greater joy than to see my dear children walking in the ways of the Lord. Yet, if they are led like their father, it will be a *following hard after Jesus.* Still, there is the inward peace, which the world can neither give nor take away.

Another dear saint gone home to glory—William Claris, of Canterbury. He sleeps in Jesus, and is blessed.

During the last fortnight have had the pleasure and privilege of meeting frequently with dear Mr. Marston, son of the Rev. — Marston, of St. Paul's, Onslow Gardens. He is blind, but with great spiritual light upon the Scriptures. He went with me to the Conference, and together at home we have studied the Scriptures, and we have had precious opportunities over the Word. It is a rare but rich treat thus to meet. Dear young man! he seems far from strong, and almost like a ripened Christian. He wants to be a missionary, but I fear his desire will not be accomplished. Yet the Lord knows.

Wednesday evening, July 30th, was one of the most memorable in the course of my career. In all my felt weakness, standing to preach in that beautiful chapel, the Surrey Tabernacle, and preach boldly, too, in the name of the Lord, to a large congregation. "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." To think that "G. C." should be permitted to preach from the pulpit once occupied by that great man, James Wells! "God moves in a mysterious way." Who can tell! Who can tell how it pleases Him to work and lead for His own glory!

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My birthday. Affectionate letters and expressions from my dear ones. The following portion has come with sweetness and power, "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities: thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken." It is now within a few days of three months that I have been at home ill, and the consideration of the contrast between my poor tabernacle and this one referred to, oh, how great! I am now nearly restored, and the Lord knows how I desire henceforth to glorify His dear name.

1874. Closed the old year and began the new in the spirit of prayer and praise.

The warfare. "But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

J—— came unexpectedly; went with him to hear dear Ormiston. Much inconvenience on account of distance, trains, &c., but forgot all that while listening, in a tearful, melting spirit, to his blessed testimony.

Sunday evening. Went with dear W—— to hear Dr. Doudney, who preached a precious sermon, from Romans viii. 24, "For we are saved by hope." The church was full, and it was a blessed opportunity, especially as I was suffering very much from lowness of spirits.

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Another little refreshing by the way. Two ladies called upon us, the Misses S——, from S——. They came to find out the unworthy "Wayside Notes" Writer. Their conversation savoured of the family feelings and desires.

First day of another month. O Lord, how time is hurrying us onward. Do make me ready for Thy coming to me, either under the blessing of death or otherwise; and oh to be an heir of glory, waiting for my inheritance!

I have been meditating upon that full and precious chapter, Isaiah xliii. Oh, how it sets forth the sovereignty and mercy of God. It is in the way described there that I have learned Christ. And how anyone can read such a portion, and think man is to meet Christ half way, is difficult to understand, otherwise than that their eyes are not enlightened by the Spirit of God.

O Lord, the time is short. The frailty of this poor tabernacle reminds me of the end. Oh to feel increasingly that my standing is in Christ, and then, verily, may I lay hold on the Covenant *shalls* of this precious chapter.

Sunday morning—a splendid, cheerful morning. Mr. King drove me to Wallingford, and I was warmly greeted by many poor, rich souls. I felt a sweet liberty, and preached with the power of the Spirit. It seemed to be a time not easily forgotten by many. In the evening again I felt the power of the Spirit. A

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Mrs. A——, an old hearer of dear Joseph Irons, greeted me with tears. Altogether, it was a memorable occasion, and I came away refreshed and encouraged.

Preached at Wallingford, not with that felt liberty I love to enjoy. In the evening revived, and, through the Spirit's leading, with power. There was a gentleman there who had never entered the place before, but was induced to hear "G. C." He came greatly prejudiced, but said to Mr. D——, "If that is Antinomianism, I like it." I could not help putting up a secret prayer to the Lord, that this might be a time when his soul might become enlightened and blessed. Lord, I have given out all that Thou hast given me; now replenish the empty vessel, and fill it with Thy glory, that when called to testify of Jesus again, it may be with the power of the Spirit, convincing, converting, and comforting the people. I have no might in this great battle against sin, Satan, the flesh, and the world, neither know I what to do, but mine eyes are upon Thee.

Went to Mr. Baxter's, Cavendish Chapel, Eastbourne; he preached a most powerful and precious sermon, from John vii. 17.

Joined Mr. Baxter, and went to Five Ash Down Anniversary; a very enjoyable day. Mr. Baxter preached in the afternoon from Psalm civ. 27, 28. In expounding the same Psalm, he was very precious upon "the rocks for the conies"—little creatures who could not dig in the earth, but found their holes in the rock; illustrative of the children of God, who could not dig

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in the earth, but find their rest in Christ, the Rock of Ages. Also was striking upon "the wild goats," which stand with their four feet upon an eminence where the two feet of man could not stand; illustrative of the presumptuous professor. Also, in preaching, "Thou openest Thine hand" was very precious, considering Christ as the Hand. I was introduced to many Christian people, and received much encouragement. Dear Lord, accept my sincere thanks for Thy goodness in letting such a poor worm minister to the comfort of Thine own in their afflictions, and take, oh take, all the glory Thyself, for verily it is all of Thee, and not of me.

First Sunday in Derby. Much cast down in spirit, away from all my dear ones. Went morning and evening to Trinity. Mr. Hoare preached both times. Evening a very precious sermon, from, "There shall be no night there." Afterwards attended a prayer-meeting; upwards of 100 present.

Wednesday evening. A great treat at Trinity—quite cheering. Mr. Hoare preached a sweet sermon from the words, "Because ye are sons," &c. It comforts me to think of such a ministry for my dear ones.

A precious closing of the year. Went to Trinity with some of my dear ones, and we all enjoyed Mr. Hoare's ministration so much, from "the two Covenants." It sent us home rejoicing and happy. In the night, when we entered the New Year, I found myself crying to the Lord, "O Father, take my hand. The future is a mist to me; dear Lord, guide and direct me."

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1875. New Year's day. Early this morning I awoke, and the cry went up, "O my Father, take my hand and guide me"; and in opening the Bible before breakfast, my eye caught this passage, which seemed to come with the accompanying power of the Holy Ghost, in connection with the untrodden pathway, "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting," &c. (Psalm ciii. 17.)

This has been a happy day in the Lord. Dear Dr. Hewlett, Vicar of Astley, preached two precious sermons in Trinity Church, on behalf of the Pastoral Aid Society. Morning text, Isaiah xl. 11; and evening, 2 Tim. ii. 1. The savour of these precious truths I trust may abide many days. In the afternoon the annual prayer-meeting, for God's blessing upon the Sunday Schools, was held. I gave the address, taking for my subject *Prayer*, "Oh that Thou wouldest bless me indeed!" and in the evening we had a prayer-meeting in the school-room, which was crowded.

The great drawback to all this enjoyment (and a cross there is sure to be) is the indisposition of my dear wife. Thus does the Lord temper all with plenty of ballast, and if we get into the third heavens, we shall have some extra clog on earth to pull us down. By-and-by we shall spring clear of all clogs, and then our joy will be uninterrupted and complete.

In thinking of the communicants' meeting this evening, sweetly did those words drop in, "Ye do show the Lord's death till He come." Oh to drink deeply into the results of the Lord's death—to understand it, and realize it in all its bearings. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." May we see our unworthiness consists in

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not discerning the body of Christ. Give us the Spirit's discernment, dear Lord. We are always unworthy of any gifts we receive at Thy hand, but let us not be unworthy in the sense that we do not discern the intent and necessity of Thy doing and dying. The writer hangs upon the Atonement, and sings, "Other refuge have I none," &c. Psalm lxvi., last verse, "Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor His mercy from me." I can rest here; He is the unchanging One. With all the marvellous twistings and turnings in my chequered life, He has never turned His mercy from me, nor never will. Here I rest, and leave all the rest with Him.

We had a joyous prayer-meeting last night. There seemed to be much of the Spirit and power in the prayers. Poor G—— broke down in referring to some heartfelt trial, probably the loss of his children, and now another fast going. We did seem so drawn out in prayer for him, that there might be seen the silver lining to that dark cloud. Oh, how sweet it is to have our God to look to in trial, and our Jesus to cast our burden upon! Personally there seems something ever to weight us, and we are incessantly driven to our sympathizing Lord. Oh, the rebellion, the peevishness, the kicking against these things which are contrary to flesh and blood! O Lord, give the spirit of submission and resignation.

By the unanimous wish of the members of the Bible Class, I am requested to remain at their head. The few who did not like the truth have left us, but those that remain are growing, and becoming confirmed in the doctrines of grace. I pray for grace, that all I say may be for the edification of "the body."

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1876. It is marvellous how day after day passes away. The same round of similar duties. Night comes, and we are glad of rest, and so time speeds on apace, and life will soon be over. Oh to grasp at the moments ere they fly—to talk to Jesus! Yet it is our abundant consolation to know that when life is over, the eternal life with Him begins.

"*God is for me.*" *Precious fact* that "*God is for me!*" Still sighing for more of Jesus; still feeling the emptiness of the creature; still holding on, "Faint, yet pursuing"; still finding Jesus to be the best beloved Friend; still assured that, if saved at all, it must be by sovereign grace and mercy. Thus I hope on as heaven draws nearer, and time speeds us on.

Special prayer-meeting, to be held for the first time in the new Mission Hall. Lord, we have a special errand to the Throne, for Thou hast permitted us to erect this place, and, through evil and good report, thus far to accomplish the desire of our heart. There may life be imparted, and may it be the birthplace of many whom Thou hast determined to save. If it be not garnished with precious stones, let it be garnished with precious souls saved by sovereign grace. Let it be a Mount Zion to many a worshipper, a mount of blessing to many a needy soul, a house of bread to the hungry, and a very Bethel home to Thy people.

Good Friday. Although very poorly, I had a happy day at Manchester, meeting so many of the Lord's dear family, that was really refreshing. Amongst those

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present were the Revs. J. R. N——, J. E——, J. M——, and T. B——, beside the C—— family, and many others known to me through my writings. Mr. E—— said he could not make out how, in the midst of commercial life, I could go on year after year, and sustain the Lord's work in connection with His vineyard. I can only attribute it all to the Lord's making a man of valour out of a trembling worm, as He did Gideon of old.

"And the government shall be upon His shoulders," seems to be my portion for to-day. Oh, to feel this more and more—that He reigns, He rules, He guides all my affairs, and may I roll all my cares on the Lord. Verily, they are many, yet not one too many, when felt to be His arranging.

This has been a memorable Christmas to us, in consequence of the gathering together of the whole of our dear ones; not one absent. God only knows if we shall all meet again. Sunday evening every one of them were seated with us in Trinity Church, and as parents, we had great meltings of heart at the sight. Mr. Hoare preached a most impressive and beautiful sermon, from 1 Corinthians vii. 29-31, "But this I say, brethren, the time is short," &c. Our dear G—— expressed himself warmly with regard to the sermon, and, indeed, it was a most blessed opportunity, and a word in season. On Christmas day, after morning service, we all repaired to the Mission Hall, where we helped to wait upon about thirty-five old people, for whom we had provided a dinner; after which I gave them a short address from the following points: 1. For the aged—a dinner. 2. A Saviour for the sinner. 3. A crown for the winner.

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The last Sabbath in the old year. Most merciful God, my desire is that the fleeting moments of another year may be spent near Thy throne. That our desires going out after the Son of Thy love, our faith may rest upon Jesus, and we, through the power of the Holy Ghost, realize that our fellowship is with the Father, and His dear Son Christ Jesus. I bless Thee for the unnumbered mercies of the now fast closing year; for blessings apparent, as well as those in disguise; for left-hand blessings, as well as right-hand mercies; for Thy withholdings, as well as Thy givings; for Thy takings, as well as Thy gifts. Oh, bless us in the future. May the unfoldings of the new year be full of Christ, and we realize Thy presence and promise, "Thou shalt be anointed with fresh oil." Amen.

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CHAPTER XIV.

"Some of us have seen life in a very chequered form—bright rays succeeded by gloomy days; sunshine by storm; prosperity by adversity; the south wind by the east wind; clear views by the way, by the mist and the maze; yet, no matter what form the experience has assumed, Jesus is the only One who can fit into the every step of the eventful pathway. . . . . Once *there*, we shall forget the night hours spent in watching for the Bridegroom in the 'joy' or 'singing' that cometh in the morning."—*George Cowell*, "*Fresh Oil.*"

IN his earlier years my dear father devoted many of his spare moments to the writing of hymns and poetry. Many of the following pieces, gathered from early manuscripts, will be read here for the first time; and if they find a re-echo in any heart, they will not have been written in vain by him who loved to sing praises to the Lord God of Israel, in Whose Presence he now worships without interval, unceasing, unwearying, and doubtless realizing what he so often expressed, "Eternity will be far too short to utter half His praise."

A PARENTAL SONG OF PRAISE

AT THE BIRTH OF A CHILD, CLEMENT JOHN COWELL.

PRAISE! praise! heart fervent praise!
Infinite God, to Thee;
Songs, songs of love we raise
To the Eternal Three.
A mother spared, an offspring given;
Oh, let our shouts uprise to heaven!

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Death might have stalked in here,
And sorrow pierced the heart;
Snapped ties of love so dear,
And called us now to part;
But oh, rejoice my soul aloud!
Peace rests, through Christ, on our abode.

Then, morning, noon, and night,
Ne'er let our praises cease;
But may we walk aright
In paths of righteousness;
And point the offspring that is given
To Jesus as the way to heaven.

London, Jan. 22nd, 1850.

ETERNAL LIFE AND PRESERVATION.

HAIL, Shepherd of Thy chosen flock!
We hear Thee sweetly speaking,
And round about Thee we would be
Hallowed enjoyment seeking.
These words of everlasting love
We want to fully cherish—
"I give to them eternal life,
And they shall never perish.'

Enhance in us just confidence,
Thy promises believing;
Nor let the tempter have his way,
Our treacherous hearts deceiving;
But may true faith possess our souls,
Thy Word to fully cherish—
"I give to them eternal life,
And they shall never perish."

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Eternal life, oh, what a boon!
From heavenly courts descending;
With bliss, and peace, and hope, and love,
And every joy attending.
Then wonder not our souls desire
These words to fully cherish—
"I give to them eternal life,
And they shall never perish."

The falsely shining hopes of life,
Time is for ever shading;
But here's a rock to build upon
While earthly joys are fading.
And then to think that Christ Himself
This truth has bid us cherish—
"I give to them eternal life,
And they shall never perish."

Not perish, Lord? What! Not when we
Are constantly rebelling?
Not sink, too, when at last we come
To Jordan's dreadful swelling?
"How can I alter My commands,
Which I have bid thee cherish—
'I give to them eternal life,
And they shall never perish'?"

Amen! my soul, resound in praise
And everlasting singing;
This theme shall cause me constant joy
While time its flight is winging.
My passport through the pearly gates
I'll hold and fully cherish—
"I give to them eternal life,
And they shall never perish."

Birmingham, June 21st, 1853.

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A WALK IN THE GARDEN.

Is Jesus here amidst these trees and flowers?
If He is not, then comfort there is none,
For what are calm retreats, or shady bowers,
Without His blessèd arm to lean upon?

Companion of my soul, yes, Thou art here;
I feel Thy presence, and rejoice therein;
Nor need I drop the solitary tear,
For Thou art here, sweet converse to begin.

Methinks I hear Thy gentle voice of love;
Speak on, dear Lord; let not my fears arise,
And as Thou comest from the throne above,
Tell me of joys and bliss beyond the skies.

What didst Thou say—that mansions there are there?
That to Thy ransomed ones they all belong?
And seats for saints, and crowns for them to wear,
And Thou wilt ever be amidst the throng?

But, dearest Lord, oh, say, shall I be there?
My soul is now intent on Thy reply;
Is there for me a seat, and crown to wear,
That I at Jordan's brink may dare to die?

Is it a truth that now I hear Thee say,
"Did not I die, and shed My blood for thee?
And shall a soul be lost at that great day,
For whom I suffered on Mount Calvary?"

Seal, seal it then upon my heart, dear Lord,
A blood-bought, ransomed soul shall ne'er be lost;
Assure my soul that I am bought by blood,
And bid me look at the eternal cost.

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It is enough, O Prince of Joy and Peace!
Emboldened by Thy love I'll onward press;
My zeal, my love, my faith, do Thou increase,
And let Thy power all unbelief suppress.

A worm alone with God—mysterious thought!
Desert no longer seems a desert then;
The spot where He is thus in contact brought
Is Horeb's bush and Tabor's Mount to Him.

And 'tis a hallowed path when side by side
The Saviour and the sinner walk along;
When Jesus makes us in His love confide,
We gain the spirit of the ransomed throng.

Birmingham, Sept. 19th, 1853.

"CRUSHED BEFORE THE MOTH."

(Job iv. 19.)

I WATCHED the gambols of a moth
As round the room it spun,
And on the table stood a lamp
To allure the silly one.

And on the ceiling high above,
A circle there appeared,
A light so warm and comforting,
Which now the insect neared.

And once within its pleasing range,
It ventured nearer still,
And gambolled with increased delight,
Not fearing any ill.

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And then it fancied to descend
Still closer to the flame;
If any bad result it found,
To flee should be its aim.

But oh, how warm and nice it seemed,
And looked so bright and clear!
"I'll just fly quickly through the flame,
Since now I am so near."

Down dropped the silly little thing,
And writhed about in pain;
Oh, who would credit that it dare
Fly near the flame again?

But yes! a little strength regained,
It o'er the flame would soar,
And soon upon the table lay,
Worse wounded than before.

And now we thought that it was time
For us to interfere,
And stop the little creature in
Its blind and mad career.

So then we gently took it up,
In pain with crippled wing,
And put it out of danger's way,
Poor, struggling, silly thing!

Alas! in this brief history
We see ourselves portrayed;
We once were like this silly moth,
And into danger strayed.

The world held out its pleasing light,
With colours bright and gay;
We entered soon its labyrinth,
And were enticed away.

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In our prosperity we said,
"We shall be never moved;
Let us but taste the joys of earth,
Our strength will then be proved."

And so the gulf of hell we neared;
Its torments were deserved;
But love upheld us ere we fell,
And mighty grace preserved.

Jesus, the sinner's faithful Friend,
Outstretched His loving hand;
And Satan yielded up his prey
At His divine command.

Oh, Thou Restorer of my soul,
Thy holy name we bless,
For Thou hast led from paths of sin
To paths of righteousness.

A PARENTAL SONG. A CHILD OF MANY PRAYERS.

ON THE BIRTH OF EDMUND WIGINTON COWELL.

BEHOLD, O heavenly Father, now,
A household gathered round
The footstool of Thy grace,
That sweet and hallowed ground.
And wilt Thou listen to their plea,
Put up with grateful tears?
It is that this their babe may be
A child of many prayers.

Here is a tender mother spared
By Thine unerring hand;
And with a group of little ones,
Before Thee grateful stand.

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But she would sink beneath the load
  Of still increasing cares,
Did she not make each offspring dear
  A child of many prayers.

Accept this babe then, Lord, as Thine,
  And as he grows apace,
Oh, may he live to Thee alone,
  An object of Thy grace!
And as he blossoms forth to meet
  The nipping wind of cares,
May Heaven-born faith prove him to be
  A child of many prayers.

And as the world its cruel wiles
  Doth stealthily unveil,
Oh, may like precious faith o'ercome,
  And mightily prevail!
And grant him, Lord, from day to day
  All that for heaven prepares,
And keep him near Thy heavenly throne,
  A child of many prayers.

Oh, take him, take him, dearest Lord,
  Under Thy special care;
For 'tis a rough and chilling world,
  And he will roughly fare,
Unless King Jesus leads away,
  And saves him from its snares,
And keeps him ever near Himself,
  A child of many prayers.

If we could think that he'd become
  A slave of sin and strife,
Deep as the pang would be, we'd say,
  "Lord, cut the thread of life."

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But no—faith bids parental love
  Stay the fast falling tears;
For this dear child of ours shall be
  A child of many prayers.

Then aid us, Lord, to train him up
  In Gospel truth and light,
That he among the saints on earth
  May sparkle clear and bright;
That Zion's sons may mark of him
  He to the throne repairs,
And there he is upon his knees,
  A child of many prayers.

Prevailing prayer! it is a flood
  Which Satan can't resist;
In heartfelt aspirations then,
  My child, may you persist.
This mighty foe will trembling flee
  At penitential tears,
And tremble more if thou art found
  A child of many prayers.

Rise, happy group, the plea is gone
  Into the realms of heaven,
And now by Jesus it will be
  To God the Father given.
Yea, hark! faith hears angelic sounds;
  A voice this truth declares—
"I'll never, never turn away
  A child of many prayers."

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HIS SEPULCHRE.

THERE was a garden near the spot
Where my dear Saviour bled,
And a "new sepulchre" was there,
Where never man had laid.

They placed Him in this chilly tomb,
My precious, precious Lord!
And thought that they could keep Him there,
The true and mighty God.

When pacing this unwelcome world,
He called no house His own;
And when He yielded up His life,
Was laid in Joseph's tomb.

What, could a simple prostrate straw
The rushing torrent stem?
Ah! just as soon as puny man
Succeed in holding Him.

He exercised His sovereign strength
At the appointed hour,
And from His rocky sepulchre
Came forth with mighty power.

Joseph had not his treasure long,
But I have got Him here;
In this unworthy heart of mine,
Faith clasps its treasure there.

Edgbaston Church, 1854.

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WHISPERINGS.

FOR ONE WHO HAS BEEN WHISPERED TO AT KING'S NORTON.

AMIDST the busy scenes of life,
Cramped in an earthly pen,
Oppressed, careworn, and full of thought,
And well-nigh sinking, then
Break in, Thou precious Lamb of God,
Break in upon my soul,
And whisper peace,
Consoling peace!

And when beset in tedious strife
By Satan's fiendish power,
I tremble as an aspen leaf,
Afraid of that dark hour,
Then come, break in, Thou Lamb of God,
Break in upon my soul,
And whisper faith,
O'ercoming faith!

And when affliction's bending sway
Breaks down all lofty thought,
And heavenly wisdom justly brings
All earthly hopes to nought,
Then come, break in, Thou Lamb of God,
Break in upon my soul,
And whisper joy,
Prospective joy!

When faint and weary on the way—
And often it is so,
That, tired of life's bewildering road,
Complaining tears will flow—

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Yes, then break in, Thou Lamb of God,
Break in upon my soul,
And whisper rest,
The promised rest!

And when I seek the sacred spots
Which faith notes down as where
It has in vision seen Thyself,
Spotless, and bright, and clear,
Then come, break in, Thou Lamb of God
Break in upon my soul,
And whisper love,
Unfading love!

And when upon a dying bed,
From which no power can save,
I have to look with certain gaze
Upon a yawning grave,
Oh, then, break in, Thou Lamb of God,
Break in upon my soul,
And whisper bliss,
Eternal bliss!

Whisper and give these blessings, Lord
List to this earnest call;
Let me by faith lay hold of Thee,
And I shall have them all.
Then come, break in, Thou Lamb of God,
Break in upon my soul!
Thy whisperings prove
Eternal love:
All hail, Thou heavenly Dove!

June 20, 1854.

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THIS PATH! THIS CARE! THIS LOSS! THIS BLOW!

FOR A BEREAVED ONE AT CAMBERWELL.

THIS path how dark! there is a mist
Before faith's anxious gaze;
I look, but o'er the casement spread,
There is a thick, dense page:
But, precious Jesus,
Art Thou there?
Oh, then I'll go,
For where Thou art,
'Tis heaven below.

This care, why not have spared me, Lord?
I cannot see its need;
The attendant evils multiply;
How shall I e'er be freed,
And lift my drooping head again?
But, precious Jesus,
Art Thou there?
Oh, then I'll go,
For where Thou art,
'Tis heaven below.

This loss, why didst Thou thus, dear Lord,
Take him I loved away?
And here I am a widow left,
To tread upon each day
"Sharp pointed things upon the mire";
But, precious Jesus,
Art Thou there?
Oh, then I'll go,
For where Thou art,
'Tis heaven below.

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This blow, 'tis 'most too much for me,
It tears my very heart;
I could have borne another grief,
But 'tis this poisoned dart
That wounds my sorrowing soul!
But, precious Jesus,
'Tis Thy will;
Lead on, I'll go,
For where Thou art,
It is, it must be, heaven below.

1854.

JERUSALEM! MY HOME OF PEACE.

Ah! sickening world of care and toil,
That doth my heavenly progress foil;
'Tis this that shall my spirit cheer,
There's not a care can enter there,
In my sweet Home of peace.

Satan, thou arch and subtle foe,
Here thou mayst wander to and fro;
Though long thy chain, thou canst not roam
Within the precincts of my home—
My own sweet Home of peace.

Ye doubts that crowd upon my mind,
And do so oft faith's vision blind,
Yes, thou mayst rise to vex me here,
But ah! thou canst not enter there,
In my sweet Home of peace.

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JERUSALEM! MY HOME OF PEACE.

Ye foes without and fears within,
Thy space is but a world of sin;
And I thy combat ground shall clear,
When I am safely shut in there,
In my sweet Home of peace.

Ye lusts of this vile nature, too,
Whose strength ofttimes we have to rue,
We struggle hard against thee here,
But ah! thou canst not enter there,
In my sweet Home of peace.

Ye cloudy skies that chill me here,
And thus give rise to many a fear;
Yes, though you damp my vision here,
Not when I gaze on Jesus there,
In my sweet Home of peace.

Jerusalem, my home of peace,
Where sorrows end, and troubles cease;
Shall I of all these ills be clear,
And be with Thee, dear Saviour, there,
In my sweet Home of peace?

Oh, rapturous thought! the world all gone
And I upon a happy morn
Shall wake up in a land of bliss,
And dwell where Jesus ever is,
In my sweet Home of peace!

Speed on, speed on, ye chariot wheels,
And dash aside life's thousand ills;
Take me to where I shall be shown
The Lamb who sits upon His throne,
In my sweet Home of peace.

1856.

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A PARENTAL WELCOME.

WALTER.

SWEET little babe, come, welcome here!
True, 'tis a world of care;
But thou hast still fond parents dear
Thy little steps to cheer;
And now they gaze upon thy form,
So tender and so fair,
And with unfeignèd love repeat,
Sweet babe, come, welcome here!

Sweet little babe, come, welcome here!
Thou hast a race begun;
Oh, grant, dear Lord, that it may end
In an eternal home!
That step by step this tender child
May into manhood rise,
And grow apace at last to dwell
With Thee beyond the skies.

Sweet little babe, come, welcome here!
But, Lord, we ask of Thee,
With earnest hearts that this dear child
A child of Thine may be;
That soon its little heart may throb
With love supreme to Thee;
That, though now born in sin, it may
From sin's domain be soon set free.

Sweet little babe, come, welcome here!
And if our heartfelt plea
Should gain an answer from our God,
How happy shall we be!
If He should grant that grace within
Implanted soon may be,
Then shall we have a joyful cause,
Sweet babe, to welcome thee.

1856.

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A NEW YEAR'S SONG FOR ZION'S SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

PRAISE AND PROSPECT.

DEAR precious Lord, Thy tender hand
Hath brought Thy little chosen band
  Thus far in their career;
To them Thy name is precious still,
And as they daily learn Thy will,
  Thou dost become more dear.

Well, here they are, a happy train,
And can but take their stand again
  On Zion's lovely hill;
And there recount, with selfsame word,
The goodness of their gracious Lord,
  Who leads them onward still.

And as the pathway they survey,
They think of troubles on the way,
  And which are now all past;
And 'tis their happiness to know
That, come what will to them below,
  Grace shall o'ercome at last.

They stand on Zion's hill to shout
This blessèd promise fully out,
  Grace shall the victor be;
True, 'tis a struggle ofttimes hard,
And they have well to use their sword,
  But grace shall conqueror be.

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This Thou hast taught them to believe,
And Thou didst never yet deceive
  Thy little feeble band;
So now, dear Lord, they want to raise,
On New Year's Day, a shout of praise
  To Him who doth command.

And when they contemplate the past,
And think how, gracious Lord, Thou hast
  Borne with them on the way,
They are amazed, and wonder why
Thou didst not long since break the tie,
  And cast them all away.

Oh, do forgive them for their fears,
Their foolish vows, their peevish tears,
  And unbecoming ways;
Afresh Thy tender mercy show;
In Christ accept us as we now
  Express our heartfelt praise

To Thee, great God of truth and love,
Who hath watched o'er us from above,
  And brought us to this hour;
We have each day Thy mercy seen,
And throughout Thou hast truly been
  Our Refuge, Rock, and Tower.

And now Thy little band just feel,
And here they stand on Zion's hill,
  As helpless as at first;
They've no more strength for times of need,
They are a feeble flock indeed,
  And can of nothing boast.

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So, Lord, they come with simple cries
To Thee their God for fresh supplies,
That will their spirit cheer;
Some token of Thy love they want,
As now in company they halt
Before another year.

Its details are unknown to them,
Nor can they of its changes dream,
But all is known above
By Him, who will convey aright
His people in a holy flight
Upon the wings of love.

And, Lord, how sweet it is to know
Thou dost encourage them to go
To Thee for fresh supplies;
That they will no refusal have
When thus Thy precious gifts they crave,
As new demands arise.

To Thee then, Lord, they now draw near,
Thus at the opening of the year,
Wilt Thou their strength renew?
Advancing steps seem very rough,
And wilt Thou not give grace enough
To carry safely through?

Give them a trustful spirit, Lord,
That they may take Thee at Thy word,
And fearlessly press on;
Be Thou to them their constant Stay,
Their source of confidence, and may
Their faith and hope be strong.

Digitized by Google

They want to drink into Thy mind,
And in their dear Redeemer find
  Increasing depths of joy:
They want to trace their all in Him,
And so to let no other theme
  Their wavering hearts decoy.

Amidst the busy scenes of life—
Yes, oft amidst commercial strife—
  Keep them, dear Lord, unswerved;
That there may be each day maintained
The Christian character unstained,
  And godliness preserved.

Lead them to sip so sweetly, Lord,
Into those doctrines which afford
  A solid, settled peace;
Wilt Thou such holy teachings send,
As they may fully comprehend
  The doctrines of Thy grace?

And, oh! they want to feel assured
That in Thy book of life, dear Lord,
  Their names are there enrolled;
They want to know, O God of light,
That their immortal souls are right
  For an eternal world.

Thus, Lord, Thy gracious blessings send,
As now Thy little band descend
  From o'er Thy sacred heights,
Afresh to brave the waves of care,
And urge on through another year
  Towards Home and its delights.

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And do, before they onward press,
Bid them, O Lord, look right across
To yonder distant scene,
Where there are ransomed ones so fair,
Who gaze upon their Saviour there,
Without a veil between.

Oh, bid them speed with zeal along
To join the blessed, happy throng
On Canaan's peaceful coast;
So, Lord, lead on Thy little band,
Till one by one, at Thy command,
They join the heavenly host.

1857.

"NEVERTHELESS."

"*Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His.*"—2 TIM. ii. 19.

WILD passion is raging,
Dire warfare is waging,
And brows are wrinkled with care;
Nevertheless, how consoling,
God is all-controlling,
His children have nothing to fear.

Death's scythe is wide sweeping,
Earth's harvest is reaping,
And friends are falling around;
Nevertheless, in God's keeping,
Death only is sleeping
For those who in Jesus are found.

Digitized by Google

Earth's cares are oft pressing,
There's nothing like resting
In this tiresome wilderness;
Nevertheless, I am nearing
The land so endearing,
Where troubles will no more oppress.

I'm often now fearful,
And as often tearful,
To think that my love is so cold;
Nevertheless, I am tending
To worship unending
In the heavenly Home above.

I'm often now weary,
The way seems so dreary,
I feel like a pilgrim forlorn;
Nevertheless, I'm just drawing
Towards that happy morning
When sorrows will ever be gone.

I'm often now trembling
To think I'm resembling
So faintly my own dearest Lord;
Nevertheless, above folded,
I then shall be moulded
In the glorious image of God.

I'm oft here in darkness,
And pass on in sadness,
The pathway with clouds overcast;
Nevertheless, my God guiding,
And in Him confiding,
He'll bring me safe Home at last.

Digitized by Google

Then, Jerusalem nearing,
I would, nothing fearing,
Make Jesus my ne'er-ceasing boast;
Till bidden up higher,
With my golden lyre,
I shall join the heavenly host.

Heaven's archives ringing
With joyous singing
Of myriads so happy and blest,
Their choruses swelling—
Oh, how happy the dwelling
Of the saints in their Canaan of rest!

1862.

"MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM."

When foaming cares surround thy barque,
And all within is very dark,
No star appears to light thy way,
And thou art longing for the day,
Oh, think, dear child of God, that then
A Father's hand is at the helm.

And when thy cares like billows come
Dashing against thee, one by one,
And thou dost think thy tiny shell
Must sink beneath the mountain swell,
Oh, be at peace, for 'tis just then
A Father's hand is at the helm.

All gone before have found, like thee,
Life has but been a stormy sea;
They've had their nights of darkness too,
And fears and foes, as well as you;
Yet all reached home to loud proclaim,
"A Father's hand is at the helm."

Digitized by Google

Remember, too, though wind be wild,
Thou art His loved and cared-for child ;
He'll give thee grace each day to bear
All that He puts upon thee here ;
So cheer up, child of God, 'tis plain
A Father's hand is at the helm.

Then banish fear, dear child of God,
And kiss the hand that gives the rod ;
There is a needs-be for thy cross,
And thou'lt receive therefrom no loss ;
For nothing can thy soul o'erwhelm,
A Father's hand is at the helm.

Soon will the voyage of life be o'er,
And thou wilt reach a happier shore,
Where there will be no storms to harm,
But thou, amidst seraphic calm,
Wilt tell to all in that blest realm,
A Father's hand was at the helm.

1867.

THE WAY HOME.

THE way is rough, my brother,
The clouds are overcast,
And trials seem still more severe
Than those through which we've past :
But oh, fear not, my brother!
The Lord is ever near,
And will not let those suffer harm
Who are to Him so dear.

Digitized by Google

The world is cold, my brother,
  Unthankful and unkind:
To have to battle with its ways
  Is wearying to the mind:
But oh, fear not, my brother!
  Jehovah reigns supreme,
And will uphold and succour those
  That put their trust in Him.

Life's cares increase, my brother;
  They make us quail and bend,
As oft the cry goes upward,
  "Wherever will it end?"
Where end? Oh, fainting brother!
  Why, end in joy and peace,
In that bright home beyond the skies,
  Where troubles ever cease.

Press on, press on, my brother,
  And never, never fear;
A home is won for thee above,
  A mansion waits thee there;
And soon thou'lt hear, my brother,
  A voice from courts above,
"Come up, come up, My chosen one,
  And revel in My love."

We bid thee speed, my brother!
  We want, amidst life's thrall,
The heart uplifted to that One
  Who is our All in all.
Oh, think then, think, my brother,
  Of all that He has done,
Who lived, and died, and now affirms
  His Church and He are one.

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Wrapt in His love, my brother,
Eternally secure,
We will, with hearts of gratitude,
His precious name adore;
Till housed above, my brother,
Where souls are ever blest,
Methinks we will, amidst the throng,
Sing louder than the rest.

1875.

"NOTHING BUT JESUS!"

[The Rev. George Obern, an aged minister, was addressing a meeting near Newbury, Berks, when, after uttering the words, "Nothing but Jesus!" he suddenly fell back, and shortly afterwards died.]

CHRISTIAN, behold a warrior droop and faint;
List to the utterance of this dying saint,
As, rising to his mansion in the skies,
To all around, with parting breath, he cries—
"Nothing but Jesus!"

Dear fellow Christian, this will do for life,
With all its strange vicissitudes and strife;
'Twill do for times of grief or failing health,
'Twill do for the o'ershadowing vale of death—
"Nothing but Jesus!"

In pulpit, too, ye ministers of His,
If ye would lead immortal souls to bliss,
And pierce the very marrow and the joint,
Let this for ever be your rallying-point—
"Nothing but Jesus!"

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And in the pew, ye hearers of the Word,
If ye would hold communion with the Lord,
Forget the thorny world and all its ways,
And let this enter into prayer and praise—
"Nothing but Jesus!"

And in the Sunday School, ye teachers,
If ye would truly be heart-reachers,
And train the children for eternity,
Then let the savour of each lesson be—
"Nothing but Jesus!"

And with the pen, ye writers with your scroll,
If ye would benefit the immortal soul,
Cease from vain sentiment, and write of Him,
And let this be the one prevailing theme—
"Nothing but Jesus!"

Then ye who meditate upon the Word,
If ye would truly search to know the Lord,
And have the truth in sweet unfoldings brought,
Keep faith's eye fixed upon this precious thought—
"Nothing but Jesus!"

Then, too, thou dear afflicted child of God,
So oft familiar with the chastening rod,
What else can cheer and make thee bear the smart?
What else can soothe thy faint and troubled heart?—
"Nothing but Jesus!"

Yes, fellow Christian, take it once for all,
In life and death, whatever may befall,
If Jesus is the precious One to thee,
Oh, let thy firm determination be—
"Nothing but Jesus!"

1875.

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THE DEATH-BED CONTRAST.

PART I.

I SAT beside the worldling's couch,
And he so pale and wan;
Death was upon the countenance
Of that poor wretched man.

Upon a table placed close by
Were parchments, books and deeds;
And now a friend—oh, what a friend!—
The daily paper reads.

They tell him he must not give way
To being low and dull;
Of lively tales and cheerful news
He must *now* take his full.

But time rolls on, death does its work
With sure but steady pace;
His worldly friends begin to feel
Not easy in the place.

These sunshine comforters depart;
Their friendship's all a blind;
And now the worldling writhes again
In agony of mind.

With shuddering frame he thinks of death,
And of the judgment day;
But Satan comes with speedy flight,
And drives such thoughts away.

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Then to his books and deeds he turns
To lay fresh plans for trade;
But dizzy eyes and wandering mind
Refuse to lend their aid.

We tell him of a Saviour's blood—
That now 'tis not too late;
He mutters, "he must take his chance,
And leave it all to fate."

And to disturb his mind we're told,
It surely is unwise;
And so in Satan's deadly lap
The worldling groans and dies.

And then they say he died in peace;
To heaven he's sure to go;
But oh, that countenance in death,
It tells a tale of woe!

PART II.

I SAT beside the Christian's couch,
And he so pale and wan;
But soon, with glistening eye, a tale
Of Jesus he began:

"Oh, precious Jesus, my delight
And everlasting joy!
'Tis this delightful, heavenly theme,
That doth my thoughts employ.

"This little room has been to me
A hallowed spot indeed;
For Jesus comes and whispers peace
In this my time of need.

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"And though alone I seem to be,
Yet no, I'm not alone;
For Jesus sits beside me here,
And calls me, too, His own.

"'Tis true that sleepless nights I have,
And pain nigh racks my brain;
The torment is so great that I
From tears can not refrain.

"But Jesus comes and comes again,
Then oh, the joy of soul!
Though crushed as 'twere beneath a load,
He seems to make me whole."

And there beside the dying man,
His Bible open lay;
With many a promise pencil-marked,
Which was his usual way.

He looked upon the open page,
And pointed to the place
Which told the everlasting truth,
"Salvation all of grace."

And now with voice of melody,
That through the chamber rings;
Of Jesus, love, and truth, and grace,
A heavenly song he sings.

But hush! that voice it feebler gets,
And gurgles in the throat;
It tells that Canaan's happy land
To him is not remote.

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Close to his lips we listening lean,
And now he gently sighs
"Victory! victory!" and he's gone,
And thus the Christian dies.

And is this dying, dearest Lord?
Then let me die like this;
That countenance, now fixed in death,
It tells of peace and bliss.

1853.

MY MOTHER.

PARENT that gave me birth,
Blessings be thine, I pray,
Who loved and taught me first
To love to say,
My Mother.

As thou didst smile on me,
And I looked up to thee,
I felt my little heart grow warm
With love to thee,
My Mother.

Sweetest of sonorous sounds!
Music has charms, may be,
But where's the thrilling note
Like this to me,
My Mother?

Digitized by Google

The harp may swell its chords
To please the listening ear,
But tell me, is not this
Ten times more dear,
My Mother?

Hail, secret spell of love!
I recollect the tear
Was quickly chased away
When I drew near
My Mother.

I recollect my tongue,
With warm infantile glee,
Would lisp with prattling joy,
"I do love thee,"
My Mother.

And can I e'er forget
My childhood's sweetest bliss,
To give thee unawares
A roguish kiss,
My Mother?

And when in sickness pale
Thou didst weep over me,
Oh! I could peaceful rest
When watched by thee,
My Mother.

But oh, one cruel day
I sought thy form in vain!
They told me that I should
Ne'er see again
My Mother.

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They led me to a grave,
Slowly and sad we moved;
I looked deep down and read
The name I loved,
My Mother.

Many a long, long year
Has rolled away since then,
But no, I ne'er forget
That lovely name,
My Mother.

Well, thou art now above,
Singing sweet melody;
And ah! I sigh to be
In heaven with thee,
My Mother.

Sept. 26th, 1844.

NEW YEAR'S SONG FOR 1882.

REJOICING IN THE COVENANT OF GRACE.

FRIENDS, our New Year's singing,
Oh, let it be ringing
With the joys of the Covenant of grace
For it brings us a measure
Of rapturous pleasure
To think of its solacing peace.

In that Covenant so thrilling
My God is fulfilling
His purpose of mercy and love;
It cannot be broken,
And gives every token
Of pardon and peace from above

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It tells of the unity
Of each in the Trinity
Taking part in the wondrous plan;
Securing us heaven,
For salvation is given
To rebellious and guilty man.

So with melted feelings
We trace its revealings,
It tells of our first parents' fall;
But deals with salvation
Without a condition,
And makes Jesus All and in all.

It tells of election,
A gracious selection,
The choice of Omnipotent Love,
Which secures our acquittal,
And gives us a title
To the mansion prepared above.

It tells of redemption,
Which gains us exemption
From the guilt and power of sin;
While in Godlike manner
It holds out this banner,
"There's no condemnation in Him."

He, too, gives the robing
Which is so ennobling,
His righteousness all Divine,
So fully imputed,
And exactly suited
To your case, dear friend, and mine.

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In Him, too, we're holy,
And sanctified truly,
Through His own most precious blood;
The throne of grace nearing,
We need not be fearing
To stand in the presence of God.

In Christ, too, there's blending,
A union ne'er ending,
The tie of Covenant love;
'Tis a mighty wonder,
But nothing can sunder
Our union with Jesus above.

These then are grace teachings,
Beyond earthly reachings,
Wrapt up in the charter of grace;
And Christ's mighty power
Will bring to the hour
When we shall see Him face to face.

Then let faith's flowings,
In joyous outgoings,
Rejoice in this Covenant scheme;
While we feel in our wrestlings
We are gaining the blessings
Which are all treasured up in Him.

So our New Year's singing,
Yes, it shall be ringing
With the joys of a charter so sure;
With such a foundation,
Christ all our salvation,
His name we will ever adore.

[In the foregoing may be traced the following doctrines: The Trinity, the Fall, Divine Sovereignty, Salvation, Election, Redemption, Imputed Righteousness of Christ, Sanctification, Union, Final Perseverance, and Glorification.]

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THOUGHTS UPON THOUGHTS.

To E——

THINKING of thoughts, I thought I'd write about them.
First I would ask, dear, What is man without them?
Bereft of thought, the tongue would then be mute;
Thoughts govern man, but instinct rules the brute.

Loquacious talkers think not of the matter;
Speech without thought is merely empty chatter:
One thought of wisdom is worth pounds of prattle;
The thought expressed, worth all the tittle tattle.

We think, and think, and thoughts to actions lead,
Thoughts are the basis of our every deed;
Fortunes of gold, so often vainly sought,
Are sometimes gained by one ingenious thought.

Thought, to the mind, is its subsistence,
Thought is the staff of its existence;
Wise thinking feeds the mind aright;
Thought is its mental appetite.

Think of a mother's thoughts when one is born,
Think of her thoughts when death leaves her forlorn!
So thoughts distract, and oft the feelings move;
Pleasing and painful thoughts conversely prove.

On strange diversity of things we think;
Sometimes through saddened thought our spirits sink;
Sometimes, by pleasing thought upborne, we rise,
And hope for joys we ne'er can realize.

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Thoughts join the chain of life in every link,
And, Heaven to gain, we must of Heaven think;
Reason may hold the thoughts in sovereign sway,
But grace must lead them in the perfect way;
But few our thoughts that bid the soul uprise
To God, who reigns and dwells above the skies.

Oft are the thoughts expressed in books;
Oft are the thoughts revealed in looks;
Of which, dear, we can testify
Without a pang, without a sigh.

It is from thoughts all consequences flow;
We know we love, but yet must think to know.
Sweet thinking then, we could not do without it,
As without thought, how could we think about it?

1845.

SUNDAY.

HAIL! sacred day, by Heaven blest,
Be to my soul a day of rest.
Dear Lord, direct my thoughts to Thee,
Abstract them from all vanity;
And let this Sabbath be to me
A soul-refreshing jubilee.

Sunday, April 13th, 1845.

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THE LAST DAY OF THE OLD YEAR—1847.

LORD, Thine eyes are now upon me,
How could I withstand their gaze?
Surely, I should sink before Thee,
Conscious of my guilty ways,
But for grace, dear Lord, within me,
That sweet power my soul doth love,
Giving strength to look up to Thee,
Sitting on Thy throne above.
Help me, Lord, mine eyes in raising,
To behold Thy lovely face,
And to close this year with praising
Thee, the God of plenteous grace.

THE SUN'S BEHIND THE CLOUD.

IN that lone night, dear child of God,
When all around is drear—
When the smiling sun 's behind the cloud,
And pain and grief are near,
Oh! never think, dear child of God,
In that dark, trying hour,
That thou art left a lonely one
In Satan's grasping power.
No, no! 'tis true the sun 's withdrawn,
And thy complaints are loud;
But recollect, dear child of God,
The sun's behind the cloud.

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The bright and heart-reviving sun
  Is an unchanging sphere;
It undergoes no varied form,
  Nor change from atmosphere.
And so, thy Jesus is the same,
  Though sorrow may enshroud;
He loves thee with undying love,
  Although behind the cloud.

Thy pathway, thorny as it seems,
  Is yet so wisely planned,
That every point is ordered by
  A loving Father's hand.
Then recollect, dear child of God,
  That though so sadly bowed,
All's well, all's well, e'en though it be
  Thy sun's behind the cloud.

Soon there will be no shading clouds,
  In that sweet land of peace,
Where briny tears are wiped away,
  And sorrows ever cease.
Ah! there thou'lt see Him face o face,
  Amidst that happy crowd,
And never have to sadly say—
  "*My sun's behind a cloud.*"

Then come, dear trembling child of God,
  In that dark hour of night,
Think not thy Lord is not the same
  Because He's out of sight.
No, no! He sees thy low estate—
  He knows thy head is bowed,
And He is Jesus, Jesus still,
  Although behind the cloud.

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FOR A YOUNG FRIEND'S ALBUM.—*March*, 1873.

"*O that Thou wouldest bless me indeed.*"

BLESS me indeed, dear Lord,
A lowly one of Thine,
Anxious to gather from Thy Word
That Thou, Loved One, art mine.

Mine in the wrapt embrace
Of everlasting love;
Unworthy, yet a child of grace,
New-born for bliss above.

Oh, bless *me*, Saviour dear!
In Thee O let me hide;
How safe throughout the journey here,
If cherished by Thy side!

Fold me close to Thine heart,
A bleating lamb of Thine,
And, Saviour-like, impart
All needful help divine;

Till, ripened by Thy grace,
And ready for above,
Oh, bid me take my place
In Thy new Home of love!

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CHAPTER XV.

"Oh, how I love the Bible! It is the joy of my life to drink into its gracious truths and its revelation of Christ, Who is the Sum and Substance of the Word; and certain I am that nothing is more important in life than to be well grounded in the Sacred Scriptures."—*George Cowell, "The Bible and the Bible Class."*

BIBLE NOTES.

THE following are taken from one of the many well-marked Bibles. Many verses are written against—such expressions as, "Oh, precious, precious passage!" "I have proved Thy Word, Lord"; "A golden promise and portion to my soul." "P. R." (promises received); "P. P." (promises proved), &c.

Genesis i. "And God said." Ten times in this chapter. What a proof of inspiration—*said by God.*

Genesis xxviii. 15. A covenant promise to all the spiritual seed of Jacob.

Exodus ii. 11. Moses had to learn that it was not by an arm of flesh that he could save Israel, but by the Omnipotent arm of Jehovah.

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Exodus iv. 6, 7. Showing how soon God could destroy, so by this also to show how quickly He could restore.

Exodus vi. 6-8. Seven of God's *I wills;* Divine deliverance; complete salvation; temporal and eternal redemption; blessed adoption; personal revelation; continual preservation; eternal inheritance.

Exodus xv. The song of Moses has not a word about self. It begins with redemption, and ends with glory.

Exodus xv. 23. The bitterness of death is passed. There remains to the believer nought but the eternal sweets of the resurrection.

Leviticus is the Gospel of the Old Testament in types, showing the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Compare the Epistle of the Hebrews with this book, and all will be explained.

Leviticus xiv. Condition of the leper is one of suffering, shame, sorrow, and separation.

Numbers i. "All that are able to go forth to war" is repeated fourteen times in this chapter. Surely, Israel must be prepared for warfare.

Deuteronomy viii. 10. "*Then*"! sanctified affliction.

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Deuteronomy xii 23. The blood purchases a man's freedom; procures a man's pardon; makes him a prince with God; brings him into the presence of God, and purifies him: bringing him peace. Precious blood! in its necessity, efficacy, application, and result.

Deuteronomy xxvi. 2. The earthly offering acceptable under the Levitical law. Christ, the heavenly First Fruits, only acceptable under the Gospel.

Deuteronomy xxxii. 10. Divine choice; finding, leading, teaching, keeping. Israel was led about in the wilderness—a barren place, no springs, no woods for shelter; not fit to sow corn in—a place of great straits. It is calculated that if the journey from the Red Sea to Canaan was taken direct, it would be accomplished in three months, whereas it took them forty years.

Deuteronomy xxxii. 31. Our Rock is firm, is rich, is high.

Deuteronomy xxxii. 52. They were not to go into the land of Canaan introduced by Moses. Heaven is not obtained by the deeds of the law.

Joshua ii. God hides His people under the shadow of His mercy; guides them in the right way, and brings them to the promised land.

Joshua vii. 1. The deceitfulness of the heart. God had blessed, yet man is found sinning in the midst of

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blessings. Sin nurtured makes us weak before our enemies, since then God withholds His strength.

Joshua viii. 31. No tool to be used, because of the tendency of the people to idolatry. The altar is to be built of whole stones, and the sacrifice thereon the chief thing.

Judges xiv. 8. Naturalists tell us that bees are averse to flesh. Sweet blessing of Christ, which comes to us through His having slain Satan.

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1 Samuel ii. 8, 9. From degradation to preservation, exaltation, glorification.

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1 Samuel x. 11. Saul among the prophets shows our need to take heed.

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1 Samuel xviii. 1. How sweet to have a friend. But such may even fail us; the Lord Jesus *never!*

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1 Kings x. 7. Solomon a type of Christ, in his house, his attendants, his throne, his provision, his wisdom, name, and fame.

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1 Kings xviii. 33-36. The Trinity. Three times. Covenant.

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1 Kings xxii. 14. Precious holy boldness! May such pervade my spirit when called upon to speak.

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2 Kings vi. 1-7. We must not be discouraged at apparently adverse circumstances. What is impossible with man is possible with God. Though the instrument be long buried in the mud, it shall come to the surface at God's ordering. God's way of working is sure to bring honour to His name.

Nehemiah ix. 18, 19, 26, and 31. The children of Israel wrought *great provocations.* God wrought *manifold mercies.* On the part of the creature, the "nevertheless" was of weakness and rebellion, and on the part of God, of goodness and mercy.

Esther iv. 16. Her extremity, assertion, venture, interview, and victory.

Job iii. 1. Many a child of God, who has cursed the day of his birth in nature, has afterward blessed the day of his birth in grace. It is ordained by God that the heirs of salvation shall pass through much tribulation, and in the case of Job we see love pervading the day of his prosperity, adversity, and recovery.

Psalm ii. 4. It is vain to strive against Jehovah. His will must be done; His Word must come to pass.

Psalm ix. 14. The whole glory of every deliverance and blessing belongs to Him.

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Psalm xxv. 4-14. *Thy* ways, paths, truth, loving-kindnesses, tender mercies, goodness, covenant, against *my* transgressions, mine iniquity!

Psalm xxxviii. 11. When in distress, lovers and friends forsake. Satan taunts and tempts, but Jesus stays and blesses.

Psalm xl. 2. Trust in the Rock, for there we find our security, stability and serenity.

Psalm lix. 2. Satan's agents are always at work; God's servants too often asleep.

Psalm lxxxi. 10. Recollection, expectation, trust, and satisfaction in the mighty God, the merciful Deliverer, the miraculous Supply.

Psalm lxxxvi. 13. *Mercy!* Precious word! It is great, personal, felt, and toward me!

Psalm cii. We may write over this Psalm, sorrow, joy, trial, and triumph.

Psalm civ. 10. God's springs are abiding, eternal, infinite. They bring life, light, fear, hope, faith, repentance, obedience, patience, humility, joy.

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Psalm cx. In this short Psalm we find Christ in the character of Lord, Strength, Priest, Judge, and Saviour.

Psalm cxix. Divided into twenty-two parts, corresponding to the Hebrew alphabet, and each division containing eight verses. This blessed Psalm sets forth, to my mind, the people of God as blessed: (verse 1) seeking; (verse 10) seeing; (verse 18) lovers of the ways of truth; (verse 27) spirit taught; (verse 33) walking; (verse 45) comforted; (verse 50) favoured; (verse 58) thankful; (verse 62) afflicted; (verse 71) hoping; (verse 74) fainting; (verse 81) endeared; (verse 94) loving; (verse 97) quickened; (verse 107) hidden; (verse 114) hating sin; (verse 128) panting; (verse 131) lovers of the Word; (verse 140) crying; (verse 146) persecuted; (verse 157) rejoicing; (verse 162) saved at last; (verses 171-175) children.

Psalm cxxi. 7. Altogether protected from Satan, self, and the world.

Psalm cxlv. Extol Him for His greatness (verse 3), goodness (7), kingdom (11), providence (14-16), saving mercy (20).

Psalm cxlix. 2. Let the children of Zion rejoice in their kingly creation, call, salvation, discipline, ordering, and glory.

Proverbs i. 20. Wisdom uttereth a warning voice, the voice of condemnation, and the voice of promise.

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Proverbs iv. In this chapter are the following injunctions to God's children. Forsake not My law (2); retain My words (4); decline not from the words of My mouth (5); forsake not wisdom (6); receive My sayings (10); take fast hold (13); attend to My words (20); look right on (25); ponder (26); turn not (27).

Proverbs xviii. 24. Christ is that Friend, that Friend of sinners (Matt. xi. 19), and the Church's well-beloved Friend (Sol. Song v. 16).

Proverbs xxi. 31. Safe under all circumstances; safe through life; safe in death; safe when rising from the dead; safe when He stands in judgment; safe for ever!

Ecclesiastes vii. 1. The day of one's death better than one's birth, because eternity is better than time; heaven than earth; God than man; sight than faith; glory than grace.

Ecclesiastes viii. 4. The word of truth, the word of peace, the word of power, and the word of grace. (Outlines of a sermon heard, by the late Bishop Waldegrave.)

Solomon's Song iii. 1-4. Contrary experience to chapter ii. 4, when He had brought her into His banqueting house. It is now night. She is now like Mary at the grave, weeping because they have taken away her Lord. Look at her position—restlessness

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determination, disappointment, but at length reward. The reason of her seeking was *love*. What it is to find Christ! It induces faith, wrestling, communion. And to find Him is to find life, safety, a lovely Companion, the Pearl of Great Price.

Solomon's Song v. 10. The Incarnate God, in His Headship, Omniscience, Mediatorship, and Omnipotent power.

Solomon's Song vi. 11. This blessed passage was the means of my conversion. The pomegranate was selected by God as a fitting ornament of the priestly robe; it was a sacred emblem in Egypt; adorned the head of the sceptre in Persia; in the temple of Solomon it adorned the chapiters of the pillars; the fruit was remarkable for its sweetness.

Solomon's Song viii. 5. The Septuagint reads, "Who is this," &c., "clothed with white blossoms?"

Isaiah i. 1. The name means the Salvation of Jehovah, Dwell much upon the promised Messiah and His kingdom.

Isaiah ix. 6. Consider Christ in His nativity, nature, nation, and names; Wonderful in His two natures; Counsellor with the Father; the Mighty One in His miracles and works; the Everlasting Father in His Godhead; the Prince of Peace by His bloodshedding.

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Isaiah xl. 3. God's *comfortable words* support in times of need, console in adversity, and show us God's countenance. *The Lord's doubles* are sent in grace (chap. xl. 2); in providence (Job xlii. 10); in wrath (Rev. viii.)

Isaiah liii. 1. The report of the love, grace, and mercy of God in Christ; of Christ Himself in His Person, offices, obedience, sufferings, death, and of a full and free salvation by Him. In the whole of this chapter we see Christ in His source, sufferings, substitution, submission, sacrifice, satisfaction, and salvation.

Isaiah liv. 17. Eternal security and complete justification for God's child.

Isaiah lxvi. 13. A mother's love and comfort is unselfish, tender, constant, genuine, incomparable, successful.

Jeremiah xvii. 7, 8. Evidences of the blessed man in his trust, hope, root, fruit, salvation, and praise.

Jeremiah xxx. 13. The cause of all sorrow is sin. It is but vanity to look anywhere but to the Lord for a cure. And there is the sweet assurance that in Him shall a cure for every ill be found.

Jeremiah xxxi. 32. The Covenant with man was broken, but the Covenant between the Persons of the

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Deity never can be broken. 37th verse, "*If*"! But the heavens cannot be measured. Blessed deduction!

Jeremiah xxxviii. What sufferings did the Prophet go through, all for preaching the Word faithfully! He was in affliction, indeed, and yet preserved. And after all his troubles, yet he is found declaring faithfully the Word and Will of his God.

Ezekiel iii. 26. What majesty and power! He makes dumb and He opens!

Ezekiel xvi. Oh, dear reader, do study and meditate this sixteenth chapter. It brings out our state by nature, and our salvation a matter of Divine grace and omnipotency. God, under the personal pronoun "I," appears seventeen times in the first fourteen verses, and altogether forty-one times in the whole.

Ezekiel xxxvii. They lay in the open valley, very many of them, and very dry. View the valley of dry bones. The vitality brought about, and the victorious result. This all points to the resurrection, wherein we see the dead hope of Israel is revived, the resurrection from death unto life, and the resurrection unto glory.

Ezekiel xliii. 7. God's Church is called the place of His throne, bringing out the communion between Himself and His people.

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Ezekiel xliv. 5, 6, 7. How necessary that those who minister in holy things before the Lord should themselves be manifesting holiness of life and conduct.

Daniel iii. 16, 17, 18. These men had confidence unshaken in their God, who would vindicate their cause. They were in sore affliction, but they made a safe decision with sweet calmness and confidence, and they were delivered, whilst their enemies were destroyed.

Hosea ii. 12. God is the First Cause. He is behind nature and so-called natural laws. May our position be, "I will hear what the Lord God shall say unto me."

Hosea, xiii. 4. Oh, what a volume in that interjection, "*Yet*"!

Hosea xiv. This chapter contains a precious cluster of *God's wills* and *they shalls*. In his likening Israel to the growth of the lily and cedar (verse 5) we see nothing so fair and nothing so firm.

Jonah. Learn from this Book that strong corruptions and self-will exist even where grace is given; and when a child of God willingly goes astray, his Heavenly Father follows him with the rod. There is prevalence of prayer in distress. Man at his best state is altogether vanity. Salvation is of the Lord from first to last.

Zechariah iii. Here we have the adversary, but also the Advocate; and mark, Joshua never spoke a word.

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The Covenant of grace is revealed, and the eternal mercy, choice, Divine calling, and justification of the sinner by Jehovah. The fourth and following verses show the Fall, but Divine forgiveness, imputed righteousness, sanctification, redemption, adoption, preservation, and the believer's walk, by the substitutionary work of The Branch. Thus we see Joshua's—and in him the sinner's—(1) Condition; (2) Charge against him by Satan; (3) Choice of Jehovah; (4) Changed man; (5) Charge of the angel; (6) Consequence.

Zechariah vi. 11. Yes, make crowns and set them upon the head of King Jesus. (Joshua same as Jesus, and a lively type.)

Zechariah ix. 11. That is, a Covenant of everlasting ages. See Hebrews xiii. 20.

Matthew ii. 10. So has he who by faith has seen Jesus.

Matthew iii. 16, 17. May we not find the Trinity here? Jesus baptized, the Spirit descending, and a Voice from Heaven.

Matthew iv. 1. Note the time of the temptation, the necessity for the temptation, the character of the temptation, and the triumph over the tempter. The first temptation was to distrust the providence of God; the second was that of presumption; and the third,

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earthly greatness; but Jesus uses the sword of the Spirit, "It is written," and asserts His Godhead to the tempter.

Matthew v. The Preacher of preachers (here in the open air) begins with blessing, and promises riches for poverty; comfort in sorrow; inheritance to the meek; satisfaction after want; mercy for the tender; revelation for the pure; a title for the peacemakers; victory after persecution; reward after patience. God's people, in this chapter, are described as "the salt of the earth" "the light of the world," and "a city set upon an hill."

Matthew vii. 24-27. Contrast here between the professor and the possessor: the one who builded on the rock, digging deep to discover the foundation of all his hopes of salvation by the blood and righteousness of Christ; and the other planting on the surface of sand.

Matthew viii. 1-13. Notice in this narrative the Omnipotent "I will"; the condition of the sufferer, helpless; the sympathy and faith of the soldier; and the effect of the word. Leprosy resembles sin, as a distemper that affects the body and deprives the limbs of proper action; it is a disease no medicine can touch, and it grievously torments.

Mark iv. 35-41. In the unexpected storm we see the little ship (emblem of the Church militant) over-

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taken. But the cry awoke the Master, and His word produces a great calm. The storms are sent to try and strengthen faith.

Mark vii. 37. Shall we not also say, "He hath done all things well," in His miracles, salvation, providence, grace, discipline, and glory?

Mark ix. 1-10. In the Transfiguration we learn of the immortality of the soul; the end of Judaism; resurrection power, and ascension glory.

Mark xiii. 34-37. The absent Master; the appointed lot; the advice given to watch, and the anticipation of Christ's coming again.

Mark xv. Look at Jesus' dying words: (1) "Father, forgive them." (2) "Woman, behold thy son." (3) "Verily I say unto thee, This day," &c. (4) "Eloi, Eloi, lama, sabachthani." (5) "I thirst." (6) "It is finished." (7) "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." These seven cries may indicate to us—(1) Forbearance; (2) fellow feeling; (3) forgiveness; (4) forsaken; (5) frailty; (6) finished work; (7) the return of the Father. These questions occur to the student: Who was around the cross? Who was upon the cross? What did He say from the cross? Who was above the cross? Who was at the foot of the cross? Have you been to the cross?

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Luke vii. 6. *I* am not worthy, Lord. Oh, this heart-felt unworthiness is so precious!

Luke xv. 11-32. See the Prodigal's choice, in which he becomes a fugitive from God, wasting his substance in riotous living, and meeting in consequence with a mighty famine. It produces degradation, but the Spirit works, and the way home is made, the kiss of welcome given, followed by the penitent's confession, and the Gospel joy of another sinner lost and found. Points for enlargement: (1) the sins committed; (2) the sufferings which followed; (3) the Spirit at work; (4) the salvation received at the hands of the Father; (5) the supply of good following salvation.

Luke xviii. 21, 22. The Lord always meets a man on his own ground. You say you have kept the law, now for the test.

Luke xix. 9. A kingly salvation, all of grace and mercy. All of His plan, prerogative, power, perfection, and preciousness.

Luke xxiii. 33. The atonement of Christ was voluntary. It exhibited His love; reconciled us to God; gave access to the Father; brought about remission, justification, sanctification, and deliverance. Through it He saved us and will glorify us.

John i. 1. Born again by the Word. Begotten by the Word. Quickened by the Word. Living by the

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Word. The Church sanctified through the Word. Clean through the Word. Doers of the Word, and enjoined to hold fast by the Word,

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John viii. 12. The children of light have the light of joy, of communion, of understanding, of the Word, and of God's countenance all the way Home.

John xvii. The Divine Intercessor, in His prayer, shows forth His Divine keeping, oneness, joy, sanctification, fellowship, and perfection, and love for His Church.

John xx. 19. Notice that what was Christ's last legacy before His crucifixion was His first salutation after He had risen.

John xxi. 5, 6. It is always an empty net when Jesus is absent, but a full one when He is near.

Acts v. 38, 39. Tests whereby we may know if the work is real: Prayer, penitence, poverty of spirit, pardon, peace, praise, and precious fruits; and, if genuine, with the Apostles, hinder it not; help it all you can, and in all honour the Holy Spirit.

Acts vii. 9. Yes, God was with Joseph. So He is with us; and that is the precious and Divine secret.

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Acts viii. 4. What a lesson for us. The more they were persecuted, the more they preached.

Acts ix. 11. God has no still-born children. They give evidence of life by their cry.

Acts ix. 22. Saul was indeed a trophy of Divine grace, and all his talent was laid at the feet of Jesus, proving "that He is very Christ."

Acts x. 6. The Lord knoweth the abode of all His children, the very street and house they live in, the spot where they dwell.

Acts xi. 17, 18, and 23. Some precious points here are, that the Lord gave these Gentile sinners power to believe the testimony of the Apostles, repentance unto life, and to cleave unto the Lord, glorifying, and rejoicing in their salvation.

Acts xiii. 2. By the Person of the Holy Ghost, Saul and Barnabas were called out and separated, sent forth to preach, being filled with the Holy Ghost. Right credentials for every minister of the Gospel.

Acts xx. 24. Grace enables the Christian to maintain this calmness in the midst of persecution; to finish his course with joy; to make it the chief aim of his life, and to commit his life to the Lord.

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Acts xxiii. 16. "*Paul's sister's son.*" God uses most unlikely means ofttimes. This was a little link of many in this chapter, yet, how important an one. The spiritual progress is slow work; it has many drawbacks; it is only step by step, and yet accomplished in Divine purpose.

Acts xxvii. 22. How safe is the servant of God. How happy, when others are in fear. How hopeful, when others are in alarm.

Romans i. 16, 17. The imputed righteousness of Christ revealed. Saints are clothed in it (Isaiah lxi. 10); justified by it (Romans iii. 26); exalted in it (Psalm lxxxix. 16); desire to be found in it (Philippians iii. 9); glory in having it (Isaiah xlv. 24, 25). *Imputed* is to ascribe to another, or put to the account of another. It is not in its old place.

Romans vii. The birth, life, warfare, and end in this chapter. My soul, how art thou walking? Who art thou minding? Whom art thou loving?

Romans viii. The sublimity of this chapter is to me beyond a comparison. God's is a perfect chain of salvation. Is there anything in Him that militates against the security of Christ's people? anything in creation, providence, or grace? Nothing! "For I am persuaded." See verses 38 and 39.

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Romans xvi. Christ first and Christ last; Christ All and in all. Thus in this chapter, receive a sister in Him (verse 2); first fruits unto Him (verse 5); the Church in Him (verse 6); beloved in Him (verse 8); approved in Him (verse 10); labouring in Him (verse 12); chosen in Him (verse 13); glorying in Him (verse 27).

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1 Corinthians xv. 26. Oh that those who all their life time are in bondage on account of the fear of death could lay hold of this!

---

2 Corinthians v. 20. An ambassador *for* Christ must be *in* Christ. Such in the ministry are "workers." See chapter vi. 1, in connection.

---

2 Corinthians xii. 2, 3. "*God knoweth.*" There is a propriety in leaving these words on record upon that which was not possible to convey by words, nor explain. Paul had had fourteen years' experience in the deep things of God. No wonder he should have been found so rich in faith. Mark, it is "*in* Christ." There is no such experience out of Him.

Galatians ii. 20. "The life," considered thus doctrinally and experimentally. Indwelling, immortal, incomparable, intricate, and introductory to glory.

Ephesians ii. A splendid chapter, full of Christ, bringing out unregeneracy and regeneration (verses

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1, 2); mercy and love (verse 4); salvation (verse 5); union (verse 6); grace and kindness (verses 7, 8); fruits (verse 10); blood (verse 13); atonement (verse 15); the Trinity (verse 18); relationship (verse 19); the body with all its members (verse 20); glory (verse 22). Thus we see the wicked are *without* Christ; the saints are *in* Christ now, and will be *with* Christ in glory hereafter.

Colossians i. 12-14. The ground upon which we draw nigh to God, "Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet," is through the Gospel, by grace unto glory.

Colossians iii. 4. This is a golden, golden glory passage!

Titus i. 1. "Acknowledging of the truth," which is not after licentiousness, but after godliness. How the truth acts—"after godliness." What it asks—acknowledgment. What it points to—eternal life.

Hebrews iv. 9. Rest is spoken of nine times in this chapter. It is the rest above; that eternal keeping of a Sabbath.

James i. Here we have possession *versus* profession. So many wear the mask of Gospel profession, but prove your faith by your fruits. Notice the downward grade described in verse 15, and the upward grade, the path of the just, in verse 17.

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1 Peter ii. 4, 5. Christ is the Living Stone, the Foundation Stone of strength and duration, from whom we get food, rest, salvation, peace, comfort, grace, life, and strength, and thus, as "lively stones," are built upon Him. At one time these "lively stones" lay in the same quarry with the dead stones, but they were sought out, dug out, separated, brought to one service, polished for the purpose noticed in verse 5.

---

1 John iii. 1, 2. The royal act; the royal relationship; the royal result; the royal resemblance; and the royal recognition.

---

1 John iii. 22. Precious guide in life! oh, to do those things that are pleasing in His sight!

---

1 John iv. We have in this chapter the threefold proof of Divine love—i. The Gift of the Son (chapter iv. 9). ii. Everlasting Love (verse 10). iii. Gift of the Spirit (verse 13). And then our love one to another (verses 7 and 12).

The *Revelation* of Jesus to John reveals the sufferings of God's people, His care over them, and of the glory He has in store for them. These are they that are not defiled; that follow the Lamb; that are redeemed from among men; that are the first fruits unto God; that are come up out of great tribulation; that have their robes washed in the blood of the Lamb; and the state of glory, as much as He chooses us to know here in our finite state, is gathered in the negatives of the twelve *no mores* of the twenty-first chapter.

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ON THE FLY LEAF IS WRITTEN—

O Lord, grant me—

Increased devotedness to Thy service.
Hopeful views of Heaven.
Greater weanedness from the world.
More godliness of life.
Clearer perception of Divine truth.
Growing conformity to Thine image.
Brighter evidences of my adoption.
More faith.
Fresh discoveries of Jesus.
The outpourings of the Holy Spirit.
May I think less of self.
Look more at God's Word.
Remember that the enemy is at work.

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